DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 066 993 48 FL 003 581

AUTHOR	Jonas, Sister Ruth
TITLE	African Studies in French for the Elementary Grades: Phase II of a Twinned Classroom Approach to the Teaching of French in the Elementary Grades. Volume II, Tapescripts and Essays.
INSTITUTION	College of Mount St. Joseph-on-the-Ohio, Ohio.
SPONS AGENCY	Institute of International Studies (DHEW/OE), Washington, D.C.
BUREAU NO	BR-9-7743
PUB DATE	Sep 72
CONTRACT	OEC-0-9-097743-4408-014
NOTE	274p.; Final Report
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.65 HC-$9.87
DESCRIPTORS	*African Culture; Audiolingual Methods; Audiovisual Instruction; Cross Cultural Studies; *Cultural Education; Educational Experiments; Elementary Education; *Fles; Fles Programs; *French; *Instructional Materials; Language Instruction; Language Programs; Language Skills; Mossi; Second Language Learning; Student Evaluation; Student Motivation; Teaching Methods

ABSTRACT

This experiment examines a new psychological approach to foreign language study at the elementary school level. A principal objective is to determine the nature and importance of second language learning motivation in monolingual societies devoid of the daily living example of the target language and culture. A five-year French language sequence, consisting of an exchange of 1,200 correlated slides and tapes of the participants in the program and student- and teacher-made instructional materials, is described in the report. The text contains 67 units of materials corresponding to slides of Voltan and American culture. An appendix discussing how the French acquired Upper Volta is included. For the companion document see FL 003 582. (RL)

ED 066993

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
OFFICE OF EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL OFFICE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY.

Final Report

Project No. 097743
Contract No. OEC-0-9-097743-4408(014)

African Studies in French for the Elementary Grades
Phase II of a Twinned Classroom Approach to the Teaching of French in the Elementary Grades

Volume II
Tapescripts and Essays

Stanley G. Thom, Project Director
Sr. Ruth Jonas, S.C., Principal Investigator

College of Mount St. Joseph on the Ohio

Mount St. Joseph, Ohio

September 1972

The research reported herein was performed pursuant to a grant with the Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Contractors undertaking such projects under Government sponsorship are encouraged to express freely their professional judgment in the conduct of the project. Points of view or opinions stated do not, therefore, necessarily represent official Office of Education position or policy.

FL 003 581

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF
HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE

Office of Education
Institute of International Studies

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

FOREWORD i

PART I. AFRICAN UNITS. TAPESCRIPTS ACCOMPANYING SLIDES AND ESSAYS

1. An Introduction to Upper Volta 1
   English - no slides

2. Getting to Know Upper Volta: Ouagadougou . . 8
   English - 40 slides

3. Ougadougou: la capitale 15
   French - 29 slides from Set 2

4. Présentation des garçons 18
   French - 8 slides

5. Présentation du maître et des filles de la classe CM-2 23
   French with English comments - 13 slides

6. Ouahigouya 28
   French with English comments - 12 slides

7. Naba Kom. Preceded by a note on culture shock . 35
   French with English comments - 33 slides

8. Gourcy et ses environs 46
   French with English comments - 12 slides

9. La Journée d'une fille de brousse 51
   French with English comments - 17 slides

10. La Journée d'un garçon de brousse 55
    French with English comments - 20 slides

11. Sanctions:
    La Calebasse cassée 59
    French - 11 slides
    Les Moutons egarés 59
    French - 12 slides

12. Jouets et jeux 61
    French with English comments - 22 slides

13. Le Mil 68
    French with English comments - 22 slides

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Cont.)

Page

14. Le Saghbo 71
    French with English comments - 12 slides

15. Au Marché du village 76
    French with English comments - 7 slides

16. Le Tisserand 81
    French with English comments - 8 slides

17. Une Promenade à bicyclette 84
    French with English comments - 23 slides

18. La Fête de l'Indépendance 88
    French - 20 slides

19. La Chasse aux crocodiles 90
    French with English comments - 13 slides

20. The Itinerant Mossi 92
    Essay in English - no slides - not recorded

21. Travel and Transportation--Random Shots 97
    English - 20 slides

22. Voyages et transports en brousse 99
    French - 16 slides

23. Enquête près des artisans 101
    French with English comments - 23 slides

24. Public Health in Upper Volta 107
    Essay in English - 7 slides - not recorded

25. Empirical Medicine as Practiced Among the Mossi . . 112
    Essay in English, followed by:
    a) L'Enfant malade et le guerisseur 113
        French - 10 slides
    b) La Jambe cassée 114
        French with English comments - 19 slides

26. A U.S. Foreign Aid Program that Works 116
    English - 5 slides
    French - 13 slides

27. Père Goarnisson, the Schweitzer of Upper Volta . . 119
    English - 8 slides

28. The Child in the Traditional Mossi Family 132
    Essay in English - no slides - not recorded

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Cont.)

Page

29. Problems in African Education: The Example of Upper Volta 146
Essay in English - No slides - not recorded

30. Problems in African Education: Sequel . . . 154
Essay in English - 45 slides - not recorded

SUPPLEMENTARY SLIDE UNITS. TEXT ONLY (NO TAPES)

I. Quelques animaux de Haute Volta 161
French - 25 slides

II. Dance and Music in Upper Volta 163
French with English comments - 60 slides

III. Faut-il mécaniser? Le Tisserand face à "Voltex" . 167
French with English comments - 34 slides

IV. Traditional Arts and Crafts in Upper Volta . . 170
English - 84 slides

V. Modern Voltan Arts and Crafts 177
English - 50 slides

VI. African Chic 180
English - 53 slides

VII. Life at the Lazaret: Ouahigouya 183
English 50 slides

VIII. The African Woman's Day 188
English - 97 slides

IX. More About Traditional Mossi Chiefs 191
English - 54 slides

X. Animism and Other religions in Upper Volta . . 197
English - 88 slides

XI. Upper Volta: A Window on the Third World . . 211
English - 98 slides

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Cont.)

Page

PART II. AMERICAN UNITS. TAPESCRIPTS ACCOMPANYING SLIDES

1. Présentation 223
   French - 15 slides

2. Delhi et sa banlieu 225
   French - 20 slides

3. Thanksgiving - Un repas chez Linda Burns 227
   French - 15 slides

4. Une Journée d'hiver à Cincinnati 229
   French - 13 slides

5. A la patinoire 231
   French - 9 slides

6. Les costumes et les dessins 232
   French - 13 slides

7. Les sports et les distractions 234
   French - 18 slides

8. Au marché 236
   French - 11 slides

9. Pâques - un repas américain 237
   French - 20 slides

10. Fountain Square 239
    French - 12 slides

11. A la Belle Etoile 240
    French - 12 slides

12. La Ferme 241
    French - 19 slides

13. Présentation de la classe de Saint William 242
    French - 30 slides

14. Visite d'une ferme 245
    French - 20 slides

15. Varia - Saint William 247
    French - 8 slides

16. La construction de la maison de Joe Tenover 248
    French - 13 slides

TABLE OF CONTENTS (Cont.)

Page

17. Chez le dentiste 249
French - 7 slides

18. Diapositives diverses - Cincinnati 250
French - 20 slides

19. Journée de neige à Cincinnati 251
French - 17 slides

20. L'hiver à Cincinnati 252
French - 15 slides

21. Joies de la famille 253
French - 16 slides

22. Au zoo 255
French - 18 slides

23. Vacances en famille 256
French - 19 slides

24. Coney Island 257
French - 17 slides

25. Vacances en Floride 258
French - 21 slides

26. Vacances en Floride--Suite et fin 260
French - 11 slides

APPENDIX

i. How the French Took Over Upper Volta 261

FOREWORD

The contents of this volume are one part of the Final Report dealing with the second--or African--phase of the project, A Matched Classroom Approach to the Teaching of French in the Elementary Grades. The technical section of the Final Report appears in a separate volume. Copies are available through ERIC.

This volume is made up of units on various aspects of African culture as it is lived today in Upper Volta, particularly by the ethnic group, the Mossi. Most of the units are transcriptions of tape recordings accompanying slides grouped around a specific center of interest. Copies of the original slide-tape units are available on loan from: African Project, College of Mount St. Joseph, Mount St. Joseph, Ohio 45051. Sets of slides accompanied by tape scripts may be borrowed separately, without the tapes.

Because the project was intended to motivate American children to study French as a means to cross-cultural communication, the tape scripts are ordinarily in French. In some cases the French text is presented at two levels of linguistic sophistication. In most of the French units, explanatory notes in English have been added for the benefit of non-French-speaking teachers of social studies and other persons who might wish to use the visuals in an English language setting. In some cases the units take the form of an essay in English destined for the general public. Although the style is informal, care has been taken that all statements regarding Mossi culture are as accurate as firsthand experience and careful checking of details with native informants, veteran missionaries and professional social scientists can make them. So that each unit could be used independently of the others, there had to be some repetition of factual data in the English notes. Because the project was geared to children in the intermediate grades, most of the subjects were chosen with the interests of children in their age bracket in mind.

The material of the first 30 units was prepared in the field during my two year stay in Upper Volta (September 1969 - August 1971). On my return to the States a number of supplementary units were added. They were prepared from visuals and documentation acquired abroad but which time did not permit to be used during the actual period of exchanges between the children of the two cultures. It is hoped that all the units will be of interest and value to persons engaged in African studies.

Following the units on Africa are the transcriptions of the tape-recorded texts that accompany the slides sent by the American children to their friends in Upper Volta. These audio-visual statements about everyday life in the U.S.A. were prepared by my colleague and the director of the project, Stanley G. Thom, with his French students at St. William School and St. Dominic School in Cincinnati.

To them I owe a deep debt of gratitude as well as to all my African friends who helped me see and understand, photograph and record the aspects of their culture presented in these units. Among the latter, special thanks are due to the three African teachers, Pierre Sawadogo, Emmanuel Keita and Emile Sanfo; to the Inspecteur de l'Enseignement du Premier Degré at Ouahigouya, Pierre Ouédraogo; to my faithful chauffeur, guide and interpreter, Boniface Ouédraogo; to the Yatenga Naba, Emperor Kom; to the chief of the canton of Zogeré, François Ouédraogo; to my informants, Amadeu, Matthieu (of Pilimpiku), Abbé Denys, Abbé Marius, Boniface and Madelein Tiendebeogo, and Soeur Blandine. Also to the French missionaries, all veterans in Upper Volta, whose knowledge of the manners and customs of the Mossi they so generously shared with me: Pére Mornet, Pére Bonduelle, Pére Goarnisson, Soeur Odile, Soeur Nicaise, Soeur Renée Marie and Soeur Marie Geneviève.

AFRICAN STUDIES IN FRENCH FOR THE ELEMENTARY GRADES

VOLUME II

PART I

African Units
October 1969 -- June 1971

Tapescripts Accompanying Slides

Essays

1. An Introduction to Upper Volta

Upper Volta is located in the center of West Africa inside the huge bend of the Niger River. It is bordered on the east by the Republic of Niger, on the west and north by Mali, and on the south by the Republic of Ivory Coast and the states of Ghana, Togo, and Dahomey. Ouagadougou is the administrative political capital of the country, and Bobo-Dioulasso, its commerical center. The climate of Upper Volta is tropical, with average temperature about 110°F-112°F. The year is divided between a rainy season extending from June or July to September or October, and the dry season which extends over the rest of the year. The landscape is austere. Only a few ranges of low hills break the monotony of the wide plains or savannas where the sparse vegetation is green only several months of the year; the rest of the time it is dried to dull yellow or brown, or reduced to ashes by brush fires. Several rivers cross the country but they are not navigable and, as a rule, dry up during the dry season.

Most of the arable land is given over to the cultivation of millet, corn and manioc. Some rice is grown along with sesame and peanuts. Cotton is raised to supply the fibers for weaving cloth. Clusters of tropical trees unknown in the United States grow along the edges of the fields and furnish fruit and wood to the farmers.

In the less populated regions to the east there are vast wooded zones that shelter an abundant wild life: elephants, buffalo, hippo, antelopes, lions, panthers, monkeys, and crocodiles. The several national reserve parks in this area are much appreciated by tourists and photographers, but hunting is limited to certain areas and certain times much as in the United States.

A network of unpaved roads connects the major towns and constitutes the principal arteries of national commercial traffic. In contrast with the villages in the interior, which have kept their traditional aspects, Ouagadougou and Bobo-Dioulasso are beginning to take on some of the aspects of contempory western cities, with public buildings and wide streets.

The People

Upper Volta is a country about the size of Colorado with a population of 5,000,000. Almost 50% of the people are under 20 years of age. The birth rate is high and accounts, in part, for an annual population increase of 2 to 3%. At the present rate the population will double in 30 years. The Voltan family is made up of four major groups: the Lobi, the Bobo, the Gorunsi and the Mossi (pronounced Moh-si).

The Lobi, numbering about 100,000, are skillful hunters and good farmers. The Bobo, about 275,000, live in large villages. At a distance their cylindrical huts, sometimes two stories high and built in clusters, resemble story-book castles. The Bobo form a communitarian society in which the goods of the very extensive families are shared among the individual members without becoming their personal property. The Gorunsi, about 180,000, are known for their skillful craftsmen and good market gardeners. Three other ethnic groups, though small in number, figure in the total economy of Upper Volta and should be mentioned. They are the Haussa, who are merchants and great travelers, the Peuhls, semi-nomadic herdsmen to whom the farmers entrust their cattle for grazing, and the Tuaregs of the Sahara region. The 2,000,000, Mossi, whom we will study most closely, constitute almost half of the population of Upper Volta. The peoples of Upper Volta, while maintaining their particular ethnic characteristics, form a unified nation founded on a very ancient agricultural civilization.

Although they seem to differ little from other African agricultural groups, the Mossi are distinguished by the deep influence their long past, based on the feudal system, has had on their social behavior. The Mossi empire, which goes back to the eleventh century, was founded by invading horsemen from the south east. They subjugated the peaceful farmers dwelling on the plateaus and established a reign of peace of sorts, according to a strict regime in which little by little individual freedoms were absorbed in a collective discipline with strict rules. At the top of the hierarchical society was the emperor, the Moro Naba. He had four powerful ministers, feudal lords who ruled over the four provinces into which the country was divided. They were: the Chief of Cavalry, the Chief of the Infantry, the Chief of the Royal Tombs and the Major Domo or Lord of the Palace. The monarch lived in a palace surrounded by a court composed of high dignitaries and functionaries, each with very specific duties. There were also numerous pages, squires and a host of courtiers.

The following is a popular legend on the founding of the Mossi empire.

> Once upon a time (around the tenth century, while Europe was still in the dark ages and the word "America" was unknown), the daughter of the king of Gambago (present-day Ghana) fled from her father's palace on her finest horse. Her name was Yennega, which means "the slender one." She was angry with her father because, although she was of marriageable age, he had not found a husband for her. Yennega was an expert horsewoman and was in command of the royal cavalry, so the king was in no hurry to marry her off. When the other members of the cavalry learned her plan to ride away under the cover of night, many of them decided to go with her. The group rode far, far into the interior of the country into the bush. Finally, Yennega stopped before what she thought was an abandoned hut. In reality, it belonged to Réali, a prince. He, too, had had difficulties with his father and had run away from home. He was a great elephant hunter and used the hut when on a hunting expedition. Returning there one day, he found it occupied by a powerful stranger. It was Yennega dressed in male attire. There she was, ordering her

followers about as if she were their king and they her subjects. Réali, much impressed by the verve and authority of the young intruder, joined the ranks of her courtiers. Eventually Yennega fell in love with the prince, and one day she revealed to him the secret of her identity, telling him that she was the runaway daughter of the king of Gambaga. Not long after that, Yennega and Réali were married and the occasion was celebrated with great solemnity. Yennega and Réali had a son. Yennega called him Ouedraogo, which means "stallion", in memory of the horse she had ridden when she fled from her father's house, and who was responsible, in a way, for her finding a husband after her own heart. When Ouedraogo was 15 years old, his mother sent him to visit his grandfather at Gambaga. The latter was very happy to see his grandson and showered him with presents, including four horses and fifty oxen. Since the country of Gambaga was over-populated at the time, when Ouedraogo left, several natives went with him to share his fortunes. With this group he founded a village that he called Tenkodogo. Since men and women by the thousands continued to come from his grandfather's country, Ouedraogo became more and more powerful. Meanwhile, Ouedraogo got married and had many children. When they grew up, he installed them as chiefs in the neighboring regions to impose his authority by force of arms on those who did not want to submit. One of his sons, Rawa, was sent to the region Ouahigouya where he established a vast kingdom. Another son, Zungrana stayed with his father and succeeded him. One of Zungrana's sons, called Ubri, conquered and restored peace to several warring peoples. When he organized this vast new realm he took the name of Moro Naba, meaning "the chief of the country of the Mossi", and by extension, "master of the world". It was he who founded the dynasty of the Mossi of Ouagadougou which continues unbroken to the present time.

There is another graceful legend about the origin of their chiefdoms and the salutations proper to the great Nabas that the Mossi like to tell. It goes like this:

> In the beginning, God created four brothers. Like Adam and Eve in their earthly paradise, they lived a life of leisure with no worry for the morrow. Whereupon God made four hampers in which he placed four miracles. Each of these hampers had a different shape and weight. He called the four brothers and said, "The destiny of each of you will depend on the choice you make." The oldest brother carried off the heaviest hamper, the second carried off the next hamper. The third one took the biggest that was left and finally the youngest one took the last and littlest hamper. God said, "Go through the world, (that is through the land of the Mossi) and let each one build his house in a plain." The next day the four brothers set out. They discovered a vast plain. The eldest stayed there. The three others were sorry to leave him but continued their journey until each had found a place to settle. It was then that the following wonders or miracles took place.

When the oldest brother awoke the day after he had settled in his plain, he found himself in the midst of a modest family. There was an abundance of iron and an anvil--the contents of the hamper he had chosen. The man understood that he was to work the iron into something useful. So he set to work and, with the help of God, invented the hoe and the hatchet needed to cultivate the fields. He is the seya or blacksmith.

When the second brother awoke, he saw he was surrounded by cattle who were watched by young people of his race. The only house he had to live in was a hut made with poles and sticks, but he himself was very neat and clean. His clothes were made of white cloth and he wore a cap of the same color under a large turban. He understood that he was the master of all the people around him because at a single word from him they brought him calabashes filled with milk. Now, he is the herdsman, or the Peul.

The third brother, on awakening, found donkeys, bundles of salt, bundles of cola nuts and other articles of exchange. Like his brother, the herdsman, he too wore a huge white gown but his cap was of a darker color. Now, he is the yarga or merchant.

What was the surprise of the youngest brother to find, when he awoke, that he was in a splendid house composed of many huts and surrounded by hundreds of courtiers, horses and pages! He saw the whole population come to him and prostrate themselves before him as the Mossi do to this very day. Besides this, he had a harem. He realized that he was the unchallenged master of the entire populace. He is the Mossi chief or Naba.

Each of the four brothers began to wonder how the others were getting along. The oldest, the Seya, said to himself one day, "I'm going on a journey to find my brothers and see what has happened to them." So he set out, taking care to carry with him some of the tools he had made. On arriving at the next village, he could scarcely make his way through the cattle and herdsmen. He finally managed to present himself to the master of the house, proprietor of all this wealth, and recognized his brother the Peul. The latter received him as was proper and had a copious repast prepared for him, composed mostly of things made of milk. After he had rested, the smith told his brother, the herdsman, why he had undertaken the journey. The herdsman decided to go along with his brother. So they set out at dawn, the smith with his bundle of tools, and the herdsman, followed by some oxen and a number of porters carrying calabashes filled with milk to drink on the way. At nightfall they arrived at the village of their brother, the Yarga, whom they scarcely recognized. For the first time they chewed on cola nuts, which were said to come from far away places. In a word, the merchant prepared a fitting reception for his older brothers. When the smith and the herdsman told their brother that they had only come to inquire about his health and that they intended to continue on their journey the next morning in search of their youngest brother, the Yarga decided to join them. So all three of them set out, followed by a numerous entourage.

The Yarga loaded a donkey with bars of salt with the intention of selling some of it to the people they would meet on the way and giving the rest to their younger brother. They were filled with admiration and fear when they finally arrived at his house. They had heard on the way, but without believing it, that their brother had become the great Naba, a king commanding numerous subjects, and that it would be difficult to get close to the throne where he was seated.

Everything happened as they had been told. They really had a hard time getting around the strict protocol of the court. They were pushed aside by the pages, shoved by the grooms and had to wait for hours on end, like the humblest of subjects, before his majesty, the Naba, finally deigned to receive them in audience. Despite the protestations of the three brothers, the courtiers of the Naba never for a moment believed that there could be kinship ties between these strangers and the one whom they worshipped as a god. Finally the roll of drums announced the approach of the potentate. When they saw him seated on his throne, the three older brothers were not only filled with admiration for his grandeur but also felt twinges of jealousy. They exchanged glances. Should they humble themselves in their prostration before the Naba like subjects of their brother?

This is what happened.

The Seya sat on the ground but did not imitate the Mossi bow. He simply struck the floor with his hammer. The Peul, who was more proud, stooped down, stretched out his right arm, made a fist and said softly, "Good day, man, are you well?" He had kept his cap on but had taken off his sandals at the door out of fear and respect. As for the Yarga, closer to the Naba, he sat on the ground, bent his legs a little, bowed slightly and gently rubbed his hands together in guise of greeting. He, too, had left his sandals at the door, but had kept his cap on his head like his older brother, the Peul.

The Naba had them taken to the home of one of his ministers and for several days had them served copious repasts and gave them numerous gifts. In return, the smith gave the Naba a bundle of hoes to till the fields, the Peul gave him some oxen and the Yarga gave him a bar of salt.

Finally they decided to leave their young brother and return to their respective villages. On the way they talked the matter over and decided to settle in the territory of the Naba. In this way they would be assured of his protection. The Peul could increase his herd by becoming the keeper of the cattle that belonged to the Mossi. The Yarga could sell his salt and cola more readily. And as for the Seya, he could make a lot of farm tools to clear the vast areas left entirely uncultivated, or only partially so, for lack of tools. They settled on the date of their return to the court of their brother. The Naba again gave them a warm welcome. But they showed him no more deference than they had the first time. And so the legend goes that this is the reason why the Peul and Yarga have kept their spirit of independence. As for the Smith he remained poor and complied with certain customary regulations common to all the Mossi, but without ever leaving his workshop to greet the Naba when he passed. He is satisfied, as it was related above, to strike his hammer against the forge as once before he had struck the ground by way of salutation.

In the year 1337, the Mossi of the Yatenga province, whose capital is now at Ouahigouya, leave legend and enter history. In that year they captured the city of Timbuctoo during a raid that took them more than 400 kilometers from their own territory. This happened at the time that Philip VI of Valois began the Hundred Years War in Europe and a few years before his defeat at the battle of Crécy.

Doubtless this conquest was of short duration but it served to prove that in the fourteenth century the Mossi already had a strong feudal organization. At the head there was the Naba, or emperor, undisputed and absolute sovereign. Under him were the great lords or vassals, chiefs or provinces. Under them were the chiefs of cantons and under them the village chiefs. This hierarchical organization gave the Mossi such unity and strength that in the midst of the anarchy in which the surrounding people were struggling, none of the great slave raiding conquerors, who were cutting out estates for themselves in West Africa during these centuries, dared attack the proud and warlike Mossi. They were left to develop their own culture in peace and security.

The Voltans entered modern history in 1896. In April of that year, a French column commanded by Captain Destenow reached Ouahigouya. On May 18 of the same year, a treaty of friendship and protection was signed between France and the Yatenga Naba at Ouahigouya. This was followed by the French penetration of the rest of the Mossi country. On September 1, 1896, Lieutenant Voulet entered Ouagadougou, capital of the Moro Naba. By treaty, in January 1897, the Mossi territory was established as a French protectorate. In 1919 Upper Volta became a separate colony with its own governor. But in 1937 it disappeared from the map of Africa, being divided among the colonies of Ivory Coast, Niger and Mali. Fifteen years later, it was reconstituted as a separate entity and became a French overseas community. On August 5, 1960, it was given its independence by the French government under Charles de Gaulle, largely as a reward for the services of the Voltan soldiers to him during World War II.

If a prize were to be offered to the African state that has managed to stay out of the news more than any other one on the continent, Upper Volta would surely be eligible for it. Since gaining their independence, the people of Upper Volta have been working quietly for national unity and something approaching the ideal of the good life for their children. But nothing comes easily in Africa, much less in Upper Volta. Even in a good year, when the harvest is good, the per capita income is less than $50. Yet, Upper Volta is among the under-developed countries that receive the least economic aid from the rich countries. After ten years of experience in world economics, they have come to the conclusion that their future hope lies not in handouts from abroad but in the sweat of their own brow and an austerity budget.

2. Getting to Know Upper Volta

Ouagadougou

The easiest way to get to land-locked Upper Volta is by plane. Jets fly from Paris to the capital of Upper Volta twice a week. A network of African lines brings planes from the major cities of that continent to the Voltan airports every day. There was no problem in making a runway for jetlines. The terrain here is flat, flat, flat, and only lightly peppered with scrubby trees.

Viewed from the outside, the main building of the Ouagadougou airport has nothing to distinguish it from the airports of a score of other cities of like size.

Slide

1. But once inside the building, one is struck by the simple elegance of the design and decoration--beautiful wood from Voltan trees, muted colors that set off the flamboyant costumes of the arriving and departing travelers. Here European or American dress is the exception, not the rule.

2. A feature of the wall decoration is a kind of tapestry of domestic animal skins in various combinations of black, brown, and white. Cattle breeding is an important element in Voltan economy.

3. Ouagadougou is the terminus of a one-track railroad that connects Upper Volta with the Ivory Coast. The railroad station is a lovely example of African architecture with a strong Moslem influence. Moslems from Morocco moved into this part of Africa in the 16th century.

4a. This lovely boulevard is the main thoroughfare of Ouagadougou. Built by the French during the colonial period, it was originally named Les Champs-Elysées in nostalgic memory of the famous avenue of that name in Paris. In 1960, the year of Voltan independence, the street was renamed Avenue de l'Indépendence--Independence Avenue.

4b. The Avenue de l'Indépendence leads to the administration building called the Présidence, just as Pennsylvania Avenue leads to the United States Capitol in Washington.

5. Near the Présidence is the Assemblée Nationale, the equivalent of our Congress.

6. Next to the Présidence are several other administrative buildings much like this one. The architecture and materials are reflections

of the limited means at the disposal of the Voltans, and also what they hope to do with these means. The material wealth of Upper Volta is very limited, but all the Voltans hope to make it possible to live in modest human dignity.

The largest ethnic group in Upper Volta is the Mossi. This group constitutes more than half of the total population of almost 5,000,000. Before the French penetration of West Africa the supreme authority among the Mossi was exercised by a chief or emperor, called the Moro Naba, which means master over all. The Moro Naba is always chosen from among the descendants of a certain Ubri, who is regarded as the patriarch of the branch of the Mossi clan that settled in and around Ouagadougou. Although the Moro Naba ceased to exercise political authority after the French took over the government of their African colonies, he still enjoys considerable personal prestige among the Mossi.

7. The most beautiful private residence in the capital is certainly the palace built for the Moro Naba by the French. Although the general outlines of the building reflect the Moorish influence, the arched glass doors opening out on the terrace are distinctively French.

8a. This is the Maison du Parti, or the House of the Party, a political party of course. It is also known as the Maison du Peuple, or the People's House. This is the center for large popular gatherings and exhibitions. Like a number of other new African states, Upper Volta formerly had only one political party. This one-party system is considered by some to be necessary to maintain national unity in the face of the inter-tribal divisions and wars that have plagued Africa in the past and threaten her in the present. Upper Volta is presently under a military government following a quiet, bloodless revolution in 1967. Political elections, with the return to civil administration, are expected in the near future. (Note: The elections actually took place in January 1971. They were peaceful, with candidates from several parties, instead of only one party as in the past.)

8b. Standing guard at either side of the entrance to the Maison du Parti are two gigantic elephants, sculptured in stone. Herds of elephants still roam the savannas in the southern and eastern parts of Upper Volta. The African elephant is distinguished from the Indian elephant by its enormous ears. When a group of elephants is angered and prepared to charge, they spread out their ears and flap them in the wind.

9. This is the municipal stadium for sports events. The Voltans have not distinguished themselves in the Olympic games. Most of the youth here have to work so hard to make a living that they don't have time to go into the intensive training periods required to make an Olympic star. However, in the larger cities like Ouagadougou and Bobo-Dioulasso, the youth do go in for athletics and enjoy basketball and rugby.

10. This is the mosque, the house of prayer of the Moslems. Although the Moslem Arabs penetrated parts of black Africa south of the Sahara as early as the eighth century, they did not settle or make converts in Upper Volta until the sixteenth century.

11. This is the Catholic cathedral, one of the oldest structures in Ouagadougou. It is built largely of bricks, which were made largely by hand. They show the true color of the soil of Upper Volta, which is highly tinged with red. French Catholic missionaries have been active in Upper Volta since the last decade of the nineteenth century. A large proportion of the priests and bishops are now native Africans. The first Cardinal of West Africa is an African; the Archbishop of Ouagadougou, Cardinal Zungrana.

12. This is the Church of the Assembly of God. Protestant missionaries came to Upper Volta after World War I. The ministers serving this congregation are American. They operate a nice print shop in connection with the bookstore which you see at the left of the church.

13. As yet there are no Hilton hotels in Ouagadougou, and it is unlikely that there will be any in the near future. However, there is the Hotel Indépendence, a fine modern hotel with a swimming pool and a good restaurant. What you see here is the entrance to the lobby where bellhops in smart red uniforms are at the service of the guests. Most of the guests are wealthy foreigners.

14. For people who can't afford the luxury of a stay at the Hotel Indépendence, there is the charming little Buffet Hotel. It has twelve nice air-conditioned rooms and good cuisine.

15. After a brief rest at the hotel, we can continue our tour of the city. A good place to start is the National Post Office. There is no home delivery of mail here. Residents who expect to receive mail--and that is a minority of the citizens--rent a box at the Post Office and go to collect their mail there every day. The Post Office is an imposing structure and seems to do a flourishing business in the sale of commemorative and other stamps. Voltan stamps are a philatelist's delight.

16. From the Post Office we might pass to the National Printing Office, the Imprimerie Nationale, and pick up the latest edition of the Voltan paper, which is a weekly publication--Carrefour Africain, meaning African Crossroads.

16a. Copies of the paper. It has a circulation of 2,500.

17. The center of activity in Ouagadougou is the huge market place. On our way there, we pass by the Chamber of Commerce, a lovely little, curved, white structure set in the midst of flowering bushes and trees. It is in sharp contrast with the spectacle that meets our eye at the market, which is the hub of the business district, just two short blocks away from the Chamber of Commerce.

18. Ouagadougou has one of the world's largest covered markets. That's it in the background. A vigorous open air business is carfied on for acres extending on all sides of the white concrete structure. In the foreground you see the type of costume that has been worn by the Mossi farmers for centuries. It's a loose flowing garment called a bubu, worn with a curved conical hat, woven of various kinds of straw and trimmed with leather and cowrie shells.

This man is loading one of the most popular means of transporting freight: the bicycle. A little farther off you see venders measuring heaps of grain. Produce is not sold by weight but by volume. Common units of measure are calabash shells of various sizes.

19. Inside the covered market there is an exciting mixture of colors, sounds, and smells. This little girl, dressed in her Sunday best to go to market, is gravely examining a coconut imported from Abidjan on the Ivory Coast.

No American supermarket can surpass this market in the variety of goods for sale. In addition to the fruit, vegetables, meat, hardware, gardening equipment, household utensils and clothing, there are live goats, donkeys, chickens, and turkeys for sale, along with used bicycle and motorcycle parts.

20. These two children do not seem to be particularly impressed by the European style clothing on display here.

21. Ouagadougou is said to have a larger proportion of citizens on two wheels than any other city in the world. It is the dream of every uncycled Voltan to own a two-wheeled vehicle. He will go to great lengths to realize his dream. It takes the equivalent of three months salary for the ordinary wage earner to pay for one.

22. The marketplace is bordered by small shops where prices are higher but where it is safer to shop if you are not an expert in bargaining with the venders in the market. In the background you see the sign of the dealer in motorized bicycles called Mobilettes, and the gas station that sells the French gasoline that goes by the name of Total.

23. Sooner or later every American in Upper Volta goes to the U. S. Embassy at Ouagadougou. Here we see one of the two modest buildings which serve as the center of American diplomacy in Upper Volta. Among the members of the Foreign Service, Ouagadougou is regarded as a hardship post, perhaps because of the poverty of the country and the lack of political intrigue or excitement here.

24. Closer to the center of town is the American Cultural Center. These boys are looking at a pictorial display of the moon landing of Apollo XI. Inside, there is a small library for the use of students. It contains a fairly good collection of books and periodicals in English and French. The Center publishes a weekly

bulletin containing news and articles about world events and personalities of interest to Africans. It also makes available 16mm. documentary films. Every month or so the Center receives a full-length movie on loan from the United States for showing to special groups who can follow English dialogue. Occasionally the director of the Center will have one of these films shown in the living room of his home. Guests at these theater parties are Americans living in Ouagadougou. Even when all of them come to a showing the room is not crowded.

The most striking feature of an American home in Upper Volta is the lawn. A lawn is a luxury that few people can afford in Upper Volta because it requires daily watering all year round. Since there is no rain for about eight months of the year here, water is an expensive commodity.

25. The children in the background are the son and daughter of the present director of the American Cultural Center. They are Jonathan, age 4, and his sister Elizabeth, age 2. They have already been around the world twice on assignments with their parents.

26. In striking contrast with the home of Jonathan and Elizabeth is the hut of Jean-Baptiste and his sister Colette. They are standing with their mother and aunt before the opening in the mud brick wall that leads into the courtyard of their mud brick house, typical of the city dwellings of Upper Volta.

27. The first structure we saw on arriving in Ouagadougou was the modern airport. On leaving the town, one sees across the field that stretches out in front of the airport, an example of a more typical style of African architecture--the circular huts, topped with graceful conical roofs of woven thatch. The huts are clustered around a courtyard. It isn't long before one realizes that this native architecture harmonizes much better with the Voltan landscape than the angular, flat-roofed structures of Western design. Fortunately, in the next few months we will have occasion to see more of these native huts and how they are built.

The following slides show a few scenes in suburban Upper Volta.

28. The first one shows one of the main streets in suburban Ouagadougou. It is arched by a double row of caïcédrats, a tree that is specifically African. It is not found in the United States. This picture was taken while driving down the road in the only kind of vehicle available for public transportation in the city of Ouagadougou, a taxi. There is a fixed rate of fifty African francs for trips anywhere in the city, the equivalent of 18 cents in American money. Since the Voltans are naturally very sociable, and since there are far more men than jobs in the city, most taxis are piloted by a crew of two--the driver and a congenial companion. On entering or leaving a taxi, it is proper for the passenger to shake hands with the team in the front seat and bid them the time of day.

29. In addition to the enormous market place in the center of town, there are numerous miniature shopping centers along the streets and roads of Ouagadougou. Here in the foreground is a branch of the main bakery of Ouagadougou. On display there are a half-dozen loaves of bread. The French colonial influence is particularly evident in the bread that is baked and sold here. You can even get baguettes, those crusty sticks of bread in lengths from six inches to a yard, that are one of the hallmarks of French culture.

30. In addition to the stationary bake shops in the market and along the roadside, there are strolling venders who offer their wares to passers-by. This little fellow is unveiling a tray of fritters. Voltans are constantly on the move, usually to or from the market place.

One has only to sit quietly at the side of the road to enjoy the passing show. Although there is a steady stream of bicycles, motorbikes, and an occasional donkey cart or taxi, many of the actors pass by on foot. The following eight slides show five minutes of life observed from my post behind a gate that opens on the tree-lined road we saw in the first slide.

31. Here is a woman on her way to market, a basket full of merchandise for sale balanced on her head. These women walk with assurance and grace, arms swinging freely at their sides.

32. Here are two girls chatting amiably as they walk along, with no apparent concern for the trays balanced on their heads. Most of the Voltan women continue to wear the traditional costume of African women. There is a fitted blouse with one, two, or three pagnes. The pagne is a colorful, printed piece of cloth about a yard wide and two yards long. One will be draped around the waist, falling in graceful folds from the waist to the ankles. A second may be wrapped around the bust; a third may be used either as a kind of sling in which to carry the baby on the back or, lacking the baby, it can be draped over the shoulder. Most of the women also wear another piece of material, wrapped turban-fashion around the head. This turban is not only decorative but also useful. It serves as a cushion for the bundles that may be carried on top of the head. Some girls wear simple, knee-length dresses, probably cast-offs from some Frenchwoman's out-moded wardrobe. During my five-week stay in Ouagadougou, I saw only one mini-skirted African girl. (Note: Since then the miniskirt has been formally outlawed in Upper Volta.)

33. Here we see a woman, complete with a basket on her head and a baby on her back.

34. The following sequence occurred at the opposite side of the road where there is a huge tree-stump in the process of being chopped for kindling wood. Every day the man employed by the French family living in the house hidden by the greenery, chops away at the stump for an hour or two.

35. This day a woman on a wood-gathering expedition approached. She stopped at the tree stump, and with the polite words and gestures so characteristic of the Mossi, asked the woodchopper, who was on the point of leaving the scene, to allow her to pick up small pieces of wood that lay scattered on the ground. He graciously consented, and left. She put down the bundle of sticks she was carring on her head, took the blue pagne that she had draped around her waist, and spread it on the ground.

36. Then she carefully gathered all the chips scattered around the tree stump and heaped them on the cloth. On top of the chips, she placed the bundle of fagots she had when she arrived, and then tied the whole collection together with the blue pagne.

37. At that moment a boy who was passing by noticed that the woman would have difficulty lifting the unwieldy bundle from the ground and place it properly on her head. So he stopped and offered to assist.

38. He helped the woman balance the bundle on her head, then the two parted, he, having performed his Boy Scout act, and she, happy to have found so much cooking fuel in one place.

Daily life in Upper Volta is woven of simple things. Trips to the market, hard manual labor, mutual help, and an easy, natural courtesy that has always been the mark of the Mossi people.

3. Ouagadougou: La Capitale

Bonjour, mes amis de l'école St. Dominic. C'est Soeur Ruth qui vous parle de la Haute Volta. C'est un pays d'Afrique que vous allez mieux connaître. J'ai fait un voyage pour vous à Ouagadougou, la capitale de la Haute Volta.

Diapositive

1. Nous arrivons à l'aeroport de la ville de Ouagadougou. Un garçon qui s'appelle Jean-Baptiste, et sa soeur, qui s'appelle Colette, viennent à notre rencontre.

2. Jean-Baptiste nous montre le mur. Il est tapissé de carreaux de peau de bètes: blancs, bruns, noirs.

3. Si vous préférez voyager par le train, vous arrivez à cette belle gare.

4a. Nous prenons un taxi pour aller à l'hôtel. Voici la rue principale de la capitale, une large avenue bordée d'arbres. Elle s'appelle l'Avenue de l'Indépendance.

4b. Au bout de cette avenue, on voit la Présidence. C'est un édifice qui correspond au "Capitol" à Washington.

5. Près de la Présidence se trouve l'Assemblée Nationale qui correspond à notre "Congress" à Washington.

6. Voici un autre building administratif...très simple et très moderne de construction.

7. Voici le palais du Moro Naba. Le Moro Naba est une sorte de roi. C'est un personnage très respecté, mais il n'a pas de pouvoir politique depuis l'époque de la colonisation française. Ce sont les Français qui ont fait construire ce palais pour le Moro Naba.

8a. Voici un building appelé "Maison du Parti". C'est ici qu'ont lieu les grandes réunions et les grands spectacles publics.

8b. Jean-Baptiste nous montre un des deux éléphants gigantesques qui gardent l'entrée de la Maison du Parti. Ces éléphants ne sont pas vivants. Ils sont sculptés en pierre.

9. Voici la stade municipale. Les Africains aiment les sports. Ici ils jouent surtout au football et au basketball.

10. Voici la mosquée. La mosquée est la maison de prière des musulmans.

11. Voici la cathédrale catholique. Elle est construite de briques

fabriquées à la main. Les briques sont rougeâtres, comme le sol de Haute Volta.

12. Voici le temple protestant à Ouagadougou avec une librairie à côté.

13. Nous nous arrêtons devant l'hôtel Indépendance. C'est un bel hôtel moderne avec une grande piscine et un bon restaurant.

14. Voici un autre hôtel, le Buffet Hôtel. Il est moins grand que l'Hôtel Indépendance, mais il est très joli. Les chambres sont climatisées et la cuisine est excellente.

Continuons notre promenade en ville.

15. Arrêtons-nous d'abord à la grande poste. C'est ici qu'arrivent les diapositives et les bandes venant des Etats-Unis.

16. Nous passons devant l'Imprimerie Nationale. Nous prenons le journal Carrefour Africain. Nous vous envoyons un exemplaire.

17. Allons au marché. En route nous passons à côté de la jolie petite Chambre de Commerce.

18. Nous voici à l'extérieur du grand marché couvert de Ouagadougou. C'est un des plus grands marchés du monde. Nous voyons les marchands de céréales. Ils vendent le mil et le riz.

19. A l'intérieur on trouve beaucoup de marchandise de toutes espèces. Colette examine une noix de coco.

20. Colette et Jean-Baptiste ne sont pas tentés par les vêtements en vente ici.

21. Un des marchés les plus populaires est le marché de bicyclettes. Tous les Africains désirent posséder une bicyclette. Ils sont trop pauvres pour acheter des voitures.

22. En face du marché de bicyclettes il y a un magasin où on vend des mobylettes. Les mobylettes sont des bicyclettes motorisées. Naturellement, elles coûtent plus chèr que les bicyclettes ordinaires. Vous voyez le mot TOTAL. Total est le nom d'une marque d'essence française. Vous voyez les deux femmes qui passent. Les Africaines aiment proter les fardeaux sur la tête. Comme ça les mains sont libres.

23. Nous quittons le marché pour visiter l'Ambassade des Etats-Unis. C'est un bâtiment très modeste. Nous sommes contents de voir le drapeau américain, rouge, blanc, bleu.

24. Nous visitons aussi le Centre culturel américain. Qu'est-ce que les garçons regardent dans la vitrine?

25. Le directeur du Centre nous invite à sa maison. Elle est entourée d'un beau jardin. Les deux enfants du directeur sont debout sous le grand arbre. Le petit garçon aime grimper dans cet arbre.

26. Jean-Baptiste et Colette nous invitent chez eux. Ils habitent une maison très pauvre, mais pour eux, c'est "home", et ils l'aiment. Ils nous présentent leur maman et leur tante. Elles portent le costume typique des femmes de Haute Volta.

27. En dehors de la ville, les Africains bâtissent de jolies petites cases rondes avec des toits pointus. Plus tard nous allons voir comment ils construisent leurs cases. Mais maintenant je vous quitte. Au revoir, mes amis. Nous allons quitter la capitale pour aller à Ouahigouya. C'est là où nos amis nous attendent.

4. Présentation des Garçons

Introductory note on the system of education in Upper Volta

Education in Upper Volta is patterned on the French system. The first cycle is composed of three sections or Cours: Cours Préparatoire (CP), Cours Elémentaire (CE) and Cours Moyen (CM). Each Cours is divided into two years, abbreviated as follows: CP-1,2, CE-1,2 and CM-1,2. Our African friends are in their sixth year of study in reading, writing, arithmetic and social studies and consequently are in the second year of Cours Moyen, or CM-2.

The boys and girls in CM-2 are somewhat older than sixth graders in the United States because the official age for beginning school is seven years in Upper Volta. However, many of the children do not start until they are eight. This may be because most children live far from school and must walk a distance too great for smaller children. The school days are long. Classes start at 7:30 or 8:00 in the morning and are not finished until 5:00 in the evening. Few Africans are eager to go to school. At home they had much freedom; the whole outdoors was theirs and they had interesting things to do. School, on the other hand, is like a prison for them. They are crowded together on benches that reach from wall to wall of the dark classroom. The fact that they are not allowed to talk freely to their companions in misery does not add much to their suffering because the only language tolerated in the classroom is a foreign one: French. However, since these children know that French is necessary for any Voltan who wants to have contact with the outside world, they accept these difficulties stoically.

Sawadago, Pierre parle:

Je suis le maître de la classe. Je suis dans cette classe depuis cinq ans.

Diapositives

1. Ouédraogo, Umaru:
   Bonjour chers amis de Cincinnati. D'abord, tout d'abord, nous vous disons "Bonne année 1970!" Nous avons vu les diapositives que vous nous avez envoyées. Elles sont magnifiques.

2. Nous sommes 45 élèves dans notre classe. Nous voici assis quatre par table-banc et en deux rangées. Ici, la première rangée. Chacun a un nom sur une ardoise. Au premier plan, de gauche à droite:
   Je me nomme Bélem, Adama
   Je me nomme Bakiono, Frédérik
   Au deuxième plan:
   Bélem, Ibrahima
   Dougou, Liso

Ouédraogo, Sibri
Ouédraogo, Gabriel
Ouédraogo, André
Diallo, Sibri
Traoré, Buakri
Ouédraogo, Grégoire
Et debout, tout à fait derrière:
Ouédraogo, Robert
Sawadogo, Dim Wara
Ouédraogo, Yambara

3. Les élèves de la deuxième rangée posent sur l'allée centrale. On aperçoit, au fond, un des maîtres de l'école. Il est devant l'étagère où nous rangeons les balais et le matériel commun. Le maître y a accroché le tableau d'affichage. Remarquez le chapeau indigène de Saïdou. En gros plan, celui qui vient de vous parler:
Tao, Mahomed
Assis de gauche à droite:
Tao, Saïdou
Kinto, Moussa
Ouédraogo, Amadé
Et debout, de gauche à droite:
Ouédraogo, Dieudonné
Ouédraogo, Dominique
Ouédraogo, Jean Christophe
Sawadogo, François
Ema, Arzuma
Ouédraogo, Arzuma
Ouédraogo, Umaru
Pabébiam, Désiré
Ouédraogo, Sali
Ouédraogo, Saidou
Bambara, Alexandre

4. Sawadogo, Madi:
Sous le nimbe, devant la classe, quelques élèves se présentent. Pouvez-vous lire leurs noms? Nous voyons de gauche à droite, avec leurs cahiers:
Ouédraogo, Sali
Tao, Saidou
Konda, Adama
Ouédraogo, Robert
Ouédraogo, Saidou
Sawadogo, Ernest
Sawadogo, Madi

5. Vous nous avez envoyé de jolis dessins de vos maisons. Ces quatre dessins qu'on voit sont actuellement accrochés au mur et décorent bien notre classe.

6. Ici, nous sommes dans une salle à côté de l'école. La Soeur Ruth nous projette les diapositives de votre classe. Ibrahim suit avec une règle la présentation de votre classe.

7. Je suis le petit Frédérik. Avec mon ami Robert nous vous présentons les couleurs de notre pays--noir, blanc, rouge.

8. Voici la devise du pays:
   Unité, Travail, Justice
   Ecoutez notre hymne nationale.
   (On chante)

Hymne National: La Volta

Fière Volta de mes Aieux
Ton Soleil ardent et glorieux
Te revêt d'or et de clarté
O, Reine drapée de loyauté

Refrain

Nous te ferons et plus forte et plus belle
A ton amour nous restons fidèles
Et nos coeurs vibrants de fierté
Acclamerons ta beauté

Vers l'horizon lève les yeux
Frémis aux accents tumultueux
De tes fiers enfants tous dressés
Promesse d'avenirs carressés.

Supplement: A School in Ouagadougou

The following is an English supplement to the set of slides just received. It includes six supplementary slides.

Some people may wonder if the schools in small towns and villages are different from those in the capital and in the larger cities of Upper Volta. Part of the answer can be found in the set of slides that follows. The pictures were taken at the best elementary school in Ouagadougou, if by "best" we understand the one with the best physical facilities. This school, called La Salle, was, until September 1969, a private school, built by a community of French Catholic teachers with funds donated by the French. The buildings in the group are somewhat better and more attractive than those constructed by the Voltan government. However, the program of studies and methods of teaching in this school are no different from those in the country schools. As far as the quality of the students is concerned, teachers who have had experience in both types of schools maintain that the children in the schools in the bush perform just as well if not better than the students in the capital. Children in the capital have more outside distractions and activities than children in a town like Ouahigouya. They are more restless and less attentive in class. Except for the appearance of the classroom buildings and furniture, what one sees in the following six slides is a faithful reflection of what one might find in any other elementary school in Upper Volta.

Slide

1. The school day in Upper Volta begins at 7:30 in the morning with a half hour of outdoor exercises, such as sports, games or gymnastics. Here a group of youngsters are playing a game familiar to Americans. The players sit in a circle. The person who is "it" walks around the outside of the circle and drops a stick or ball behind one of the seated players who must pick it up and chase the boy who dropped it. If he fails to tag him before he reaches the vacant place in the circle, he in turn becomes "it" and repeats the procedure, dropping the stick or ball behind another boy, trying to reach his place in the circle before being tagged.

2. At 8:00 a gong is sounded and the boys fall in line. This slide is reminiscent of scenes in French and American schoolyards.

3, 4. Inside the equivalent of a fifth grade classroom, the boys are seated at double desks; in most other classrooms there is a single aisle down the center with rows of very long benches and tables, filling up the space on either side.

5. Arithmetic is the same everywhere. The Voltan schools, too, are going through the process of introducing new math into the curriculum. But these boys are doing an old-fashioned multiplication problem. And multiplying by a number with zero is as hazardous in Ouagadougou as in Cincinnati. At the upper right hand corner of the blackboard, you can see the attendance record for the day.

6. A staple in the French instructional program is the dictée. The boy at the board is writing what the teacher, M. Pierre, is dictating. The French students in the audience can check it for errors. Persons who have observed classes in schools in France will not fail to notice the resemblance between the educational system there and the system applied in this former French colony Upper Volta.

5. Présentation du maître et des filles de la classe CM-2
(Preceded by an introduction in English on tape)

Je me nomme Keita Sidiki, Emmanuel. Je suis instituteur et directeur de l'école. C'est une école de filles. Elle comprend six classes de filles: CM-2, CM-1, CE-2, CE-1, CP-2, CP-1. Nous apprenons, à toutes ces filles, non seulement le français, mais également toutes les disciplines de la culture: la géographie, les sciences, les mathématiques, la grammaire, l'histoire, et que sais-je encore?

J'ai eu l'occasion en 1963, alors que j'étais Directeur de Cabinet au Ministère de la Défense Nationale de Haute Volta, d'être invité par le Département d'Etat à visiter les Etats-Unis. J'y ai visité quinze états. Je ne sais retrouver encore tous les noms, mais je suis revenu des Etats-Unis avec un souvenir inoubliable de ce pays. J'ai été encore jusqu'à Santa Fe. Là-bas, j'ai vu à Philadelphia, la cloche en miniature de l'Indépendence. J'ai vu beaucoup de fermes. En visitant la Cape Kennedy j'étais émerveillé parce que j'ai vu les rampes de lancement; j'ai même visité la salle d'exposition. Il y avait encore, au stade de lancement, "Apollo". (Je ne sais quel Apollo encore.) J'ai également eu l'occasion de voir des réserves indiennes. J'ai vu des Indiens dans leur costumes traditionnels pour leur folklore. J'ai visité pas mal de jardins zoologiques où j'ai encore retrouvé, avec joie, des animaux de notre pays.

Je terminerai en rémerciant tous les contribuables des Etats-Unis qui m'ont permis de faire ce beau voyage dans leur beau pays.

Alors, je vous présente la moitié de la classe. L'autre moitié sera présentée prochainement.

Diapositives

1. Au fond vous avez, à gauche, le maître qu'on voit presque à moitié. De droite à gauche, (au premier rang) vouse avez:
   Paré, Cécile
   Ouédraogo, Madeleine
   Ouédraogo, Lizetta
   Ouétara, Germaine (last names are usually given first)
   Au deuxième rang:
   Nacambo, Bintou
   Ouédraogo, Abibou
   Ouédraogo, Salimata
   Savadogo, Abibou
   Ouédraogo, Bibiane

Au troisieème rang:
  Atindégla, Georgette
  Pantola, Piglo
  Ouédraogo, Alimata
  Ouédraogo, Salimata
Au quatrième rang:
  Traoré, Abibata
  Ouédraogo, Azéta
  Diallo, Amatou
  Tona, Abibata
Tout au fond:
  Traoré, Kaguiétou
  Ouédraogo, Pauline
  Bonannée, Madeleine
  Oueta, Aminata

2. Vous avez l'autre moitié de la classe:

Au premier rang, vous avez les enfants:
  Savadogo, Marie Thérèse
  Savadogo, Salimata
  Maiga, Monique
  Toné, Marcelline
Au deuxième rang:
  Sorétou, Marie
  Sikou, Odile
  Maiga, Bintou
  Ouédraogo, Azetta
Au troisième rang:
  Dialou, Fati
  Ouédraogo, Bintou
  Ouédraogo, Abibata
  Malimenga, Jeanne d'Arc
Au quatrième rang:
  Gané, Madeleine
  Attia, Kaguiétou
  Nakambo, Lizetta
  Ouédraogo, Adé
Et au fond de la classe:
  Savadogo, Nopoko
  Ouédraogo, Azétou
  Ouédraogo, Marthe

3. "Je présente la photo de nos amis de Cincinnati à toute la classe. J'ai remarqué que le nom de notre petite amie n'y figure pas. Comment s'appelle-t-elle?"

4. C'est une élève du nom de Marthe Ouédraogo qui construit une figure géométrique. A côté d'elle, le maître, qui vérifie l'angle droit que Marthe devait tracer.

5. Traoré Abibata vous présente:
"Je vous présente une page de mon cahier. Vous voyez les questions de composition du mois de novembre." (Elle lit les questions):
En Histoire:
Quels sont les points dominants de l'âge de la pierre polie, de l'âge de métaux et de l'âge de la pierre taillée.
En Géographie:
Le cercle de Ouahigouya (limites, zones, cours d'eau)
En Sciences:
Propriétés des corps liquides et des corps gazeux.

6. Soeur Ruth et la petite Ouédraogo, Azetta. Azetta fait une démonstration de balayage--comment on balaie avec un balai indigène. Azetta se trouve devant la classe. Elle a fini de balayer et elle a mis les ordures vers la porte de la classe.
"Je m'appelle Azetta Ouédraogo. Je montre à la Soeur Ruth comment on balaie avec un balai du pays.

7. Quelques maîtres de l'école. (Il manque malheureusement deux maîtresses.)
De gauche à droite:
M. Tall, Michel, qui enseigne au CM-1. A côté de lui, sa petite fille qui se trouve au CP-1.
A côté de M. Michel: le directeur de l'école Kéita Sidiki Emmanuel.
Puis, Mlle Pauline qui a les tout petits enfants au CP-1.
J'ai oublié de dire que M. Kéita enseigne au CM-2.
A côté de Mlle Pauline, tout au fond, à droite, un jeune maître qui vient de sortir, qui s'appelle M. Justin Yago.

8. Nous sommes au samedi après-midi. C'est la dernière heure de la classe--vers les seize heures, et les petites filles se rendent dans la salle pour la projection des diapositives venues de Cincinnati.

The books

We thought it would be interesting to have a look at the readers proposed for use in the elementary grades in Upper Volta. Until a few years ago the Africans used the same readers as their French counterparts. All the stories and poems were about things in the life of children living in France. But life in France is very, very different from life in Upper Volta. The history, manners, and ideals of the French are very different from the history, manners, and ideals of the Africans. Imagine yourself, from the first grade on, reading nothing about America and everything about a foreign country like Pakistan - and that in a foreign language! In recent years, however, attempts have been made to publish readers in French which contain material of interest and importance to Africans.

The following set of five slides gives an idea of what these new readers for the equivalent of grades two and three are like. It may be of interest to you and your teachers to compare the appearance, topics, and vocabulary of these books, to the appearance, topics, and vocabulary of the books you used in the second and third grades.

Slides

1. The first slide shows a page in a reader in which the authors retell, in French, animal stories already familiar to the Africans in their own African language.

2. The second slide shows a book open at a story about an elephant hunt.

3. The third slide shows a page from still another reader. It tells how an African house is built.

4, 5. The fourth and fifth slides show the table of contents of a third grade reader in which the center of interest is various things of importance in the life of a family in a country like Upper Volta.

There are no slides showing samples from the readers of the fourth and fifth grades or CM-1 and CM-2 because these readers contain very little about Africa. Almost all the material is taken from French authors, ancient and modern: novelists, poets, playwrights and essayists who are studied in advanced courses in American colleges and universities. They are difficult to understand, even for French children.

The slides of the second and third grade readers will be presented to you in French by the teacher and pupils of our twin class in the girls school at Ouahigouya.

Les Livres

Diapositives

1. Voici le premier chapitre d'un livre de lecture destiné aux élèves du cours élémentaire de l'Afrique noir. Le héros de ce livre est un lièvre qui s'appelle Leuk. La petite Cécile, qui figure en tête de la diapostive numéro I, va vous lire quelques lignes de ce livre:
   "On connaît le plus fort de tous les animaux. C'est Gaindé-le-lion, roi de la brousse. Mais on ne connaît pas le plus intelligent."

   Je demande à nos amis de Cincinnati de retrouver sur cette page le passage que la petite Cécile vient de lire.

2. C'est une chasse à l'éléphant. Ce sont deux pages d'une histoire dans un livre de lecture déstiné aux élèves de cours élémentaire de l'Afrique noir. C'est la chasse à un éléphant qui s'appelle M'Bala. Abibou va vous lire quelques mots de ce passage.

   "La Chasse à L'Eléphant"--
   "Il est là! dit-il à voix basse. Là! Tu vois bien sa queue qui bouge!"

   Je vous demande de retrouver ces mêmes lignes sur les pages.

3. Vous avez deux pages d'un troisième livre, déstiné aux élèves du cours élémentaire. C'est Ouédraogo Bibianne qui va lire un petit passage pour vous.

   "Maintenant, le vrai travail commence. L'oncle Touré plante un pieu dans la terre et trace avec une corde le pourtour de la case future. On creuse un petit fossé pour les fondations et on y empile les briques de banco que les enfants transportent."

4, 5. Voici la table de matières de l'un de ces livres. Elle indique les choses qui sont les plus importantes dans la vie d'un jeune Africain--la famille, les enfants et leurs jeux, la maladie et le médecin, l'école, le marché, la saison sèche et la chasse, la saison des pluies, les cultures, la rivière et la mer, la ville et les voyages.

Maintenant comparez votre livre de français aux livres de français de vos petits amis en Afrique.

6. Ouahigouya

This unit deals with various aspects of Ouahigouya: its buildings and the daily life of the people who inhabit the town.

Today Ouahigouya has a population of over 10,000. During the period of French colonization, extending from 1896 to 1960, roads were built connecting Ouahigouya with other important towns. The French also built several schools in Ouahigouya. After Upper Volta gained her independence, the French continued to supply funds and technical assistance necessary to improve public services such as the construction of a power plant, a water works and a hospital. Ouahigouya is the government's administrative center for the northern part of Upper Volta. The administrator is called the commandant. He is responsible to the President of the republic. The traditional chief, Naba Kom, also resides in Ouahigouya and holds court here.

This unit on Ouahigouya is divided into two sections. The first, or section A, shows some of the public buildings and other physical features of Ouahigouya. The slides are presented by the girls of our twin class in Ouahigouya. The second part, or section B, gives candid shots of the people of Ouahigouya as they go about their daily tasks from sunrise to sundown. The slides are presented by the boys' class.

A. Aspects physiques de la ville

Diapositives

1. Cette place que je vous présente est l'une des places les plus importantes de la ville de Ouahigouya. Ce monument que vous voyez a été élevé en souvenir du célèbre roi, Naba Kango.

2. Cette belle et coquette construction que je vous présente est la mosquée de mon quartier. Elle est l'une des plus belles du village.

3. Cette construction est la grande mosquée centrale de Ouahigouya. C'est là que tous les musulmans de la ville se réunissent le vendredi.

4. Voici la grande cathédrale de Ouahigouya. C'est là que tous les chrétiens se rassemblent, surtout le dimanche.

5. Je vous présente le bâtiment des P.T.T. de Ouahigouya. C'est là, chers amis, que vos lettres nous parviennent.

6. Ici c'est le Collège d'Enseignement Général où plusieurs de nos frères poursuivent leurs études secondaires.

7. Le château d'eau est la vie même de la ville de Ouahigouya. Il alimente toute la ville en eau potable.

8. Je vous présente une retenue d'eau construite sur un bras de la Volta Blanche. Ce barrage ravitaille toute la ville en poissons.

9. Cette construction que je vous présente est le collège des jeunes filles de Ouahigouya où l'enseignement est dispensé par les soeurs.

(Tout ce qui précède a été écrit et lu par des élèves du CM-2)

Bounjour mes amis. C'est Soeur Ruth qui vous parle. La neuvième diapositive est la dernière de la série présentée par les filles. Mais j'ajoute trois autres diapositives qui viennent d'arriver. Elles montrent quelques nouveaux aspects de la ville de Ouahigouya.

10. Une rue près du centre de la ville.

11. Une autre rue aux abords de la ville. Si vous regardez bien vous pourrez distinguer des chevaux et des chameaux. Au fond, la tour de la grande mosquée.

12. Nous voici sur la place devant le palais du roi, le Naba Kom. Nous allons bientôt être reçus par le grand Naba.

Au revoir. C'est tout pour aujourd'hui. Nous avons hâte à recevoir de vos nouvelles.

The following notes on the slides presented by the girls are intended as optional supplementary material for the teacher.

1. The Place Naba Kango. The monument in the center of the circular square was erected on the site where King, or Naba, Kango is buried. The place is generally deserted even though it is one of the most convenient cross-sections of the town. It seems that this particular Mossi ruler, famous to be sure, is considered infamous by most of his countrymen. He acted upon revolutionary ideas contrary to the spirit and the traditions of the ancestors. At the death of Naba Kango the elders inflicted on this heretical king the severest punishment of all. He was refused burial on the sacred spot outside the city where all the other Nabas of the Yatenga are laid to rest. Instead,

his remains are buried in the center of the city in unconsecrated ground. His successors, who are faithful to the ancient customs and beliefs of their ancestors, avoid this spot. They consider it a mortal offense to walk or ride through the Place Naba Kango; they never look at his monument.

2. Architecturally this lovely mosque is unique among the dozens of mosques in Ouahigouya. It is known as the "blue mosque" because of the color of the decoration on the exterior walls. However, the blue has faded with time and is scarcely distinguishable from the coating of whitewash.

3. The style of this mosque, the principal one in Ouahigouya, shows the influence of the men who were building Moslem houses of prayer in the eighth and ninth centuries. A white star and crescent crown the pinnacle of the main tower but the white objects perched on the top of the little towers are ostrich eggs. Ostrich eggs are exclusive status symbols. I have seen them only on the top of mosques and on the roofs of the huts of Nabas or chiefs.

4. The Catholic cathedral of the young diocese of Ouahigouya is a very simple structure. The Spartan simplicity within and without reflects the spirit of the Catholic hierarchy. A group of French missionaries are active in the diocese, but the bishop and pastor of the cathedral parish are both African.

5. The post office is also the telegraph and telephone station of Ouahigouya, thus the letters P.T.T.: Post Office Telegraph and Telephone, crowning the façade. Mail is brought here three times a week from Ouagodougou, the capital, where all mail to Upper Volta is originally delivered. Mail also leaves Ouahigouya three times a week. It is taken to the national post office in Ouagadougou to be re-sorted and rerouted.

6. This is the Collège d'Enseignement Général, or, as abbreviated, the C.E.G. It is a kind of college prep school for boys. The lovely buildings and gardens were a gift to Ouahigouya from a French philanthropist. They were originally intended to serve as a home for the children of African soldiers who had lost their lives serving in the French army during World War II. When Upper Volta became an independent republic in 1960, most of the orphans of 1945 had grown up and had left the home, so the property was converted into a much needed secondary school for boys.

7. This water tower is the visible sign of Ouahigouya's greatest physical asset: an adequate supply of drinking water all year round. French engineers discovered that the town is built over a subterranean sheet of water which they later tapped by drilling wells. These wells feed the tower which in turn supplies the pressure necessary to carry the water to the town below.

8. This shallow artificial lake is stocked with fish. It is formed by an earthen dam, built to support a road across a branch of the river called the White Volta. This river has its source near Ouahigouya. There are two other rivers in Upper Volta: the Red Volta and the Black Volta. The colors of these three rivers are reflected in the Voltan flag which is black, white and red. None of these rivers is navigable, and all of them except the Black Volta, become completely dry each year before the rainy season sets in.

9. This is one of the two main buildings of the only secondary school for girls in the northern part of Upper Volta. All of the students, numbering about 145, are boarders. The ground floor of the two buildings is devoted to classrooms and a dining room. Dormitories occupy the upper floor. Three smaller buildings complete the compound: a kitchen, an infirmary, and the residence of the French religious who, with several French lay teachers, staff the school. This school is one of the very few structures in this region not built on a one-floor plan. For this reason it is commonly identified and referred to as l'étage, that is, "the building with the second floor", or "the high rise."

B. Scènes de la vie

Diapositives

1. Ici le soleil se lève vers 6 h. Chacun a ses occupations. Ces trois écoliers vont à l'école. Ils ne sont pas gais car certains camarades et leurs frères restent à la maison et jouent librement.

2. Mais il y en a qui aiment l'école. Ces deux enfants ont le sourire aux lèvres. Et vous, camarades de Cincinnati, aimez-vous l'école?

3. Maman reste à la maison car il faut qu'on mange à midi. Ici elle va piler le mil pour préparer le saghbo. Au fond, de gauche à droite: un panier, le foyer.

4. Les petites filles aiment piler en cadence. C'est un jeu... C'est aussi utile.

5. Les hommes ont leurs divers travaux. Ici papa est dans son métier à tisser. Il fait des bandes d'étoffe pour boubous et pagnes. Le métier à tisser est simple, démontable et facile à transporter.

6. Devant la poste le secrétaire public écrit des lettres pour ses clients.

7. Au centre de Ouahigouya, c'est la place du grand marché. En voici le plan. Les points rouges qui entourent "A", la boucherie, représentent les étalages qui se font par terre. On y trouve du tout.

8. Le marché est grouillant de femmes. Les costumes sont divers. Au fond on aperçoit les toits des stands.

9. Un homme choisit un pagne pour sa femme. Il porte un chapeau Mossi fait en paille et garni de cuir.

10. Cette fillette fait une commission pour sa maman.

11. Deux frères font le tour du marché. Allez-vous souvent au marché?

12. Après l'école les petites filles aident leur mère. Ici celle-là porte son petit frère sur le dos. La mère peut vaquer (à son travail).

13. Ceux qui ne sont pas partis à l'école étaient au champ. Vers le soir on rejoint le village. La charrette sert à transporter le fumier et les récoltes et aussi les gens--surtout le soir quand on est fatigué.

14. Maman prépare le saghabo pour le souper. Bébé a refusé de rester sur la natte; il est attaché au dos.

15. Le soleil se couche. C'est la fin d'une belle journée.

Les garçons de l'école de Ouahigouya viennent de vous présenter la journée à Ouahigouya. Ce sont Ouédraogo, Seydou; Ouédraogo, Umaru; et Sawadogo, Madi.

This is Sr. Ruth adding a few notes to some of the slides. For example, in:

3. You see the mortar that is used to pound the grain. The mortar is really the hollowed out trunk of a tree. On the ground behind the woman is the stick or pestle used to pound the grain in the mortar.

4. We get a better view of the jumbo-size pestle. It is thick at both ends for balanced weight and slender in the center for gripping with the hand.

5. Traditionally, it is the women who spin the thread from the cotton and the men who do the weaving. However, in some of the new rural education centers for women the students are taught how to weave. The Mossi looms are homemade and have all the basic elements of our standard hand looms which some American women

operate as a hobby. Here we see a weaver shaded from the hot sun by a handwoven mat that he has stood upright. He is seated comfortably on the edge of a hole where his feet hang and operate the treadles. Among the Mossi it is the custom to weave the cloth in long, narrow bands about five to seven inches wide. These bands are then sewn together to make garments or blankets. Later on we will make a closer study of this craft as practiced by the Mossi.

6. Most Africans have never had the opportunity to go to school and learn to read and write. Therefore, when they want to send a written message they avail themselves of the services of the public secretary to whom they dictate what they want to say. The secretary will write the message in French or in the native language, Moré.

7. Ouahigouya's market is one of the few Voltan shopping centers that have permanent stalls built of metal or concrete. The market occupies the equivalent of several city blocks.

8. The black and white striped pagnes, or wrap-around skirts, are made of handwoven strips of cloth stitched together in alternating patterns of contrasting colors, usually black and white. Red and orange threads are often added to brighten the effect, however.

9. The two men on the right of the one with the conical hat are also wearing typical Mossi headgear: the red chéchia and the brightly colored straw hat.

10. This little girl followed me at a distance all around the market. She was too timid to come up and shake hands but stopped and smiled shyly every time I looked in her direction.

11. Older children are very protective of their younger brothers and sisters. In this case the older brother was quickly guiding his little brother past the foreigner who was lo ng toward them through a suspicious looking black box.

12. African girls do not merely baby-sit, they baby-carry. From the time they are six or seven, little girls begin to imitate their mothers and hoist baby brother or sister on their backs and secure the soft little bundle with a small pagne they wrap around the baby and then knot high at the waist. The girl's arms are free and she can join in games with her friends.

13. It is only in recent years that the Mossi began to use carts for hauling produce. The carts were introduced by the French.

14. Sarabo (also spelled saghbo, but pronounced always the same way) is to the Mossi what spaghetti is to the Italians and rice is to the Chinese. In another unit we will follow the steps in the preparation of this national dish.

In general, Mossi parents spoil their babies. These Africans have anticipated Spock by centuries. They believe that a baby should not be crossed in his desires. The desires of the baby generally alternate from the desire of freedom to move about as he pleases and the will to be carried at his mother's back or at her breast.

15. Sunsets are always beautiful in Africa and very rapid. Within ten minutes the bright light of day is changed into the rich darkness of night. And that's all.

7. Naba Kom

A Note on Culture Shock

Perhaps this is the time to say a few words about culture shock and how to avoid it. We suffer from culture shock when we are horrified by the way people in other cultures behave. Manners and customs that are different from what we are used to strike us as odd or funny or stupid, or all three.

When we see something strange we are tempted to reject it or ridicule it because we don't understand it. We make the mistake of thinking that our way of doing things is the right way for everyone else. Take, for example, the method of building houses. When we think of a house we think of a rectangular box-like structure made of brick or wood or stone or aluminum, and topped with a roof of shingles or slate or tile. That's the kind of house we are accustomed to seeing around us, or pictured in magazines or on T.V. So, when we first see little round houses made of dried, mud bricks and topped with a cone-shaped roof of thatch we are shocked to think that some people call these huts "houses". But that is because we do not understand why they are built that way.

To understand why the Mossi build their houses the way they do, all you have to do is place yourself in imagination in the middle of Upper Volta, deep in the continent of Africa. Here there are no stone quarries, no materials for making cement, no aluminum or steel. Only rich foreigners, and perhaps a few government officials, can afford to have building materials imported from abroad. Look around and you'll see that the only building materials the land provides in this country are trees, some dried plants, and the reddish-brown earth under foot. You try building a house of wood but you find it is insufferably hot and is very attractive to termites. You try making light walls of woven straw but they don't stand up against the driving winds and rain during the rainy season. So you follow the example of your Mossi neighbors and in the end you have a neat little dwelling good to sleep in. It is built of bricks made of earth, mixed with bits of straw and water and then dried in the sun. The roof is very skillfully made by tying layers of various kinds of straw to a cone-shaped framework of branches.

You don't need a big house because practically all of your activities are best carried on outdoors. You usually cook outdoors because it's pleasant and it's easier to make a wood fire there than indoors. You use wood for cooking because that's the only fuel available. It will be a long time before electricity or gas is supplied to all the villages in Upper Volta, because it has so few natural resources to convert into energy: very little water power to make electricity; no deposits of natural gas or oil.

You don't paint your house because there is no proper house paint to cover walls made of banco, "dried earth". Even if an inexpensive banco paint were available in all the colors of the rainbow you would hesitate to cover your walls with it because the natural color of your home-made bricks blends so nicely with your natural surroundings--with the green and yellow of the vegetation, depending on the season, and the blue of the sky. You decide that the house you have built with the materials that nature and human ingenuity have provided in the brousse is good and even beautiful in its setting, though it would be inadequate and unlovely in a Cincinnati suburb. You begin to suspect that what is a nice home for Delhi Hills would not be very functional, or even very pretty, in the country around Ouahigouya.

And then there is the question of furniture. For heaven's sake, why don't the Africans of Upper Volta use chairs and tables the way we do? (As a matter of fact, many of the Europeanized Africans living in the cities do use European furniture.) One might counter that question with another: Is one really more civilized or even necessarily more comfortable if, instead of sitting on a mat or rug or cushion on the ground, he perches on a horizontal surface supported by four upright pieces of wood, metal, or plastic that we call a chair? There are many highly cultured peoples, especially in the Orient--the Japanese, for instance--who do not have the custom of sitting on chairs.

Now that we are to be introduced to Mossi royalty in the person of the Yatenga Naba, we had better examine our thinking about royal palaces. When we hear the word "palace" don't we usually think of a grand, sumptuous dwelling with beautiful gardens and landscaping? That is the way palaces look in our story books or history books, on T.V., or on the postcards and photos tourists send from Europe. But what is it that makes the real difference between what we call a house and what we call a palace? The people who live in it, of course. The place where the royal family lives is a palace, regardless of its size or magnificence. If you bear in mind that the Mossi Nabas do not live in Europe or America but in Upper Volta, you will not suffer from culture shock when you catch glimpses of the palace of Naba Kom, the descendent of one of the most ancient lines of kings and emperors still existing in the world.

What is it that makes a king a king? Is it a house? Is it furniture? Is it clothes? I'll leave you to figure that one for yourself.

Part I

Hello friends. As you already have learned, Ouahigouya is the capital of the ancient Mossi Kingdom of Yatenga. For more than 600 years, an unbroken line of chiefs or Nabas ruled here. In 1896, when a contingent of French soldiers came armed with guns and revolvers, the Yatenga Mossi had no choice but to yield. Although the Mossi were excellent horsemen and had a fine cavalry, they had no firearms at all with which to defend themselves. In fact, they had never seen any because no people who possessed firearms had ever before penetrated Yatenga.

Naturally, the Yatenga Naba had to yield some of his power under the French colonial government which lasted until 1960. Under the new republican government of Upper Volta, to which Yatenga belongs, the Naba has no official position, but with the people of Yatenga he is still a very influential person. You can see that the Naba is an important person by the kind of reception he gets on the return to his residence, after an absence of seven days.

The girls of CM-2 will present some rare views of the Naba Kom--the present reigning Naba.

Slides

1. La foule devant le palais.
2. Remarquez, au fond, des hommes montés à chameau.
3. Deux cavaliers.
4. D'autres cavaliers qui attendent.
5. Le grand Naba approche.
6. Le voilà, habillé d'un manteau rouge.
7. Voici le Naba à cheval.
8. Il est descendu de son cheval.
9. Regardez le sceptre.
10. Le dos du manteau de Naba.

11, 12. Le beau cheval blanc du Naba.

Ce qui suit, c'est la deuxième série d'explications des (mêmes) diapositives.

Diapositives

1. La foule sur la place devant le palais du Yatenga Naba.
2. Une autre partie de la foule. Au fond, à chameau, quelques personnalités venues de loin pour saluer le Naba.
3. Deux cavaliers exécutent des fantasias difficiles et dangereuses. On voit le palais au fond.
4. D'autres cavaliers attendent leur tour pour montrer leur prouesse.
5. Enfin, le grand Naba arrive. On le reconnaît à cheval. Il est habillé d'un beau manteau rouge.
6. Le Naba avance lentement au milieu de la foule respectueuse.
7. Le voilà, dans une cour intérieure du palais. Il est entouré de plusieurs serviteurs.
8. Il est descendu de son cheval. Remarquez son collier de plaques d'argent.
9. Dans cette photo on voit le sceptre royal garni de cuir rouge et de cauris blancs.
10. Voici le dos du manteau royal. Il est brodé de fil d'or et garni de plaques d'argent.
11. Le palefrenier nous montre le chaval du Naba. Pour le Cérémonie du Retour c'est toujours un cheval blanc.
12. Ici on voit quelques détails du harnais.

C'est la fin de la série des diapositives sur le retour du Naba. Les filles qui viennent de vous parler sont:
Ouédraogo, Abibata
Bonané, Madeleine
Sedwaro, Odile
Elles veulent savoir comment on recoit le Président Nixon quand il retourne à Washington après un voyage.

Part II

Now, the second part of our series of slides on the Naba Kom... These slides will be presented by our friends at the boys' school.

Some time ago, the boys of CM-2 presented slides of the sacred hill just outside the village of Gourcy. We learned that this is the place where the newly nominated Naba of Yatenga must go to be consecrated in a religious ceremony, according to the ancient rites of the Mossi. Today we will get acquainted with another rite that centuries-old tradition attaches to the enthronement of the rulers of Yatenga. It takes place near a village called Somniara. We will also get a few glimpses of Naba Kom, at home, in Ouahigouya. The slides showing the Naba and his horse in ceremonial attire are really quite special. According to custom, which the Mossi revere with religious respect, the Yatenga Naba is allowed to don his scarlet cloak and have his horse decked out in certain trappings at only one time in the year--the beginning of the new lunar year. This year it was in December. However, our first visit to Naba Kom took place in February. Out of courtesy to the American who wished to become better acquainted with Mossi culture, Naba Kom asked the Master of Traditional Rites and Ceremonies for permission to have himself and his horse decked out as for the December ritual, and be photographed. After two days the permission was granted and we now have what are said to be the only photographs of their kind. Naba Kom had never allowed himself to be photographed before in his regalia.

Naba Kom--Part II (simple French)

Maintenant, je passe la parole à nos amis.

Diapositives

1. Le tombeau du père et du grand-père du Naba Kom.
2. Inscription sur la dalle: Roi du Yatenga.
3. La case des bâtons des rois décédés.
4. Le Naba Kom nous montre son bâton.
5. Le Naba Kom à cheval.
6. Les pages du Naba font le salut Mossi.
7. Le Naba Kom assis sous le "zandé".
8. Le Naba à côté de sa voiture.

9. Le roi s'amuse.

Ce qui suit c'est la deuxième explication des mêmes diapositives.

Diapositives

1. Avant son intronisation le Naba doit visiter le tombeau de ses ancêtres. Ici on voit le tombeau du père et du grand-père du Naba Kom.

2. L'inscription sur la dalle du tombeau de son grand-père, le Naba Tigré. On lit: "Roi du Yatenga". En bas, "1856" indique l'année de sa naissance.

3. A côté des tombeaux se trouve la case des bâtons royaux. Debout, le gardien de la case. Dans cette case on garde les sceptres des grand Nabas décédés, les ancêtres du Naba Kom. C'est ici qu'il est entré, les yeux fermés, pour choisir son bâton.

4. Le Naba Kom nous montre le sceptre qu'il a pris dans la case des bâtons.

5. Le Naba Kom, monté à cheval. Il porte le chéchia, le manteau, les chaussures et le bâton des rois du Yatenga. A ses pieds, des serviteurs.

6. Ici on voit des pages, appelés en Moré, soronés, qui font le salut Mossi.

7. Le Naba est assis sur une chaise sous un abri appelé en Moré, "zandé". Il est entouré de quelques conseillers assis par terre. Accroupis devant lui, quelques soronés.

8. Le Naba à côté de sa Mercédes-Benz--cadeau de la République Fédérale de l'Allemagne.

9. Le Naba a quitté le manteau rouge. Selon la coûtume, il porte ce costume seulement une fois par an. Il participe au jeu avec quelques jeunes gens de son entourage. C'est le jeu de cailloux. Il ressemble un peu au jeu de dames ou checkers, mais au lieu d'un damier or checker board, on utilise un morceau de bois où on a creusé six paires de trous. Le Naba est un joueur très habile. Ce jeu s'appelle en Moré, "Waré".

10. (Hors de série--Les Femmes du Naba--no commentary on this slide)

Les garcons qui vous ont parlé sont:
Ouédraogo, Umaru
Sawadogo, François
Sawadogo, Madi
Tao, Mahomed
Kinto, Moussa

Additional Notes on Slides in English. First Series covers Part I.

Slides

1. The walls enclosing the concession of the Naba are whitewashed once a year just before his return from the annual retreat in the village in the brousse.

2. The visitors on camelback are probably from Mali, the country just north to the Upper Volta region. This country is partly covered by the Sahara Desert.

3. Here we have a rare, head-on view of two Mossi horsemen executing the difficult and dangerous fantasia. The fantasia is a test and exhibition of horsemanship originating with the Arabs. It consists of driving a horse at full gallop down a passage to just within a few yards of a wall or other obstacle at the end. The rider must violently rein in his mount, forcing him to rear up on his hind legs and turn around swiftly and, without slackening his pace, run the course in the opposite direction. It isn't unusual for horse and rider to be injured, sometimes fatally, in this exercise.

5, 6. The procession moves at a dignified pace and the crowd is silent. Only the sound of a muffled drum is heard beating a marching rhythm.

7. The Naba enters an inner court where he is met by some of his servants. The one standing is the official in charge of the Naba's horses.

8. The Naba holds a sceptre decorated with red leather and rows of cowrie shells. The sceptre is the insigna of the authority of the Mossi kings just as it was of the potentates of the western world, but as far as we can determine the Africans did not copy from European royalty.

9. The embroidery on this cape is worked in thread of gold. There are no important gold deposits in Upper Volta but at one time in the past this territory was part of a vast Sudanese empire that included the Gold Coast, now called Ghana, that lies just to the south of Upper Volta. The gold trade flourished there.

10. Mossi chiefs deck out their horses with rich harness and saddle. The saddle here is covered with a piece of rich oriental cloth.

11. Parts of the harness are of silver or are silver plated. The forehead strap here is decorated with a tuft of black feathers.

Additional notes in English, Part II.

1, 2, 3. Most of the Yatenga Nabas of the last four centuries are buried just outside the village of Somniara, about 15 kilometers from Ouahigouya. A notable exception is the Naba Kango whose monument we saw in the heart of Ouahigouya. Naba Kango was refused burial with his ancestors at Somniara because he had flouted their customs and traditions. The father and grandfather of Naba Kom are the only Mossi kings whose graves are marked with a western-style tombstone. Their reigns occupied the period covered by the French occupation of Upper Volta which brought them in contact with European culture and the Christian religion. These two Nabas were both baptized shortly before their death, hence the crosses on their tombs. The graves of seventeen of the Nabas who preceded them are marked, according to Mossi custom, with rolled-up mats, a symbol of the end of life. The mats are replaced each year by new ones. Several of these mats lying on the ground are barely discernable in this picture.

4. The ornament on the red chéchia is a lion's claw. Lions used to roam the bush around Ouahigouya. The white cowrie shells are a favorite decoration among the Mossi. Cowrie shells were used as money in business transactions in many parts of Africa and India before the Europeans introduced coinage.

5. The pages crouched on the ground here are making the salutation or bow required by Mossi etiquette of men or boys when entering the presence of a chief. Some of the younger village and canton chiefs are discouraging the practice but traditional etiquette dies slowly here. The man standing at the extreme right is Boniface Ouédraogo. He serves as my interpreter and chaffeur. As his name, Ouédraogo, indicates, he is, like the Naba Kom, a descendent of the first great chief Ouédraogo.

6. Boniface and others marvelled that we were allowed to take these pictures of the Yatenga Naba. It is a permission that has never before been given but has often been requested by Europeans.

7. The pipes protruding from the wall in the rear serve to drain off the water from the roof during the rainy season.

8. This game, played with pebbles, moves very fast. It requires sharp eyes and quick thinking. On this occasion the Naba Kom, who had been observing some of his pages playing, challenged the winner to a match and won--fairly, too, it seems. He is an expert at the game.

What follows is excerpted from Naba Kom's account of how Yédéga, oldest son of the deceased Moro Naba of Ouagadougou, founded the Mossi kingdom of Yatenga.

Yedega was an unpopular prince. He was absent at the time of his father's death. The ministers took advantage of his absence to name his youngest brother as successor to the Moro Naba. In this passage the speaker alludes to one of the customs associated with the death of a Mossi chief His eldest daughter is designated as Napoko, that is, she is the representative of the Naba during the days intervening between his death and the enthronement of the new successor. In this case the Napoko was Winda Tabré, the sister of Yedéga. As Napoko, she had charge of the royal fétish and symbols of the royal power called Nam. The extract opens just after Yédéga has learned that his father, the Moro Naba, has died and that his younger brother had been named as successor although according to custom it is the eldest son who should have been chosen. The first word in the extract "Il" refers to Yédéga.

(Here follows a three-minute speech in French by Naba Kom. The content of the speech was explained above. Parts of the speech are very blurred.)

The baby that you hear weeping there in the background (during the speech) is one of the children of the Naba Kom. The baby's mother had brought him to listen to his father tell the story of the kingdom of Yatenga.

At his election the Naba is given a new name and it is forbidden thereafter to designate him by his former name. Every Naba is also given several mottos selected for him by his sister or some other woman of the family. Here the Naba Kom gives us his mottos in Moré first and then followed by a free French translation. These mottos, or proverbs, originate in a physical and cultural environment very different from ours and they may seem very enigmatic and cryptic. It should be noted in passing that the Moré language does not have the sound "ch", as in chemin. The Mossi tend to substitute z for "ch", therefore the Mossi and Naba Kom would pronounce chat as za, chacal as zacal, and chirurgion as zirurgien.

(Here follow the mottos. Again, the French is very blurred.)

That's all for the moment from Naba Kom.

The boys and girls from St. Dominic asked their friends in Ouagadougou to teach them some expressions in Moré. The boys were very happy to oblige. In the following record you're going to hear a lot of background noise. It's because the whole class was fascinated with the idea of teaching the Americans some Moré. They all wanted to cooperate, but the teacher had singled out three of the boys to give the proper expressions for Good morning, Good evening, and Goodbye, and do it solo.

(Here follow the greetings in Moré.)

The boys and girls here, and their teachers and myself, have enjoyed very much your last three envois: the one of the girls' skating party, the one showing the costumes and the one showing the drawings of the boys and girls. They were delighted to see that you enjoyed their drawings and thought they were good. Also the series on sports and games. As for the snakes--the boa which was identified as being a native of South America--we are pleased to announce that boas are very much in evidence in, if not native to, Upper Volta.

Goodbye for now. We had the children answer a questionnaire about how they felt about America and Americans. Many think America is fine and that Americans like them very much.

(Sequel to) Naba Kom, Series I and II.

A note in my journal, dated December 1, 1970, reads: "Beginning of the lunar year of the Mossi animists. The Naba Kom is to return today from his ritual, eight-day retreat."

During the months that passed since my first acquaintance with the ceremony the previous December, I acquired, little by little, snatches of information that help to fill in the picture of this ancient ritual. On this day I was able to witness another aspect of it.

Every year at the beginning of the new year, the Mossi chiefs must leave their yiri, taking with them their wives, children and the rest of their household and turn over their residence to the spirits of the ancestors who return at this time to revisit their former haunts.

The emperor must withdraw for eight days to a secret place. (Actually, Tou, about five kilometers from Ouahigouya.)

Canton chiefs must leave their village for one day. Village chiefs must leave their yiri for one day, but need not leave the village itself; they may stay in another compound.

At a signal from the earth chief, or tengsoba, the chiefs-in-hiding return in procession to their home.

Since I had been informed where Naba Kom was spending his retreat and since during the preceding year he had received me several times, I felt free to have Boniface take me to Tou to witness the ceremonies of the emperor's departure.

The following is a picture story of what I saw.

Slides

1. Members of the emperor's court in front of huts. They are made of straw mats that serve as temporary shelters.

2. The women have packed up the belongs and wait for the signal of departure.

3. Another view of the women and girls in their colorful printed cottons. In the foreground, the beautiful leather cushion that serves as Naba Kom's throne. In the background, the mango trees in his orchard.

4. One of the little charmers of the Naba's household.

5. The signal has been given to dismantle the huts. The walls and roofs are rolled up and carried away. "Man does not have a lasting dwelling place here below"--not even the Emperor.

   An important detail: at the foot of the tree in the right foreground is the tim, or power symbol, covered with the feathers of the white chicken that has just been sacrificed in honor of the ancestors.

6. The Naba's white horse is saddled and decked out in ceremonial dress.

7. The blind griot or bard, sings of the great deeds of the ancestors to the accompaniment of a one-stringed violin.

8. It is time to begin the long march back to the palace. The procession is led by a young girl who carried the tim on her head.

9. The procession sets out. After the women, a few courtiers on horseback.

10. They cross the sun-drenched plain that lies between the Naba's retreat and his town, Ouahigouya.

11. The royal cortege is greeted on the outskirts of town by a motley crowd.

The sequel to this slide would be the series on the return on Naba Kom. It shows the crowd waiting before the palace and some of the activities there.

8. Gourcy et Ses Environs

This is about a Mossi village called Gourcy. Toward the end of October, before classes really got under way in Ouahigouya, I spent the day at Gourcy. It is located about 30 miles from Ouahigouya. Although it looks like any other small market town in the country, it enjoys a prestige that belongs to it alone.

Through Gourcy winds the road leading to the "sacred hill"--la colline sacrée--just outside the town. From time immemorial, or at least as far back as the thirteenth century, the newly elected emperors of the Yatenga Mossi have come here to be consecrated in a religious ceremony.

The hill is actually only a slight eminence overlooking the flat countryside. On its crest is the case du sacre, the hut of consecration. It is a typical Mossi hut: round, built of red-brown earthen bricks, and capped with a conical, thatched roof. The only opening in the wall is the low, narrow entrance. In front of this entrance is a wooden door held in place by two upright poles. A low wall partly encloses the area in front of the hut and forms a small courtyard. In the courtyard are several large earthenware jars for dolo, the national beverage of the Mossi. Dolo is to the Mossi what wine is to people of ancient Western cultures. Like wine, it is an important element in both secular and sacred celebrations. To the left of the case one can detect the small sacrifice stones on which offerings of fowl and animals are made.

Near the case du sacre is the sacred baobab tree. The baobab is a strange-looking tree; it stands out, stark and grotesque, on the Voltan landscape. It is esteemed both for its fruit which is edible, and for its leaves which are used to flavor sauces. There is a tradition that after his consecration the new emperor must never again look at a baobab.

Ancient custom also dictates that the people whom the emperor-elect meets on the road leading to Gourcy should mock and insult him. This is to test his humility and moral strength. On the return trip, however, the newly consecrated ruler has the right to claim for himself anything he sees along the way: grain, cattle, even servants for his court.

The last time that the sacred hill was the scene of consecration was in 1960, when the present emperor, or Naba, succeeded to the supreme moral and religious leadership of the Yatenga Mossi. The palace of the Yatenga Naba is in Ouahigouya.

At the foot of the sacred hill is a concession or yiri. Yiri is the name used by the Mossi to designate the group of huts and granaries, surrounded by a wall, belonging to a single yiri family. In this yiri live the Mossi priest who is responsible for offering the sacrifices at the case du sacre. A little farther off one can see several other yiri clustered together to form a neighborhood or quarter. During the months just before harvest time the yiri are hidden by the tall millet growing in the surrounding fields.

From the sacred hill one has a good view of the countryside characteristic of the brousse of Upper Volta. According to tradition, once he has been consecrated on this hill the emperor may never return to Gourcy because there he entered on a new life and ceased to be what he was before.

Five views of, or from, the sacred hill are presented here by one of the boys from our twin class in Ouahigouya.

Part I

Bonjour mes amis d'Amérique! Je m'appelle Ouédraogo, Saidou. J'ai quatorze ans.

Diapositives

1. La colline sacrée et la case du sacre. Devant, à droite, des jarres de dolo. A gauche, des pierres pour le sacrifice.
2. A côté de la case il y a un grand arbre. C'est le baobab de la colline sacrée. Le fruit du baobab est bon à manger. On fait une sauce délicieuse avec les feuilles du baobab.
3. Au pied de la colline se trouve le yiri du prêtre Mossi. Il se charge des sacrifices.
4. Voici un quartier composé de plusieurs yiris.
5. Du haut de la colline on voit un beau paysage typique de la brousse.

Aux Champs de Gourcy--Part II

October and November are harvest time in the country around Ouhigouya and Gourcy. As the new emperor passed along the road that joins these two towns he might have seen farmers cutting down the tall stalks of millet. Toward sunset he would have seen the peasants returning from the fields to their homes. They would be carrying a bundle of ripe ears of millet on their heads and a short-handled hoe on their shoulders. The Moslems among them would also be carrying a kind of tea-kettle containing the water for the ablutions prescribed before making the prayers required by Moslem ritual.

Besides millet, cotton is also grown here. Women and children pick the ripe, white balls and carry them in baskets to the market. The cotton crop in this area was poor this year (1969) because the rains did not come at the right time. When the harvest is bad the children are almost as much concerned as the grown-ups. All--young and old--participate in the total life of the family, its hopes and fears, its joys and sorrows.

According to the Mossi view of the world all creation is sacred. Man's very existence depends on the interaction between the sky and the earth through which God manifests Himself. Every year at harvest time the Mossi offer the first fruits of the harvest to God. (This custom is faintly reflected in our national celebration of Thanksgiving.) The Mossi who have become Christians continue this practice of their ancestors. They bring their offerings of grain, cotton, and so forth, to the mission church and place them at the foot of the altar. In the course of the year these offerings will be distributed to the neediest families of the village.

The set of five slides showing these aspects of harvest time in Upper Volta is presented by another boy from our twin classroom in Ouahigouya.

Je m'appelle Ouédraogo, Robert. J'ai douze ans.

Diapositives

1. Un paysan coupe le mil.
2. Un vieux paysan retourne des champs.
3. Ici on voit deux femmes sur le point de retourner chez elles, leurs corbeilles pleines de coton.
4. Voici un petit paysan pensif au milieu d'un champ de coton.
5. Voici les prémices de la moisson. On les dépose au pied de l'autel à l'église.

Musical Note--Part III

Toward sunset on the day of the visit to Gourcy, I heard the distant beat of a tamtam. Looking in the direction from which the sound was coming, I could distinguish the silhouettes of children with hampers of cotton on their heads, walking single file through a field along a path leading to the town in the valley below. On the way they would pass the white schoolhouse where some of them may have spent part of the day. (It is not unusual to see a boy walking along the road with a battered schoolbag in his hand and a hoe over his shoulder. The motto of the rural schools in Upper Volta is "Book and plow"-"Livre et charrue". But the many farmers who cannot afford a plow will have to be content with a hoe for a long time to come.)

The sound of the drum died away and the cortege disappeared from view.

A little while later I heard the drumbeat again, faint at first, then louder and louder. The troop had emptied their baskets at the cotton warehouse in town and were returning to their homes by the path that led near the little house where I was staying. Finally they came: a dozen boys and girls marching gayly to the brisk rhythm of the drum. When they caught sight of me they did what all Mossi children do when they meet a grown-up: they came up and offered their hand in greeting, the girls curtsying gracefully as if they had been brought up in a French boarding school for elegant young ladies. When they saw that I was carrying a camera one of the boys cried: "Take our picture!" which I did--first of the drummer boy, then of the others.

I also played back for them the recording of the drumbeat that I had made. They were amazed and delighted at the sound of their own tamtam coming out of the black box.

The four slides in this set are accompanied only by snatches of the drum. (Here show the slides.) (Set III--4 slides.)

NB. Tamtam is not a synonym for drum. A drum (tambour) is a cylindrical instrument, made of skins stretched over a wooden frame, usually carried slung over the shoulder and played while the musician is marching. A tamtam is made of half of a hollow calabash covered with a skin. The player remains seated. (This observation is made at the end of the tape.)

Bird Note--Part IV

Africa is host to a large variety of birds, most of them never seen in the United States except in a zoo. One of the most interesting of these birds is the tisserin, so called from the French tisserand, meaning "weaver". The tisserin, or weaver bird, weaves a lovely nest at the very tip of a slender twig which arches gracefully under the weight of the ornament. Next to the house in Gourcy was a tree which a group of tisserins had selected as the site of a community housing project.

Slides

1. The first slide shows a part of the project viewed from below. If you look closely you can see a little builder on the point of entering his doorway--a hole in the bottom of the nest.

2. Another slide gives a close-up view of an individual dwelling. The nest is made of various kinds of grasses skillfully interlaced to form a well-ventilated but sturdy structure. The edge of the entrance is carefully overcast to prevent fraying. You will notice a slight bulge at one side. It is the outside of the hollow chamber which serves as the nursery where the parents look after their young.

I found one of these nests on the ground and brought it back to Ouahigouya. I am looking for a way to pack it and send or bring it safely to Cincinnati. (The nest was sent, and arrived in good condition.)

9. La Journée d'une fille de Brousse

In our country, where there are schools for everybody, almost all children of school age go to school. Going to school and doing their school work is their main occupation most of the day.

In Upper Volta things are quite different. Upper Volta is a young republic, only ten years old, and very, very poor in material resources. There has not been enough time or money to provide enough schools or school teachers for all the children of school age. As a matter of fact, only about one out of ten children of school age can be accommodated in the schools.

Have you ever wondered what you would do all day if there were no schools?

Here you will see what an African girl does with her time when she does not go to school.

The other day I went to the village of Zogoré and told the chief what I wanted to do: I wanted to follow a girl, who is not in school, in her daily routine. The chief said, "Here is my daughter Elise. She does go to school and learns French. But today is Thursday and she is at home because there is no class on Thursdays. I suggest that you observe Elise as she goes about her tasks. What she does today is what practically all her friends who do not go to school, do every day."

So I followed the chief's proposal. The slides will show you what I saw. Elise will introduce you to her family and then she will tell you in French what she is doing.

Elise is several years younger than our friends in CM-2 in Ouahigouya. She has just passed to grade CE-2, the equivalent of our 4th grade. In Elise's native tongue, Moré, there is no sound (ʒ) as in "je' but it's very common in the French language as you know. Listen for the sound that Elise substitutes for "je".

Diapositives

1. Ça, c'est ma famille. Mon père au millieu. A sa droite, c'est ma mère avec mon petit frère. A sa gauche, mes deux grandes soeurs, mon petit frère et moi.

2. Je puise de l'eau.

3. Je porte le canari d'eau.

4. Je vais à la maison.

5. Je pile le mil.

6. Je pile le mil avec une autre femme.

7. J'écrase le mil.

8. Je cherche du bois.

9. Je porte du bois.

10. J'ai soif. Je bois de l'eau.

11. Je vais au marché pour acheter de la viande.

12. J'achète un morceau de viande.

13. Je fais la cuisine.

14. Je remue du gâteau.

15. Je balaie la maison

16. Je file du coton.

17. Il y a fête au village. Je danse.

Au revoir mes amis.

Note: This was recorded without script. Elise's father showed her each slide in a little viewer because there is no electricity in Zogeré to allow for projection on a screen. So Elise looked at herself in the picture, then said what she was doing. There was no prompting.

Supplementary notes on the slides

Slides

1. The canton chief, François Ouédraogo, is a Christian. Therefore he has only one wife. Chiefs who are not Christian, that is, who are either Moslem or Animist, usually have several wives. What appears to be a mammoth earthen jar in the background is a kind of granary in which grains of millet or corn are stored.

2. Elise draws the water with a bag made of rubber from the inner tube of a tire. (You can see a trickle of water leaking from a corner, at the seam.) The canari into which she will empty the water is in the shadow at the lower right. The well is surrounded by boulders and almost completely covered by logs to prevent people or animals from falling in.

3. Mossi girls carry their burdens with an easy grace.

4. The landscape tells us it is the dry season.

5. The Mossi women and girls usually pound the grain in an open area at the edge of the village. The mortar is a hollowed-out log.

6. What appears to be soft sand here is really the chaff from the grain. The girls make a real game and art of handling the pestle. wooden pestle. Maintaining a steady rhythm, they spin the pestle and clap their hands and execute other feats rivaling those of a baton-twirler.

7. The earthen table on which the grain is ground to flour is as hard as cement. The grain is crushed between two flat stones, one embedded in the table and the other pushed by the girl.

8. Elise gathers dry branches and twigs lying on the ground. Boys gather thicker branches chopped from dead trees.

9. Just as an American girl clutches a purse wherever she goes, a Mossi girl carries something on her head.

10. The earthen jar keeps the water fresh and cool.

11. The woman in the foreground is carrying twins.

12. The meat is displayed on a mat in front of the butcher. At lower left is his pointed hat. He is sitting in the shade of a shelter made of reeds and fibres.

13. Elise is preparing to start the fire. She is sitting on a low stool carved from a single block of wood in a pattern particular to the Mossi.

14. The thick paste at left will be made into flat cakes. In the kettle at the left is a thin gruel served to little children.

15. The wall is lined with earthen jars used to carry water, store grain, cook, etc. The broom resembles a soft whisk broom. It is very nice to handle.

16. It is fascinating to watch a girl draw thread from the cotton wrapped around the distaff. The process requires much dexterity and skill.

17. Everybody dances in an African village. Boys and girls usually dance in separate groups. They all like to hold a scarf, or any other graceful, colorful object, in their hands as they dance.

Dialogue supplémentaire

Bonjour mes amis! Vos amis ici à Ouahigouya vont vous adresser la parole. Ce sont les filles de CM-2 qui viennent de regarder les projections sur la visite chez le dentiste et aussi les pauvres petites filles qui ont les membres plâtrés.

Voici Georgette qui a quelque chose à dire à Mary Beth:

- Mary Beth, c'est ton amie Georgette qui te parle. Je te souhaite une bonne guérison.

Maintenant c'est Florence qui va parler à Véronique:

- C'est Florence qui s'adresse à Véronique. Moi, je ne me suis jamais cassé le bras.

Et voici Marianne qui s'adresse à son amie Linda:

- Je te souhaite une bonne année 1971.

Et voice Agaratu qui s'adresse à Susan:

- C'est Agaratu qui s'adresse à Susan. Je (te) souhaite que ta main guérisse vite.

Maintenant, toute la classe va vous dire Au revoir. Elles espèrent enregistrer la prochaine fois.

10. La Journée d'un Garçon de Brousse

Hello friends! You already know that many boys who live in villages in the bush do not have a chance to go to school, but that doesn't mean that they just sit around and play all day. If you lived in a village like Zogoré, chances are two to one that your days would be much like those of our friend, Moussa, whom you will see in the following slides. Since Moussa speaks a language that we don't understand, "Moré", a friend from CM-2 will explain in French what Moussa is doing.

Bonjour mes amis. Je m'appelle Sawadogo Madi.

Diapositives

1. Voici Moussa, un garçon de 10 ans qui n'a pas eu la chance d'aller à l'école. Il ne reste pas inactif à la maison. Chaque matin sa première occupation consiste à faire sortir l'âne.
2. Il le conduit au puits pour le faire boire.
3. Il entre dans le grenier.
4. Il fait sortir des épis de mil que sa mère reçoit dans un panier.
5. Il pétrit le banco qui sert à fabriquer les briques.
6. Il remplit le moule avec le banco.
7. Il va à la chasse aux rats. Il a vu un trou.
8. Il demande à un petit garçon d'attendre la bête avec son bâton.
9. Pendant qu'il creuse, l'autre attend... Mais en vain.
10. Un peu découragé, il ramène à la maison un fagot de tiges de mil pour la cuisson du repas. C'est quelque chose, tout de même.
11. Il aide son pére à réparer un mur.
12. Il observe son père qui tisse une natte avec des écorces de mil.
13. Tout le monde se réunit sous le zandé pour causer.

Supplément

Diapositives

1. Le fils du forgeron observe son père qui taille un manche de daba.

2. Il actionne le soufflet de la forge.

3. Les plus grands garçons aident à marteler le fer sur l'enclume.

4, 5, 6. Certains garçons s'occupent du cheval du chef...ou d'autres animaux, tel que le dromadaire.

7. Pendant la saison des pluies on aime pêcher dans le marigot.

C'est tout! Au revoir mes amis.

- Bonjour, c'est Soeur Ruth qui parle. Je vais passer le micro à nos amis ici. Certains d'entre eux veulent vous parler, par exemple Adama.

- Bonjour mon ami Joe. Je m'appelle Bélem Adama. C'est moi qui ai reçu votre photo. Je suis très content. Nous venons de voir la construction de votre maison. Nous sommes très contents.

- Maintenant, je passe le micro à Tao Arouna.

- Bonjour nos amis. Je m'appelle Tao Arouna. Les cadeaux que vous nous avez donnés sont arrivés: les photos, les bonbons et les couleurs. Nous sommes très heureux et contents. Au revoir et merci.

Supplementary Notes on Slides

Slides

1. Moussa is wearing a typical boy's garment made of home-woven strips of cloth made of homespun cotton thread.

2. Morning and evening, domestic animals are led to the nearest pond or well to drink. At the well the attendant has to draw the water, pour it into a bucket or trough and serve it to the animals. At the pond, it is self-service for the beasts.

3. The forked branch is not a makeshift. It is an ingenious ladder that only trusted, qualified, youthful and nimble personnel can negotiate.

4. The boy dishes out the day's ration of ears of millet. The women and girls will pound it and grind it for the main--and often the only--meal.

5. Working under the supervision of grown-ups, the boys learn by doing. Theirs is a real functional education in a school without walls. This adult-to-youth relationship causes African boys to mature more rapidly and smoothly than their counterparts in a technocratic society who are trained outside the family circle in a highly mechanized setting, after they have reached the chronological age of adolescence.

6. The adobe mixture of mud, straw and pebbles is packed into a wooden frame to shape it into bricks of uniform size. The frame is lifted off and the bricks left to harden in the sun.

7. A boy's activities change with the seasons. In the dry season, when vegetation is sparse, it is fun to ferret out the small animals that burrow into the ground. Their meat is a tasty addition to the saghbo sauce.

8. Africans like to team up in all their occupations.

9. As Moussa forces the animal out of his tunnel, a little friend is supposed to give it the coup de grâce with his daba.

10. During the dry season, stalks of millet are used to feed the animals as well as start the kitchen fire.

11. Moussa's father is a mason as well as a farmer. He teaches his son his trade. Today the lesson is "How to mend a wall".

12. The Mossi are skilled in weaving mats, screens, movable doors, baskets, etc., with various kinds of grasses and reeds gathered in the fields.

13. Every concession has its rustic shelter from the burning rays of the sun. Here the men and boys gather for the equivalent of Kaffee Klatsch. The boys learn a lot by listening to their elders discussing current events, past history and the wisdom of the ages.

Supplementary Slides

1. This is a blacksmith. In Mossi society metal craftsmen form a distinct, exclusive class.

2. Only the sons of blacksmiths can become blacksmiths. The first job they are given to do is to operate the sheepskin bellows which force air through the narrow clay pipes to heat the glowing coals near the forge.

3. The anvil used by the Mossi is much smaller than the one used by Western blacksmiths. Until recently, the Mossi of Yatenga extracted their own ore from the iron-bearing rocks in the region. Here and there one can still see the ruins of the high furnaces they built for this purpose.

4. Mossi boys like to take care of those noble animals, the chiefs' riding horses.

5. Here in northern Upper Volta, not far from the Sahara, it is not unusual to see a tall, aristocratic dromedary led to pasture by a little boy.

6. The dromedary is a strong, swift but patient animal, used to transport merchandise from Mali and Niger to Upper Volta.

7. During the brief rainy season--the only time you see clouds in the sky here--boys love to engage in the useful pastime of fishing in the "marigot", a pond created by rainwater accumulated in low-lying areas.

11. Sanctions: La Calebasse Cassée

What happens when a Mossi boy is careless or irresponsible? Here are two true-to-life experiences to let you see and compare with your own experience.

Diapositives

1. Je m'appelle Mahomet. Maman me dit: "Va me chercher de l'eau."
2. Je prend la calebasse et je vais chercher de l'eau.
3. Je la puise dans un canari.
4. Je reviens...
5. J'aperçois une voiture.
6. Tout en continuant ma route, je regarde derrière moi.
7. Je tombe!
8. La calebasse est cassée et l'eau est versée.
9. J'observe les dégâts.
10. Je présente les morceaux de la calebasse à ma mère. Elle me menace.

    (Elle met le doigt entre ses dents.)

11. Et elle me gifle.

Sanctions: Les Moutons Egarés

1. Je m'appelle Madi. Papa me dit: "Va, sortir le troupeau."
2. Je sors les moutons.
3. Je pars à la tête du troupeau.
4. Je suis dans le pâturage.
5. Je trouve mes camarades en train de jouer.
6. Je suis pris par le jeu.

7. Entre temps, les moutons s'égarent dans le champ d'un brave cultivateur.

8. Le cultivateur fait venir mon père.

9. Papa me fait venir. Il y a une confrontation.

10. J'ai honte.

11. Le châtiment: "Va te débrouiller seul."

12. Moi, je suis isolé et triste.

12. Jouets et jeux

Bonjour mes amis. Today our African friends are going to show us some of their toys and games. From the most primitive time to the present, toys and games have characterized childhood. Cultural anthropologists and psychologists regard the things a child amuses himself with and games he plays as a very important factor in the educative process--the development of skills and ideas and ideals. However, any toy manufacturer who depends on business in Upper Volta today will soon be bankrupt. There is practically no outlet for manufactured toys there. Oh, you might find some of those atrocious blue, pink, purple, or green plastic dolls displayed in the markets of the larger towns like Ouagadougou, Bobodioulasso, and Ouahigouya but that's about all. Don't conclude from this that African children don't play with toys. It is simply that the idea of ready-made toys is foreign to them. For these children, half the fun of toys is in making them. One of the favorite pastimes of boys is to make things with the tools and materials at hand. The fact that these materials and tools are very limited presents the more exciting challenge. For materials, they have only the soil and what grows in it. For tools, they have only the blades that the blacksmith hammers out on his anvil. Now what can you make with these? Well, for one thing, you can make toys with which to shoot small game like slingshots, pistols, guns, bows and arrows, and you can make miniature vehicles, carts, trucks and so forth. You can make balls from rags and strings. These balls don't bounce but they are great for tossing and rolling. As for dolls, little girls like to model them in clay and bake them in the sun.

The advantage of these toys is that when they break or wear out you can always make others like them. The material and the skill are always at hand and at no cost.

We photographed several of the boys from M. Pierre's class with simple toys they've made. This set includes several scenes of boys engaged in a game called Ouaré. This is the game we saw the Yatenga Naba playing when we visited him in his palace. The wood block used by the boys was carved out by one of them. Also included are two photos of boys from the village Zogoré. We are going to spend quite a bit of time in the next few months in this typical village in the bush and meet more of the people there.

Diapositives

1. Bélem Ibrahima nous montre son pistolet.

2. Voici un autre pistolet chargé de poudre noire.

3. Ça fait "pan"!

4. Trois garçons avec des fusils fabriqués de tiges de mil. (There is a slide following this which is of a gun made of millet stalk. There is no commentary on it.)

5. Deux garçons avec leurs voitures fabriquées de fil de fer.

6. Un camion vu de près.

7. En l'air, un cerf-volant.

8. Des fils, un bouchon--et voilà une hélice.

9, 10, 11. On joue au ouaré.

12. Deux jeunes chasseurs tirent à l'arc.

13. Un garçon et son jouet favori: un petit agneau.

In the next section we hear M. Pierre and some of his students who appear in the slides.

M. Pierre - Tout d'abord, nous vous remercions pour votre dernier envoi. Nous avons bien admiré vos jeux d'hiver, ping pong, quilles, etc. Nous aurions voulu être avec vous pour jouer mais la distance nous sépare.

Aujourd'hui nous allons vous présenter des jouets fabriqués par les enfants qui vont vous parler.

Diapositives

1. Je m'appelle Bélem Ibrahim. Je tiens un fusil que j'ai fabriqué avec une tige de mil.

2,3. Je m'appelle Ouédraogo Noufou. Je tire avec un fusil que j'ai fabriqué avec un tuyau et du bois.

4a. Je m'appelle Ouédraogo Lassane. Voilà un fusil que j'ai fabriqué avec des tiges de mil. Je suis debout et tiens mon fusil en main, avec mes deux camarades, Aléxis et Boukary.

4b. Close-up of gun made of millet stalk.

5. Je m'appelle Kinto Moussa. Je tiens une voiture que j'ai fabriquée avec des fils de fer et des lanières en caoutchouc. Mon ami Dominique tient aussi la sienne.

6. Voici de plus prés des camions en fil de fer.

7. Je m'appelle Bambara Dieudonné. Voici un cerf-volant que j'ai fabriqué avec des tiges, de fil et du tissu. Il peut monter à plus de cent mêtres.

8. C'est moi, Bambara Alexandre. Je tiens une hèlice composée de fils dans laquelle j'ai mis un bouchon de bouteille.

9. Vous avez déjà vu un jeu africain, le Ouaré, joué par le Naba Kum. Ici il est joué par deux de vos camarades: Bambara, Alexandre et Ouédraogo, Grégoire.

10. Bambara Alexandre est en train de compter les cailloux qu'il a gagnés.

11. Ici des spectateurs viennent d'arriver. En rose, à votre droite, Taho, Mahomet. A côté de lui: Namal, Rigobert. Ensuite, Bakioni, Frédéric, et à l'extrémité, Bélem, Adama.

12. Voici deux garçons de Zogoré en train de tirer à l'arc.

13. Et, pour terminer, un autre garçon de Zogoré nous montre son jouet favori: un animal vivant, un petit agneau.

Au revoir mes amis. Nous vous envoyons par avion un fusil fabriqué de tiges de mil.

Additional Notes on the Slides

Slides

1. This is a pistol reduced to the lowest terms.

2. The boy who made and demonstrates this very ingenious pistol is the son of a blacksmith. That explains the metal parts. Here he is loading the pistol with a back gunpowder he has made.

3. The thing really works. I'm sorry I didn't record the bang that makes this a sound picture.

4. You really have to see one of these shotguns made from the stock of millet. I'm sending one along with this set of slides. Eventually there will be a close-up picture of the gun set to go off. The principle, I think, is something like that of a cork gun. It's a question of tension.

5. Only city kids can get the wire necessary to make the kind of cars pictured here. However, the youngsters in the bush make very fine autos from millet stock and straw.

6. This car can really turn corners. The front wheels can be manipulated by the rod you see connected with the axle of the front wheels.

7. It's too bad we couldn't get a better shot of this homemade kite in flight. The boys are flying it in the schoolyard. The building in the rear is the Catholic cathedral in Ouahigouya.

8. This toy illustrates the principle of the helix, I think.

9. Here the boys are setting up the game Ouaré, placing four pebbles in each of the six holes on their side of the board. The cups at either end are for the pebbles that are captured from the opponent.

10, 11. Notice the skinny legs of the spectators. Many of these African children eat only one meal a day and that in the evening.

12. Boys in the villages in the bush are experts at hunting small game with slingshots and bows and arrows.

13. Among the Mossi, the boys are given charge of the sheep and goats. At sunrise they lead the animals to grazing land and return to the village at sundown. Although the Mossi may own beef cattle, they do not herd them but turn them over to the Peuhls. The Peuhls are another ethnic group whose specialty is herding cattle. They are nomadic, leading the cattle from one area to another in search of grazing land during the long dry season.

I've added a supplementary slide. It's kind of a footnote to the game of Ouaré which we saw played by a king and schoolboys. Here we see it played by a group of youngsters who haven't had a chance to go to school. All you really need for the game are a few handfuls of pebbles, a dozen holes in the ground and sharp wits.

Sports et Jeux des Filles

One day in June I passed by the girls school where one of our twin classes is located. The whole class with their teacher were in the schoolyard. Some were practicing for the annual field day. At this event the students from the various schools in Ouahigouya compete in sports and gymnastics. Other girls were playing hopscotch or jumping rope. None of the sports or games in progress in the schoolyard were particularly African. All those games are of European origins just as the program of studies followed inside the classroom is of European origin.

Without a doubt the favorite recreation of African girls is dancing. They dance to the rhythm of drums or, when the drums are silent, they clap their hands to create an enormous variety of rhythms.

There is one dance game that is played by young Africans from early childhood on. The girls form a circle and chant a song while beating time with their hands and feet. One of the players detaches herself from the circle and dances from one part of the circle to the other and suddenly lets herself fall back into the arms of two of the girls in the circle. These two girls lift her by the arm and toss her high into the air. executing a kind of pirouette in the air, he lands gracefully on her feet and continues her dance from one point to another in the circle. All this is executed to the rapid rhythm set by the clapping of hands. It takes considerable skill and grace on the part of all the players to perform this dance.

Following the photos taken of the sports and games in the schoolyard, you will see two slides showing children playing this game. The slides are accompanied by the sounds of singing and handclapping that are an integral part of the popular recreation.

Bonjour mes amis de Cincinnati. Je m'appelle Aminatou Diallo. Nous vous avons vu jouer au ping-pong, aux billards, aux quilles... Je vais vous montrer mes camarades de classe en train de jouer dans la cour de l'école.

Diapositives

1. C'est le maître, M. Emmanuel, qui surveille et arbitre les jeux.

2,3. On joue au volleyball.

4,5. -On joue à la marelle.
-On appelle ce jeu d'un autre nom ici, n'est-ce-pas?
-(Oui). C.P.-1, C.P.-2, C.E.-1, C.E.-2, C.M.-1, C.M.-2. On trace six cases sur le sol, qui correspondent aux six classes (de l'école primaire). On pose une pierre plate dans une des cases, et l'on pousse avec un pied--l'autre est plié.

CE-2	CE-1
CM-1	CP-2
CM-2	CP-1

6. Bintou saute en hauteur.

7. Odile Souadro, Vivian Ouédraogo et moi, nous sautons à la corde.

8, 9. (Dance game)
The first words of the song are French:

> Bonjour, Madame.
> Comment ça va, Monsieur?
> Qu'est-ce que tu veux (que) je te donne
> pour ton mariage?

(The rest is Moré. A pretty girl is offered in marriage. One after the other of the girls in the circle is named.)

Now you are going to hear a sample of complicated handclapping. The girls are arranged in a circle and they clap one another's hands as well as their own.

Ouaré

N.B. An alternative spelling of the game is uaghe.

The object of the game ouaré, as in checkers, is to capture all the men from the opponents side of the board, or reach a stalemate, in which case the player who has captured the most men is the winner.

To start the game, two players, A and B, place four pebbles in each of the six holes, or circles, on their side of the board.

A	4	4	4	4	4	4
B	4	4	4	4	4	4

A and B take turns moving. A move consists in taking all the pebbles from any one of the circles on one's own side of the board and distributing them, one by one, in the succeeding holes, moving in a clockwise direction. No circle may be skipped except when one has 12 or more pebbles to distribute, in which case the circle from which one took the pebbles is "jumped".

Pebbles, or men, can be captured from the other side only singly or in pairs. The men captured and the man capturing them are removed from the board and placed in the winner's collection of pebbles at the right side of his row of circles. A player may capture as many singles or doubles as lie in the path of the pebbles he is distributing.

The following shows the succession of moves in a demonstration game; the top row belongs to player A and the bottom row to player B. The figures in the squares represent the number of pebbles in each. The letter X indicates the square the player has emptied at this particular turn. The small figures 1+1 and 1+2 indicate that 1 or 2 men have been captured by one of the player's men and transferred to his pile of winnings. For the sake of convenience the number of men captured by A and B are both recorded at the right of the diagrams.

```
             1                                       11
A 5   5   X   4   4   4    A-          A   2   1    1     1     X   2    A9
  5   5   4   4   4   4    B-             10   1  1+2   1+1     4   4    B13

             2                                       12
  5   5   0   4   5   5    A-              2  1+1  1+1  1+1     1  1+2   A9
B 5   5   4   X   5   5    B-          B   X   2    1     1     5   5    B22

             3                                       13
A 6   X   0   4   5   5    A-          A   X   0    0     0     1   0    A12
  6   6   5   1   5   5    B-              1  1+2   1     1     5   5    B22

             4                                       14
  6   0   1   5   6   6    A-              0   0    0     0     1   0    A12
B 6   6   5   1   X   6    B-          B   1   0    1     X     6   5    B22

             5                                       15
A 7   1   2   X   6   6    A-          A   0   0    0     1     X   0    A12
  7   7   5   1   0   6    B-              1   0    1     0     6   5    B22

             6                                       16
  8  1+1 1+2  1   7   7    A-              0   0    0     1     0   0    A12
B 7   7   5    1  0   X    B5          B   1   0    X     1     6   5    B22

             7                                       17
A X   0   0   1   8   8    A2          A   0   0    1     X     0   0    A12
  8   8   6  1+1  1   1    B5              1   0    0     1     6   5    B22

             8                                       18
  0   0   0  1+1  9   9    A2              0   0    1     0     0   0    A12
B 8   8   X   1   2   2    B7          B   X   1    0     1     6   5    B22

             9                                       19
A 1   1   1   1  10   X    A4          A   0   1    X     0     0   0    A12
  9   9   1  1+1  2   2    B7              0   1    0     1     6   5    B22

            10                             21        20
  1  1+1 1+1  1+1  11  1  A4               0   1    0     0     0   0    A12
B 9   X   2    1      3  3  B13      22 B  0   X    1     1     6   5    B22+14
                                                     22
```

13. Le Mil

M. Emile Ouédraogo: L'agriculture est le ressource vitale de notre pays. Ainsi 96% de la population voltaïque est tournée vers la terre. Aussi il n'est pas étonnant que la plupart de nos élèves passent leurs vacances auprès de leurs parents, à cultiver. Parmi les cultures vivrières le sorgho (ou gros mil) détient une place de choix. Il sert presque exclusivement à la préparation du saghbo--la pâte de mil, qui constitue la base de notre alimentation. Il est utilisé également pour la fabrication d'une boisson fermentée, le dolo.

Diapositives

1. C'est la saison des pluies. Ce cultivateur porte sa daba à l'épaule pour aller défricher son champ.

2. Ici, ce cultivateur, courbé, est en train de semer son champ pendant que son fils l'observe.

3. Ici nous voyons en gros plan le cultivateur qui met le mil dans un trou. Observez la façon dont il tient la petite calebasse.

4. Là, nous voyons deux enfants et une femme qui sèment debout. Devant eux se trouve un tas de fumier.

5. L'enfant courbé met du fumier dans les trous.

6. Après quelques jours, le mil a poussé. Cette jeune fille penchée observe dans le trou le mil qui commence à monter.

7. Le mil a bien poussé--même un peu trop. Mais après une certaine periode, le cultivateur va arracher les plantes les moins réussies et il ne restera que les meilleures.

8. Ici le cultivateur cultive son champ à l'aide de sa daba.

9. Maintenant le mil est en pleine croissance. Ceux-ci pratiquent la deuxième culture qui permet à la terre de garder son humidité.

10. Le mil est très haut et donne des épis qui fleurissent. Il s'agit ici du petit mil.

11,12. Maintenant les épis portent des graines qui ne sont pas encore mûres mais dont le poids fait courber les tiges.

13,14. Les épis de mil sont presque mûrs. Encore quelques jours de soleil et ce sera la récolte.

15. Maintenant c'est la récolte du mil. Les hommes coupent les tiges de mil à l'aide de pioches.

16,17. Derrière eux viennent les femmes qui sectionnent les èpis de mil qui seront transportés à la maison pour être mis dans les greniers.

18. Après la récolte les femmes transportent le mil au village à l'aide de grands paniers.

19. Cette femme transporte un fagot de tiges sèches pour aller préparer le repas.

20. Cette gravure invite les cultivateurs à protèger leurs récoltes. Au centre nous voyons un paysan qui tient un sachet de poudre insecticide.

21. Après avoir engrangè le mil le paysan boucle la porte du grenier.

22. Dans certain régions, après la récolte, les gens sont autorisés à allumer des feux de brousse.

Additional Notes

Sr. Ruth: You have just heard M. Emile and the boys from CM-2 explain the cycle of planting and harvesting that is basic to the culture of Upper Volta. The unit was a group project worked out in the classroom. (You can hear the background noises.) The statement for each slide was composed and recorded by a different student. Every boy in the class knows from experience what he is talking about.

Unfortunately, the cycle does not always work out as shown in this series. This year, 1970, in most parts of Yatenga province the rains came too late and ended too early. By the first week of September the outlook was so bad that unless rains came within the next 48 hours, there would be little to salvage from the fields.

Slides

1. After a day of futile labor in the parched fields, the whole village--men, women and children--gather, after sunset, to pray to their ancestors for rain.

2. The rain did not come. Boniface, my interpreter, surveys the result.

3. This field is a total loss, except for the dry stalks that will be used to mend a roof or feed the fire.

4. Here the field is turned over to a pair of donkeys. Since there are no succulent greens available they make do with dry stalks and stubble.

5. Next to millet or sorghum the most important food crop is peanuts. A farmer ruefully examines the dried fruit of his labors.

6. A mother hacks away at the rock-hard soil to dig up the shriveled tubercles.

7. Seeking relief from the burning sun, mother and child sit in the shade of a tree to detach the wizened peanuts from the roots.

8. Enveloped in a cloud of dust, a poor peasant cuts down the dry wild grasses. Some will be used to weave mats and baskets; the rest will be used as fodder for the sheep and goats.

9. When the fields have been stripped of everything usable, fires will be set to flush out small game. The ashes will fertilize the soil for next year's planting. And the cycle of hope and despair will begin over again.

14. Le Saghbo

Bonjour mes amis. Je vous présente des élèves de la classe CM-2 qui vont vous dire comment on prépare le saghbo (ou le tô) en Haute-Volta. Elles se présentent: chacune dit son nom, Ouédraogo, Marthe--Ouattara, Germaine--Paré Cécile.

Diapositives

1. Pour préparer le tô la ménagère met d'abord du feu dans le foyer.
2. Plus loin, elle tient une marmite qu'elle enduit de terre mouillée.
3. Elle revient et met la marmite sur le feu.
4. Elle tamise avec soin la farine.
5. Quelques instant...l'eau bout. Elle enlève de la farine et presse du citron qu'elle mélange et verse dans la marmite.
6. Elle remue pour qu'il n'y ait pas de grumeaux et que ça soit de la bonne bouillie.
7. Elle met de la farine pour préparer le vrai saghbo.
8. Elle remue le tô à l'aide d'un bois dont l'extremité est aplatie en forme de pagaie.

   Maintenant il est temps de préparer la sauce pour le saghbo. Nos amis vont nous dire comment on prépare la sauce.

9. Le saghbo est terminé. Elle coupe de la viande pour préparer la sauce.
10. Elle attise le feu. Le canari africain contient de l'huile.
11. Elle met les feuilles d'haricots dans la sauce.
12. Elle ajoute de la pâte d'arachides dans la sauce pour la rendre plus appétissante. ("Sauce" en Moré, c'est zendo.)

Voilà comment on prépare le saghbo ou le zendo chez nous. S'il vous plaît, montrez-nous comment on prépare le plat favori des Americains.

Note: Saghbo (gh pronounced like the French r grasséyé). This is the word the Mossi use. It is a true Moré word. Tô is used through-

out French-speaking West Africa to designate a dish like saghbo, i.e., a kind of thick mush served with a sauce.

English notes on slides

Slides

1. The first slide shows a little girl in lieu of a housewife or ménagère lighting the fire. The knit cap the little girl is wearing is not African. It was probably selected from a bundle of used clothing sent by some French charitable organization. Mossi women place their cooking pots on three large stones arranged in a triangle. This is a very solid foundation for their cooking ware. The firewood is slipped between stones and under the pot. The brightly colored enamel lid is not an example of African art. Some foreign manufacturers have flooded the local market with this type of kitchen utensil which does not harmonize at all with native products. In the upper right you can see a corner of the granary where millet is stored. This granary rests on four large stones.

2. In the preceding slide you saw two very black pots. The inside of these kettles is kept very shiny by frequent scouring. The outside is just as carefully scoured. To protect the outside surface from being blackened by fire it is covered before each use with a layer of moist sand. It is this coating that is blackened by smoke and can be easily washed off afterwards.

3. The girls who prepared the text for the slides wanted to talk about the saghbo first and the sauce second. The woman in the photos, however, had actually started the sauce before the saghbo, which is normal procedure. The black receptacle at the lower right contains the sauce which was simmering while the saghbo was being prepared. This receptacle is a canari, a word introduced by the French to designate the large spherical-shaped earthen jars made by the African women and used for a number of purposes, for example to hold drinking water, to serve as a cooking utensil or as a planter to hold flowers and vines.

4. The flour used here is made from millet. African women are accustomed to being surrounded by youngsters, their own or the neighbors', while going about their daily chores. In the background you can see several pieces of that atrocious enamelware which contrasts with the lovely gold-colored calebasses nearby. The mother is sifting the flour into another large calabash. The calabash is a special kind of gourd which is grown here. When dried the shell is used for various utensils.

5. Here you see two beautiful calabashes. Notice that the canari containing the sauce is now covered with an enamel lid.

6. The flour and water mixture must be stirred constantly to keep it smooth.

7. The real saghbo is very thick and creamy while hot. As it cools it takes on the consistency of fried mush cakes. In the foreground is a little calabash in the form of a ladle. Notice that the woman is seated on a little, low stool. You never see an African woman sitting on a regular chair or high stool in her outdoor kitchen, for obvious reasons.

9. Among the Mossi it is considered wrong to let a baby cry. Little Dominique cried to be held, so you can see the mother with the baby on her lap while she cuts meat into small pieces for the sauce. The plastic bucket in the foreground holds fresh greens that will be washed and added to the sauce also.

12. This sauce is being cooked in peanut oil, the most commonly used oil here. Peanuts, roasted and crushed, are also kneaded into a paste somewhat like our peanut butter and added to the sauce to thicken it and give it flavor. Next to millet, peanuts are the crop most commonly grown here.

Saghbo and its place in Mossi culture

Saghbo is the national dish of the Mossi. It is also the major element in the national economy, and in so far as it is the focal point of many of their daily activities, it is a kind of cultural phenomenon.

Saghbo is the principal, and often the one dish prepared and served in Mossi households regardless of economic condition and social status. Unlike the American who merely tolerates his potatoes as a kind of national habit, the Mossi really cherishes his daily saghbo. On holidays and other occasions calling for a special feast, saghbo is not replaced by a more exotic dish. It is simply served in larger quatities with a more piquant sauce. A proper gift to a neighbor, benefactor, or friend is a pair of covered dishes or calabashes, the one containing the saghbo patties and the other the sauce. To facilitate transportation of these two items on a single head and enhance their appearance, the dishes are placed one on top of the other and tied together with a bright silk headkerchief. The dishes and kerchief will be returned later, of course.

When he is in a foreign milieu where eating habits are different from his own, the Mossi will hanker after saghbo as an Italian hankers after spaghetti and an American hankers after apple pie and ice cream. Millet is to saghbo what wheat is to bread and cake. It is the cereal that thrives better than all others in the climate and soil of Upper Volta. The climate is hot all year round and dry for seven to eight months. The soil is poor, stony, and of a reddish color. Sources of water are so rare that it is impossible to irrigate on a large scale.

Corn is sometimes grown near the family compound where soil is richer and can be watered with buckets or calabashes of water carried from a well. Since corn ripens earlier than millet, cornmeal is often used instead of millet flour for making saghbo during the time preceding millet harvest. In marshy soil around water holes, some rice is grown. Mossi are very fond of saghbo made with rice, but it is a luxury that most can afford but rarely.

The cooking of a potful of smooth saghbo is no mean achievement in an outdoor kitchen where there is no electric mixer with variable speeds. When ready to serve, saghbo looks like, and has the consistency of, well-cooked, cold, Cream of Wheat. It tastes like Cream of Wheat without salt. But the soul of saghbo is the sauce. When Mossi women prepare the sauce they assume the air of a French chef taking exquisite care in the cooking and seasoning of a masterpiece. Most, if not all, of the vegetables and herbs a Mossi woman grows in her own little garden are destined to give spirit and substance to the saghbo sauce. These can be red peppers, gumbo, peas, tomatoes, beans, spinach or lettuce. When circumstances permit, fish and meat are added to the mixture. Although there is basically only one saghbo there is an endless variety of saghbo sauces, depending on the number and proportion of ingredients that are added to the oil base.

From May or June (depending when the rains begin) until November or December, the Mossi family is busy from sunrise till sunset with the planting, weeding, cutting, threshing and storing of millet. But every day of the year women and girls engage in one or more of the operations in the preparation of saghbo--pounding the grain with mortar, winnowing it, grinding it to flour, washing it, and finally sifting it and adding it to boiling water in the pot standing on the three stones over a wood fire.

The preparation of saghbo takes on the nature of a ritual. Each step in the process is executed according to patterns handed down by the ancestors. Utensils and gestures are the same everywhere in Mossi land, whether it be in the bush or in a city like Ouahigouya. A part of every girl's education, from the time she starts to walk, is learning, through imitating her mother, how to make saghbo. By the time she is ten years old she knows all the techniques.

When a Mossi family sits down to a meal of saghbo, they gather around the two bowls containing the millet cakes and the sauce. They help themselves, beginning with the father, then the mother, and finally the children according to age, starting with the oldest. However, in many families men and women do not take their meals together--the men and older boys eat in one place and the women, girls and babies in another. Eating from a common dish was, and still is, customary in many cultures.

From the planting of seeds to the eating of the finished product, saghbo is a community affair--no mean achievement in a world suffering from lack of community. Observing the Mossi, Americans could learn something about the art of creating community again.

15. Au marché du village

Bonjour mes amis. Today we are going to see what goes on in the market, or shopping center, in a Mossi village. Less impressive than the markets of the larger towns like Ouagadougou and Ouahigouya, the village markets are often more picturesque. One of the girls in our twin classrooms will present the slides. Her name is Abimata Traoré.

Diapositives

1. Un marchand de tissu et de pagnes.
2. Une cliente choisit une calebasse.
3. Des vélos chargés de petit mil blanc.
4. Un tailleur qui pique à la machine.
5. Un vendeur de patates.
6. Objets fabriqués par le forgeron.
7. Un chef, à cheval, fait le tour du marché.

English notes on slides

Slides

1. In the first slide you see a vendor, unconcerned by the photographer, continuing to drink dolo. Dolo is a Mossi beverage. It's a kind of beer from fermented grains of white millet. The black, red, and white cloth displayed on the roof of the shelter is made by sewing together bands woven at looms like the one we saw in the preceding unit.
2. In the second slide we see the calabash. The calabash is a kind of gourd which when dried and hollowed makes a very nice bowl. Note the interested spectator on the back of the woman examining the calabash.
3. We see petit mil blanc or little white millet. This is also used to make saghbo. The shape of the ripe ears of grain resembles long cattails. The ears are tied together in a cylindrical bundle as you see here and are transported to market on the baggage rack of the bicycle or on the head.

4. On the fourth slide we see a dressmaker and tailor at work. It's the men who operate the sewing machines in Upper Volta. Although women are now being taught to sew in homemaking centers presently being set up in rural areas, the professional dressmaker and tailor is almost always a man. These people work in the open at the stand where they display their finished products.

5. This man is selling the last *patate* remaining in the hamper made of stretched goat skin. The patate looks and tastes like a white sweet potato. The man is wearing the conical hat characteristic of the Mossi.

6. We see a farmer selecting tools made by the blacksmith. Blacksmiths form a special class in Mossi society. It is they who transform God-given metals of the earth into tools for the use of men. A blacksmith hammers out blades for hoes and knives, for swords and scythes. He also fashions little bronze figurines much appreciated by tourists and art collectors. In the foreground at the left, you see some wooden handles that will be used for a short-handled hoe called *daba*. The blacksmith will attach the metal blade to the handle selected.

7. We see a chief mounted on his horse here. Every village has his chief and almost every chief has at least one fine horse. Horses and riders add color to almost every Mossi gathering.

General notes on Mossi markets

The market is the hub of life in a Mossi community. Every self-respecting Mossi, man or woman, feels obliged to visit the market from time to time for no other reason than to see and, if one has new clothes to show off, to be seen. If you want to see the Mossi dressed in their colorful best, go to the market on a big holiday. That is when they flock there competing for attention by the richness and originality of their costumes. Even on ordinary days, when most of the people are there to do business, the Mossi market is a fascinating place in which to observe the pageant of life.

Peasants with something to sell come on foot, carrying their wares in calabashes on plastic basins stacked one on top of the other and balanced on the head. Others come on bicycles with anything from bundles of kindling wood, cages of chickens, and rolled up mats, to tables tied fore and aft. In the open space in the center of the market, women in vari-colored *pagnes* with babies at their back or playing on the ground, squat on the ground. On mats in front of them they display little heaps of the colorful and odorous ingredients for the saghbo sauce: peanuts in the shell or balls of peanut paste, carrots, beans, onions, tomatoes, peppers, dried herbs, leaves of the baobab and others used for seasoning, balls of karité butter... Over there a woman is sitting beside a little mound of cotton picked from her field, to one side are golden stacks of calabashes, and a little farther off a little circle of canaris made from the reddish laterite clay of Upper Volta.

Among the Mossi, crafts are exercised almost exclusively by men. It is they who make and sell cloth and clothing, metal utensils and ornaments, articles woven of reeds or straw, and leather goods. Men pedal the Singer sewing machines that turn out pants, blouses and boubous. Boubous are the long loose garments worn by men and boys here. Men weave, display and sell the Mossi hats--those conical creations of woven straw trimmed with red, white, or black leather. Men are also the purveyors of crafted metal from blades to bracelets.

Some markets have a special shelter where meat is butchered and sold. If there has been butchering on a particular day, the vultures flying overhead will indicate the spot where the meat stand is.

The tempo of a Mossi market is leisurely. No one is in a hurry. Little clusters of men and women with grave, wide-eyed children repeat again and again the ritual bows, curtsies and handshakes that punctuate the litany of inquiries about the health and welfare of everyone in the numerous households of each of the interlocutors. Mossi courtesy demands that, regardless of the truth, the response to each question will be "laafi" or "laafi bala", meaning "very well" or "very well, really". Only after completing the formal greetings, which may last from five to ten minutes, are factual statements in order. Only then will the Mossi reveal that his mother has just died or his son has broken a leg.

Mossiland is dotted with market villages. Things are so organized that the markets are not too far apart and villages that are close together do not hold market on the same day. A native may, if he so pleases, spend all his days at market, going now to one, now to another, for there is always one near where he lives. Some villages, relatively unimportant in themselves, are located at the intersection of several routes formerly followed by the caravans of merchants and slave traders. The merchants used the markets as trading centers and the slave traders found them to be convenient supply centers for storing up provisions for the long trek across the savannas.

There is a graceful legend recounting the origin of the network of Mossi markets. It happened during the long reign of the Emperor Zambré, the Moro Naba who occupied the throne at Ouagadougou from 1681-1744. His mother, Sombrangé used to make and sell tasty millet pancakes, but custom forbade adult males to enter the courtyard of the Moro Naba where Sombrangé sold her wares. They were forced to send women or children to the palace to buy the cakes. (It is probable that some of these cakes disappeared between the palace gates and family dwelling.) Meanwhile other women in the area, tempted by the profit they could realize from the sale of their own homemade cakes, asked Sombrangé for permission to follow her example. The emperor's mother not only granted the permission but also authorized the women to set up shop outdoors, in a place not far from the palace. In the beginning the ten or eleven women were content to carry on a moderate business specializing in pancakes. But all this changed when the enterprising Sombrangé began to brew millet beer, or dolo, and sell it at the pancake market. The increase in business was fantastic. When the chiefs of the canton, dependent on the Moro Naba came to Ouagadougou to pay him obéissance, they were impressed by the brisk commerce that was going on in the town. So they, too, began to authorize markets in the villages under their control. Today there are few Mossi villages without a vendor of dolo and a market.

French influence in the large commercial centers of Upper Volta has not weakened the popularity or prestige of the native markets. On the contrary, commerce in the latter has been expanded to include, in addition to the local products, merchandise from all parts of the world. At the market in Ouagadougou one can find a motley variety of imported goods ranging from bicycles to buttons. Both products were unknown in Upper Volta before the French occupation. Each kind of commodity is sold in a different section of the market. The general impressions given by the large markets like those of Ouagadougou and Ouahigouya is of an old-fashioned country store, so enormously inflated that all its wares are spilled out in the open.

Business is business in a Mossi market today, but it wasn't always that way. The ancient culture of the Mossi is rooted in the sacred. The public exchange of goods was regarded as the human activity that recalled better than any other the interdependence between God and the world he created.

When a group wanted to set up a market, they had first to get the permission of the Naba who symbolized heaven. The actual space to be set aside for the market would be decided by the Tengsoba or Earth Chief. The Tengsoba was also the person charged with offering to heaven sacrifices of the goods of the earth. A stone was set up in the market to serve as an altar for the sacrifice of food and animals. This stone, called the "market stone", was the center of the market place. All the transactions that took place around it had a sacred character. Because the place for the market was obtained through the good graces of the Naba, he had a right to a part of the goods exchanged there. A special officer, called the Dagha Naba or Market Chief , was responsible for keeping order in the market. Persons who quarreled or fought over merchandise were cited by the village chief. In cases of theft, the Dagha Naba would have the culprit marched through the market to be hissed and booed by the crowd before turning him over to the Naba. The Naba could inflict the death sentence if the theft was serious. Goods left unclaimed in the market were collected by the market chief and given to the earth chief.

Many of the beliefs and customs associated with the markets of the Mossi have died out but there is still much that remains unchanged. For example, the system of measuring merchandise in the villages is still the same as it was years ago. Millet is sold by the basketful. Sesame, beans, and peas are sold by the calabashful. Peanuts and meat are sold by the handful. Dolo or beer is sold by the jar or canari. Only the larger cities have permanent stalls made of cement or corrugated iron. Everywhere the merchandise is displayed under shelters made of posts stuck into the ground and roofed over with interlaced branches or straw mats to provide shade.

Bargaining, of course, is the common method of making purchases. Shopping is a ritual calling for dialogue between the merchant and the client. The buyer is not expected to pay the asking price, neither is the seller expected to settle at once for the sum offered by the buyer. Haggling or bargaining is a sport to which adversaries bring a standard set of colorful phrases and imprecations before reaching an agreement.

A few years ago Parisians, and with them countless tourists, were mourning the passing of what was for centuries one of the most colorful, audible, and odoriferous institutions in France, the mammoth market in the heart of Paris called Les Halles. But someone, recently returned from Upper Volta, consoled the mourners with the assurance that there was still the market at Ouagadougou. True, the market at Ouagadougou has much of the color, sound, and odors of Les Halles, but not its night life, for all Mossi markets are for daytime, sunshine people only.

16. Le Tisserand

More and more men and women in the United States are cultivating weaving as a hobby. But it's still rather unusual to find a threaded loom in the family room. We don't refer to those little nail-studded frames used to weave potholders or squares for baby afghans but to the large, upright looms complete with heddles, treadles, yarn beam, and shuttle used by craftsmen to weave cloth of various widths and lengths.

To many American boys and girls cloth is something that originates on bolts in a department store. To boys and girls of Upper Volta cloth is something that originates under the skilled hands of their father as he glides the shuttle back and forth through alternating layers of threads stretched out on a frame in front of him.

It's an operation that is fascinating to watch--the perfectly coordinated rhythmic movement of the weaver's hands and feet fashioning a gradually lengthening band of strong cotton cloth. Practically all Mossi youth learn to weave as a part of the growing-up process. Ordinarily the Mossi make their cloth in bands about five or six inches wide. The bands are cut into strips of a desired length and sewn together to make garments, wrap-around skirts or pagnes for the women and girls, and long loose skirts or boubous for the men and boys. The bands are also used to make covers to protect the family from the chill of December nights. The bands vary in pattern according to the color of thread used. The plain white cotton cloth may be dyed what one might call a "Mossi blue". It's not a permanent dye and fades a little with each washing. More attractive are the bands in which black, red, and white threads are woven into stripes or checks or more complicated designs. The men engage in the art and craft of weaving during the long dry season after the work in the field is finished. They construct their own loom of sticks and branches, setting it up in a shaded spot. It's interesting to compare the homemade Mossi loom seen in slides 4, 5 and 6 with the loom pictured on page 732 of the Larousse's French-English, English-French dictionary.

Although traditionally it is the men who weave the cloth and make the clothes, the women and girls make the thread. You will see them sitting on the ground, with a distaff of fluffy cotton in one hand and a spindle in the other. (See slide I.) They also help lay out and stretch the thread that will form the warp on the loom. As you pass through a Mossi village you may see women, but more often men, with a huge spindle of thread in their hands, literally walking miles as they stretch the thread again and again from one pair of sticks set in the ground to another pair a block or more away, depending on the length of cloth to be woven. (See slide 2.)

Distaff and spindle, warp and weft, heddle and shuttle are unusual words in the vocabulary of most Americans, but they are as much household words in Ouahigouya as needle and thread, scissors and thimble are in Cincinnati. That is because among the Mossi the weaving of cloth is a home craft whereas in our country it's an industry, carried out in huge mills far from suburbia. It would be interesting to see what the St. Dominic boy scouts and girl scouts would do with a weaving project. It would certainly give them a feeling for life in a Mossi village, and they might discover a fascinating and useful hobby for themselves.

Bonjour mes amis. Listen, and you will hear the sound of a weaver at work. (Sound of the loom.) The following slides show some of the steps in weaving one of those strips of cloth for which the Mossi are famous.

Diapositives

1. D'abord une femme file le coton.
2. Ensuite les femmes étirent le fil.
3. Voici le tisserand. Il tisse le fil.
4. Le tisserand travaille avec les mains et les pieds. Il tient une navette à la main.
5. Il passe la navette entre les fils.
6. Il arrange le fil avec le peigne.
7. Le tisserand montre la bande de coton qu'il a tissée.
8. Voici une des figures tissée sur la bande. C'est une femme. Qu'est-ce qu'elle fait? Bien sûr, elle porte une calebasse sur la tête.

When you look at the sample of Mossi weaving that accompanies these slides, you can hear in your imagination--(the sound of the loom recorded).

(Following are the same slides presented by the boys of CM-2.)

As you walk through a Mossi village you may hear--(sound of loom recorded). Follow the sound and you will find a weaver at work. African children are familiar with the various steps in the making of cloth. Since they want you to see at least once what they see almost every day, four of the boys of CM-2 present the following slides.

Les quatre garçons se présentent:
  Je me nomme Kinto, Moussa
  Je me nomme Ouédraogo, Robert
  Je me nomme Sawadodo, Madi
  Je me nomme Sawadogo, François

Diapositives

1. A l'aide d'une quenouille cette femme file le coton.

2. Une femme tend le fil pour préparer ce qui deviendra la bande. Par ce système on peut déjà connaître la largeur et la longueur de la bande qu'on va tisser.

3. Le fil installé au métier est tout blanc. Pour avoir les rayures le tisserand utilise deux navettes--une avec du fil blanc et l'autre avec du fil noir.

4. Le tisserand est à l'oeuvre. Ici le motif est différent et compliqué. Il est prêt à faire glisser la navette.

5. La navette glisse. Et à l'aide des orteils, le tisserand manie les lisses.

6. A l'aide d'un peigne il arrange les fils. Puis, au fur et à mesure, le tissu est fait.

7. Et voilà, au bout de quelques jours: une longue bande.

8. De près, le motif ressemble à un dessin fait à la main. Avec cette bande on confectionnera boubous et pagnes. Ce dessin représente une femme qui porte une calebasse sur la tête.

17. Une Promenade à Bicyclette

Diapositives

1. Bonjour, nos amis. Je m'appelle Taho Mahomet. C'est aujourd'hui jeudi. Moi et mes deux copains, Amadé et Harouna, allons faire une promenade à bicyclette à Sissamba. Sissamba est un village à 9 kilomètres de Ouahigouya. Nous voici, dans la cour de l'école. Notre maître, M. Emile, vient nous souhaiter bonne route. De gauche à droite nous sommes: Taho Mahomet, Taho Harouna et Ouédraogo Amadé.

2. Ibrahim passe son lance-pierre à Harouna pour faire la chasse en route.

3. Nous voici sur la route. Elle est très bonne, malgré la poussière. A droite: un poteau téléphonique.

4. Nous nous arrêtons à un puits au bord de la route. Nous puisons de l'eau avec un seau.

5. Harouna boit.

6. Des garçons, qui arrosent un jardin à côté, viennent nous saluer. Maintenant, je passe le micro à Amadé.

7. Un peu plus loin, nous voyons un cultivateur en train de récolter son champ.

8. Vraiment, la récolte est mauvaise cette année. Nous voici au milieu d'un champ de coton. Nous examinons une des rares capsules de coton.

9. Un pneu est à plat. Amadé le gonfle d'air.

10. En attendant, Harouna vise un oiseau dans un arbre. Il rate son coup.

11. Nous dépassons deux femmes qui vont au marché. Elles portent des canaris qu'elles vont vendre.

12. Nous nous arrêtons pour examiner une termitière. Malheureusement ce n'est pas la saison de la chasse aux termites.

13. La chaleur, la poussière, l'effort de pédaler--ça nous donne bientôt soif. Nous descendons devant un yiri.

14. Une fille nous apporte de l'eau fraîche à boire.

15. Nous apercevons, par terre, un petit engin à dix roues. Il est si léger que le moindre courant d'air le fait rouler. Le petit frère de la fille l'a fabriqué.

Ici je passe le micro à Harouna.

16. Plus loin, nous descendons pour voir ce qui reste d'une belle installation hydraulique. Elle était destinée à irriguer un champ. Mais elle a été abondonnée: la source d'eau a tari.

17. Nous ne sommes pas pressés. Nous saluons un jeune homme qui conduit une charrette. Elle est chargée de bois.

18. Enfin, nous arrivons à Sissamba.

19. A ce moment, le chef du village quitte la cour, à cheval.

20. Les villageois viennent nous saluer.

21. Félix nous offre de l'eau.

22. Un enfant nous montre la double hélice qu'il a fabriquée.

23. Enfin, nous nous asseyons sur une natte à côté du frère du chef. Et nous causons, causons...jusqu'a l'heure du retour.

Au revoir, nos amis. Comment vous débrouillez-vous pour aller voir des parent ou des amis, à Dayton, par exemple?

Additional Notes

1. None of these boys owns the bicycle he will ride. Few boys have bicycles of their own here, but they can easily borrow one from an adult member of the neighborhood. Note that the bicycle at the left is brand new: it still wears its wrappings.

2. When boys go out they often wear a sling shot around their neck.

3. This is one of the best stretches of road in the country. The telephone pole is the trunk of a hardwood tree called the cailcédrat. It is a freakish tree that grows no branches. It seems it was born to be a telephone pole.

4. Logs are placed across the well to keep children and animals from falling in.

5. Metal buckets, which are imported, are rare here. Water is usually drawn with buckets made of goatskin or from pieces of innertubing from discarded tires. The rope is handmade.

6. These young men are cultivating a small garden planted with vegetables and fruit trees. Each plant has to be watered twice a day with water drawn from the well and carried in sprinkling cans.

7. Anyone who knows how a field of millet (sometimes called _sorgho_) should look at harvest time can tell at a glance that this is a sorry sight. In a good year, the stalks grow close together to a height of 10-12 feet and are thick and strong like bamboo, bending under the weight of the clusters of grain at the top. What Harouna holds in his hand are several clusters which, together, are smaller than a single one should be.

8. Cotton is one of the two cash crops that can be grown in this hot, dry, stony country (the other one is peanuts). There will be no cash from cotton this year (or from peanuts, either).

10. The things in the foreground that resemble cattails are spikes of _petit mil blanc_--a variety of millet. They have dried up before maturing. The mature spike is completely covered with white beads of grain.

11. These women are the wives of metal craftsmen (blacksmiths). According to Mossi tradition, the wives of metal workers make and sell pottery.

12. Roasted and salted, this brand of termites makes a delicious snack--a cross between rice krispies and salted pecans. They can be bought in cans at gourmet food stores that specialize in imported, exotic foods.

13,14. You don't have to look for a soft drink stand to quench your thirst here. You can stop at any family concession or _yiri_ and be served as a guest.

15. The bashful little boy who was making this vehicle could not have been over seven or eight years of age. He disappeared when he saw us, but left the gadget behind. It is made entirely from millet pith and fibers--no wire, string, tacks, staples or glue.

16. One can't help wondering if the ingenuity that put men on the moon will ever be used to put water in the parched earth of Upper Volta.

17. Everyone stops to shake hands with just about everyone just about everywhere in this part of Africa.

18. Notice the lopsided roof at left. The summer tornados play havoc with the houses. After the harvest is in, the men and boys repair or replace damaged roofs and walls.

20. One instinctively seeks shade and protection from the white-hot sun that can be seen in the background.

21. Mossi etiquette requires that one take a proffered gift with both hands to show one's appreciation. The boy who offers the calabash is wearing a Mossi boubou made of hand-woven bands.

22. The little boy's stomach is distended from malnutrition.

23. Notice that the dialogue starts with a handshake.

Note: The various stops on this journey were not planned beforehand. I simply followed the boys at a distance to see what their spontaneous actions would be.

You will notice how frequently water naturally enters into the adventure. This gives a hint of the important role it plays in the everyday life of the Mossi and other Africans in this country.

18. La Fête de l'Indépendance

Bonjour, nos amis! Aujour'hui deux de nos amis de CM-2 vont nous parler de la fête de l'Indépendance.

-Bonjour, nos amis. Cette année, le 11 décembre (1970), nous avons fêté le dixième anniversaire de notre indépendance.

-A Ouahigouya, cette occasion a été marquée par un défilé. Les diapositives suivantes vous permettront de voir ce qu'ont vu les spectateurs alignés le long de la route.

-D'abord, ce sont les militaires, surtout les anciens combattants, que nous voyons. (Je passe le micro à Pauline.)

Diapositives

1, 2. Un groupe de braves vétérans des guerres françaises attend le moment du salut au drapeau voltaïque.

3. On hisse le drapeau noir, blanc et rouge.

4, 5, 6. En tête du défilé on reconnaît de jeunes soldats de l'armée de la Haute Volta. Ils sont suivis des vétérans qui ont combattu pour la France en Europe, en Afrique et en Orient. (Je passe le micro à Madeleine.)

7. Ensuite viennent les groupes scolaires. En tête, des élèves du Cours Normal.

8. Ils sont suivis de leur troupe de Scouts.

9. Derrière les Scouts, les jeunes filles du Collège Sainte-Marie.

10. Ensuite, les elèves du Collège d'Enseignement Général.

11. Des équipes de football. (Je passe le micro à Pauline.)

12. Une classe de filles d'une des six écoles primaires de Ouahigouya.

13. Des élèves d'une école coranique de garçons.

14. Des élèves d'une école coranique de filles.

15. Les coureurs cyclistes. Le cyclisme est très populaire en Haute Volta.

16. Les champions de boxe de l'équipe sportive de Ouahigouya.

17. Les infirmiers de la Croix-Rouge.

18. Après le défilé, il y a des jeux pour les enfants. Voici deux heureux gagnants. La fillette a gagné un poulet. Son petit frère a gagné une boîte de sucre.

19. Le soir, il y a des courses de chevaux.

20. Pendant que sa maman s'absorbe dans le spectacle, bébé dort.

Au revoir, nos amis. Nous espérons bientôt vous voir et vous entendre.

19. La Chasse aux Crocodiles

Hello friends! Today we are going to talk about crocodiles. African folklore abounds with stories of crocodiles. Some of the stories are funny and some are fearsome. I'm sending two of the funny ones, photographed from pages in an African reader. As for the fearsome ones, you'll have to wait till I get back to the U.S. to hear them.

The figure of the crocodile in a highly stylized form often appears in African art. There are some Mossi villages or families that have the crocodile as their totem, that is, a kind of good luck animal. In our country today we use an animal as a mascot for some of our athletic teams. Some Animists, that is, the Mossi who are neither Moslem nor Christian, believe that the crocodile is the child of the river. Since water is the most precious element in the life of the people of Upper Volta, the crocodile born of the river is regarded as sacred. If a crocodile is killed, its mother, the river, may take revenge by drying up and depriving the village of water.

Sacred or not, the crocodile is one of the most respected and feared creatures in Upper Volta. It is very crafty. The crocodile will be still in shallow water and look for all the world like an old tree trunk. Or it will pretend to be asleep in the mud at the edge of a pond. As an unsuspecting man or animal approaches, the crocodile will suddenly leap forward and snatch his prey in his jaws and make off with it.

In recent years, since the rich people of Europe and America have taken a liking for handbags and luggage and belts made of crocodile skin, hunters have seen to it that the crocodile has practically disappeared from some parts of Upper Volta. But where the crocodile is sacred, where it is the totem of the village, it is forbidden to kill it. Before hunting crocodiles in any Mossi village, one should find out beforehand whether the beast is sacred there or not. It may go very badly for anyone who kills a sacred crocodile.

The crocodiles at Koumbri, where we first looked for them, are not sacred and most of them have been killed by hunters who sell the skins to foreigners. On the contrary, the crocodiles at Sabou, the second village we visited, are sacred and it is forbidden to harm them. The villagers feed them well. So after centuries of kind treatment the crocodiles of Sabou have become relatively tame.

Now we'll hear from the boys of CM-2 who went looking for crocodiles, not to kill them but just to make their acquaintance, in two villages--the villages mentioned above: Koumbri and Sabou.

Je m'appelle Kinto Moussa. Bélem Ibrahim et moi nous voulons voir un crocodile. Il y a des crocodiles dans une mare à Koumbri, pas loin de Ouahigouya. On dit qu'ils sortent de la caverne à côté de la mare, au coucher du soleil. Nous allons, donc, un soir, à Koumbri.

Diapositives (I)

1. Nous attendons devant la caverne. Le crocodile tarde à sortir.
2. Je rassemble tout mon courage; je mets la main dans l'ouverture de la caverne... Rien!
3. Deux garçons, qui nageaient dans la mare, nous regardent d'un air moqueur.
4. Découragés, nous abandonnons la chasse aux crocodiles, en faveur de la pêche aux silures. (La silure ressemble à un poisson-chat.)

Diapositives (II)

1. Quelques jour après, Ibrahim et moi, nous pêchons au bord de la mare de Sabou. Sabou est un village pas loin de Ouagadougou.
2. Tout d'un coup, une grosse tête sort de l'eau. Ce n'est pas la tête d'un poisson. C'est la tête d'un crocodile. Il a faim. Nous disparaissons.
3. Un garçon du village, plus courageux que nous, approche. Il balance un poulet au bout d'une ficelle.
4. Le crocodile ne nous regarde plus. Il regarde le poulet.
5. Un autre garçon s'approche par derrière.
6. Il prend le crocodile par la queue pour s'amuser.
7. Mais nous, quand nous voyons la gueule béante du crocodile...
8. ...nous sommes contents de le laisser partir, sans jouer ni avec la queue ni avec la tête.

Les crocodiles de la mare de Sabou sont sacrés. Il est défendu aux hommes de les tuer.

20. The Itinerant Mossi

Kosego ka digeda nyabo yẽ. Mossi proverb--"Delay doesn't prevent seeing."

The Mossi do not travel fast, but they are expert in the art of traveling.

Not one Voltan in a thousand owns a car. At the beginning of the year 1970, there were 4,794 privately owned passenger cars registered in Upper Volta. An additional 1,030 cars allocated to public officials for their use brings the total number to 5,824. This figure includes 923 cars owned by foreigners living temporarily in Upper Volta. It does not discount the unknown number of cars that have been withdrawn from circulation during the ten-year period covered by statistics (1960-70). A fair estimate of the number of cars in operation owned by Voltans as private citizens or public officials is probably about 4,700. The population of Upper Volta is 5,135,000. The ratio of cars to inhabitants is therefore about nine-tenths of a car to every one thousand citizens.

Farmers constitute about 94% of the population, but they own only 89 of the 5,824 cars. This represents a ratio of 1.8 cars to 10,000 farmers.

There are almost as many trucks of various sizes registered as touring cars: 4,474. Individual farmers own 143 of these.

By far the great majority of automobiles--privately owned or publicly owned, passenger cars or trucks--are concentrated in the several urban centers of Upper Volta: Ouagadougou, Bobo-Dioulasso, Koudougou and Ouahigouya... This means that there are hundred of rural villages without a car or truck.

There is not much challenge in Upper Volta for the boys who like to vie with one another in the game of identifying cars on the road. The makes, the models and colors are very limited. More than 85% of the cars in circulation are manufactured in France. The Citroen 2CV (33%) comes in two models: the famous miniature four-door passenger car and a little truck. Both are painted a blue-gray.

The Peugeot, a sturdy 6-cylinder car, comes in two models--a small station wagon and a light truck. The station wagon is painted an off-white and the truck, a dull gray.

German-made cars place second. They include 124 Mercedes-Benz--most, if not all, gifts of the West German Republic--and 246 Volkswagens. The German cars are finished in black.

American government personnel have brought in about 100 American cars: Chevrolets, Fords, Dodges, Plymouths, Pontiacs, all done up in neutral shades.

Outside the capital and Bobo-Dioulasso one rarely sees anything but Citroens and Peugeots.

A special word is in order for the 2CV. It is the only car that seems to have been styled with Upper Volta in mind. It is narrow for cutting a swath through the bush. It is high for wading through ponds and flooded roads. It is light for easy lifting out of crevasses and mudholes. It drinks no water and little gas in a country where both are in short supply. Its mechanism is simple and easily repaired in a country where auto mechanics are rare. Its two-cylinder motor is not made for speed, but neither are the roads. There are few stretches of Voltan highways where one can comfortably move ahead in any kind of vehicle at a speed in excess of the 2CV's maximum of 42-45 m.p.h.

There is no Voltan equivalent for the Greyhound Bus Service. True, there are four vehicles with an official capacity of thirty to thirty-nine passengers that shuttle back and forth—back one day and forth the next—between the four major towns. They constitute the transportation complex called the Transafricaine. The Transa, as it is popularly named, carries people, various kinds of freight--including small domestic animals--and the mail. As such it is a combination of bus, van and pony express. It makes regular stops on the road in the exercise of each of its functions. It also makes irregular stops corresponding to the state of the vehicle and the state of the road.

In the dry season a small car can make the 110 mile trip from Ouagadougou to Ouahigouya in a little more than three hours. Persons traveling by Transa should allow from six to seven hours for the trip, about half of which time is waiting time. In case of a breakdown or a heavy rain, the time spent on or beside the road may lengthen into a whole day or a day and night. It always comes as a shock to see the Transa pull in on schedule.

Viewed from the outside, the Transa looks not unlike any American bus that has seen some desert duty. Viewed on the inside, resemblance to anything on the American scene is purely incidental--such as a resemblance to buses carrying migrant workers from one state to another.

The interior of the vehicle is divided into two sections corresponding to first- and second-class. First-class accommodations are just behind the entrance: two double seats and one single seat, once upholstered with foam rubber and plastic, but now partly disemboweled. The rest of the car is reserved for second-class. It is furnished with four rows of plank benches set lengthwise. Passengers place themselves on the benches and most of their belongings--animate and inanimate--under the benches. Small children ride on their mother's back or lap. Large pieces of baggage and freight are tied to the roof of the bus. The mail rides near the driver. If there is a surplus of first-class passengers and no room to spare for them in the second-class section, they may sit on the floor or on their haunches in the aisle between the seats in their own section.

At every bus stop along the way there is a flock of pathetically charming little girls trying to sell gray millet pancakes, golden millet fritters or nondescript fried chickens which they carry on trays on their head. Other youngsters pass from window to window with bottles or calabashes of dolo (millet beer) which they sell by the cupful, the same cup refilled for each customer.

Because of the heat the windows are kept open. Because of the dust coming through the open windows, everyone gets coated with a layer of reddish, gritty powder.

Practically nothing in the ads for public transportation in the United States can be applied to the facilities offered in Upper Volta. But what Voltan facilities lack in speed and comfort they make up for in the quality and quantity of human interest. Once one gets over the strangeness of the physical situation: the odors, the amount of live or inanimate bulk enclosed in the given space and the unhurried pace, one becomes aware of the human dimension of group travel, Voltan style. To the sociable African it is unthinkable that two or more persons should be within speaking distance and not speak. A trip in a Transa is more like something out of the Canterbury Tales than out of a Trailways travel folder.

I have never come across a description of the sights and sounds that give substance to the spirit of a trip by Transa. I don't expect to succeed where others have not had the courage to try. However, on my next journey in the wayward bus, I'll try to register some of the sights by Kodak and some of the sounds by tape recorder. (Note: 1971--Project unrealized, alas!)

In addition to the four large Transa buses there are more than forty mini-buses, euphemistically named Sea Swallows , that offer public transportation. They operate on a flexible non-schedule depending on the passengers, the weather, and the motor.

Persons who want to ride to a destination outside the bus circuits inquire about until they find an occasion (chance). An occasion is a car and driver going your way, willing and able to take on another rider. The fare, if any, is determined by mutual agreement.

In the villages the prestige or luxury vehicle for travel is the motorbike, not to be confused with the heavier, more powerful, more costly and rare motorcycle. In villages where there is a school or dispensary, the salaried school teachers and public health officials may own one, but of the 3,895 motorbikes registered in 1970, most are owned and operated by city folk.

Quantitatively, the nearest Voltan equivalent to the American family car is the bicycle. Although there are no statistics available on the subject, it is probably safe to say that there is a bicycle in fifty percent of the *yiri* or family compounds.

One can drive for an hour or more on the main highways of Upper Volta without meeting another car. But now and again one's path is crossed by motorbikes and bicycles that weave, fancy free, from one side of the road to the other in search of the smoothest strip.

Wherever he goes and however he goes, the Mossi likes to have companionship. Cyclists normally travel in groups of from two to six. On the baggage rack behind each cyclist there is usually either a passenger or a package.

Although the number of two-wheeled vehicles increases each year (Ougadougou is the most cycled capital in the world), the commonest mode of travel is still pedestrian. Most of the hikers are porters too. They carry their burdens with dignity and grace. Regardless of occupation or social status, the Mossi rarely appears in public without something balanced on the head, slung over the shoulder or clinging to the back. What a person carries is regarded not so much as a burden as an asset. It is accessory to the national costume.

Outside of Ouagadougou and Bobo-Dioulasse traffic is no problem, but automobile travel in Upper Volta is not without hazards. In addition to the ubiquitous, zigzagging bicycles and motorbikes, there are the formidable thundering herds--bovine, ovine and caprine--that dispute the right of way anywhere, in towns as well as in the country. They never signal a change of direction and are apt to execute a U-turn without rime or reason. When one considers that almost all the livestock in Upper Volta is equipped with long, curved, pointed horns, one can understand why some motorists would prefer an expressway tie-up to a confrontation with a herd on a lonely road. Beasts have been known to hitch a ride on the front of a 2CV, leaving permanent wrinkles in the hood after alighting.

Aside from the contestants to the right of way on the roads, there is the nature of the roads themselves that gives pause to the motorist. Ninety-nine and nine-tenths percent of them are surfaced with natural laterite dust and rocks. During the long dry season the roads buckle in a curious corduroy pattern. It is as if thin logs were laid side by side across the roads from one end of the country to the other. The French call the phenomenon *têle*: corrugated iron. There are no shock absorbers that can make the motorist unaware that he is bouncing over a hard, accordion-pleated surface.

During the rainy season, many of the secondary roads are impassable, leaving whole regions isolated. The arterial highways are transormed into obstacle courses. The torrential rains, which should come at least once a day if the crops are to grow fast enough, play havoc with the road beds, turning them into morasses of mud, traversed here and there by arroyos. At critical points the public authorities set up barrières de pluies or rain blocks. They stretch a chain across the road in places where the heavier vehicles would dig trenches into the gooey surface and probably get stuck there. The barrier may be lifted for the little 2CV, which practically swims, but others have no choice but to wait until the road dries. Under the hot sun this may take only an hour or two. But it is not unusual for a bus or truck to spend the night behind a rain block. Few things run on schedule in Upper Volta at any time. Almost nothing does during the rainy season.

Actually, few Mossi travel during the rainy season. Almost all are busy from dawn to dusk in the fields. But once the harvest is in, the Mossi like nothing better than to take to the road at a leisurely pace. They have inherited an art and a philosophy of travel that is almost impossible to practice in a society regulated by the second hand on a stop watch. For the Mossi, the journey itself has an inherent value and interest independent of the fact that it leads to a goal. They see no reason to try to reach the goal in the shortest time possible. On a good journey, duration, not speed, is the ideal.

During the past fifty years Western influence has instilled in the African a hitherto unknown reverence and desire for money and what it can buy. But he is slow to buy the idea that time is money.

For the Mossi, time is for being, not for getting. His life style follows the rhythm of the seasons, the moon and the sun. There is a time--and time--for travel. Travel is largely a matter of human relations, and human relations advance best when they are unhurried.

Whether they walk or cycle, the Mossi travel in groups. They move single file because the path is narrow, but keep close enough for conversation. They like to travel before sunrise or after sundown to avoid the heat. But if they must travel during the day they make leisurely stops for rest and refreshment. They do not carry lunch boxes, water bottles or sleeping bags. Traditional Mossi hospitality assures free refreshment and rest to travelers. At each stop there will be the exchange of polite formalities with the host. They consist of a litany of salutations, inquiries and presentations required by Mossi etiquette followed by a leisurely chat in the shade of a rustic shelter. With each stop, the arrival at the goal will be delayed, but the going will be enhanced.

Judged by Western standards, travel in Upper Volta is exasperatingly slow and lacking elementary comfort. But Voltans disregard both these factors in their preoccupation with the human quality of it. To maintain that quality, it is probably just as well that the ratio of cars per person does not rise to the American level.

21. Travel and Transportation--Random Shots

1. This kind of wheel in this kind of frame is visible on only four vehicles in Upper Volta: the four buses that constitute the Transafricaine fleet.
2. The Transa, at attention, two hours before starting time.
3. The office of the Ouahigouya Trucking and Transport Service,
4. and its crowded parking lot.
5. A Peugeot truck belonging to a construction company in Ouagadougou makes a stop at the village of Zogoré on business. The man in blue is the chief of Zogoré and the surrounding canton. He owns a secondhand motor-bike which he rides once a week to Ouahigouya (30 km. away) to pick up the mail.
6. A farmer on the move, transporting a bundle of fagots.
7. Another farmer stops for a chat. He is taking his handmade baskets to market.
8. The family car.
9. Two college students on a date.
10. A stretch of busy highway. At right, an arthritic telephone pole.
11. The telephone pole as it began: the cailcédrat tree, a finger pointing to the sky.
12. Disputed passage...
13. Eyeball to eyeball...
14. A man with a flat tire is never alone; figures emerge from all sides.
15. Even where a helping hand is not needed, sympathizers remain on the scene, faithful to the end.
16. After a storm.
17. The kids are always glad to get their hands on a car.
18. The busy highway, at the point where it enters the capital.

19. In the bush, the road lies either straight ahead,

20. ...or round about.

22. Voyages et transports en Brousse

Bonjour mes amis. Je m'appelle Ouédraogo Bibiane. Je parle au nom de mes camarades de la classe de CM-2. Nous sommes très contentes de lier amitié avec vous, garçons et filles de la classe de sixième à l'école St. William, comme nous l'avons déjà fait avec les élèves de l'école St. Dominic.

Nous sommes heureuses de voir que les objets que nous vous avons envoyés vous plaisent.

Pour répondre à vos questions:

Oui,...Il y a beaucoup de serpents en Haute Volta. Certains, comme le boa, sont inoffensifs pour l'homme. D'autres, comme la vipère, peuvent tuer un homme avec leur venin.

Non,...Les filles ne portent pas la chéchia ici. Ce sont les hommes et les garçons qui la portent.

Oui,...Cet objet mystérieux est une arme. C'est une sorte de poignard. C'est une arme défensive.

Oui,...Le vieillard tient une pipe Mossi. Nous vous envoyons une de ces pipes pour votre collection d'objets africains.

Voici les diapositives sur les voyages et transports chez nous.

Presque chaque famille en Amérique a une voiture pour se déplacer, n'est-ce pas? Voulez-vous savoir comment on se déplace en Haute Volta? Regardez...

Diapositives

1. Voici le mode de transport usuel. Il est simple, économique, et toujours prêt.
2. Les deux pieds servent à transporter les gens,
3. ...et les choses,
4. ...ou les deux à la fois.
5. Pendant la saison des pluies, on a la chance de patauger sur la route,
6. ou de traverser une petite paserelle en bois.

7. Un autre moyen de transport, c'est un petit quadrupède:

8. ...l'âne, fidèle et patient.

9. Tout seul, il porte des gens...

10. ...et des choses

11. Si on met deux roues derrière ces quatre pattes...

12,13. ...on augment ses possibilités.

Ce sont les garçons, surtout, qui aiment monter à dos d'âne et conduire les charrettes, mais,

14. ...la monture préférée des chefs, c'est le cheval.

15. Le cheval, comme le cavalier, est toujours bien habillé. Pour le Mossi, le cheval est un animal noble. Il n'est jamais attelé à une charrette. Il ne tire jamais la charrue.

16. Silhouetté contre le ciel, le cavalier seul galope vers un rendez-vous mystérieux, comme dans un film Western.

Le cheval a joué un rôle important dans l'histoire de la race Mossi. Savez-vous quel était ce rôle?

La prochaine fois vous verrez trois garçons de CM-2 en promenade à bicyclette.

Au revoir! A bientôt.

23. Enquête près des artisans

Hello friends! Are there any craftsmen in your neighborhood? Who are they? What do they do? Do they like their work? Do they have any apprentices in training? What do you really know about their life and work? How would you go about getting more information?

There are some craftsmen in every African village. There are many craftsmen in the town of Ouahigouya. The boys of CM-2, under the leadership of their teacher, M. Emile, decided to interview six artisans. Each exercises a different craft. The boys formed themselves into six teams. Each team was responsible for visiting a different craftsman at his place of work: a weaver, a metal worker, a carpenter, a barber, a leather worker, and a tailor. Incidentally, the African tailor is always a man and he makes women's and girls' clothes as well as men's and boys'.

Before they set out, the team members decided what information they should gather during the interview. With the help of M. Emile they decided they needed information about the man himself, and so they would try to get a kind of biography. Then they would inquire how he learned his trade, what the working conditions are, his methods, his tools, the problems of marketing his product to make a living, whether he engages an apprentice or works alone, whether he enjoys his work or not, and so on.

One of the boys on each team was assigned the task of making a drawing of the tools used by the craftsman. Each of the other boys was responsible for getting the answers to a particular set of questions on one or other aspects of the subject. Like good reporters they took notes during the interview. After the interview was completed the teams returned to the classroom. There they compiled their notes in the form of a report which was copied into the team's notebook. M. Emile then checked each report for errors in French composition and syntax. The photos and comments that follow will show you how the class went about doing team research in social studies.

M. Emile and the boys are at the microphone.

Diapositives

1. Pour apprendre aux élèves à assumer des responsabilités et faciliter certains travaux, nous avons divisé notre classe en six équipes.

2. Equipe numéro un--Au premier plan, de gauche à droite:
   Ouédraogo, Jimimbo
   Ouédraogo Amadé, responsable
   Belem, Ibrahima

   Au deuxième plan:
   Sourou, Sala
   Sawadogo, Samba
   Sawadogo, Madi

   Etait absent:
   Zango, André

3. La première équipe a rendu visite au coiffeur.

4. Le coiffeur est au travail.

5. Zango observe une tondeuse pour en faire le dessin.

6. Voici le dessin.

7. Une phase du travail exécutée en classe.

8. L'équipe numéro deux, composée comme suit: au premier plan, de gauche à droite:
   Taho, Arouna
   Ouédraogo, Léopold
   Belem, Adama
   Kaboté, Paul s'est rendu ce soir à une réunion sportive.

   Au deuxième plan:
   Elola, Belélé

9. L'équipe deux s'est rendue chez le menuisier.

10. Voici une page de nos travaux.

11. Voici l'équipe numéro trois, de gauche à droite, au premier plan:
    Ouédraogo, Moumouné
    Fabeham, Aimé Désiré et Kaboré, Aimé se sont rendus à une réunion sportive. Vous avez après:
    Sawadogo, Ernest
    Jarou, Méhardi

    Au deuxième plan:
    Sissé, Issa
    Sanga, Sala
    Sébougo, Ousman

12. Notre équipe est allée chez le cordonnier. Nous voici ici sous son hangar.

13. Et voici une page de nos travaux.

14. L'équipe numéro quatre, de gauche à droite et au premier plan:
Ouédraogo, Sibri
Bento, Moussa, responsable de l'équipe
Badinhabdo, Sala
Ouédraogo, Grégoire

Au deuxième plan: Ouédraogo, Dominique
Nama, Rigobert
Ouédraogo, Nahara

Et, en dernier, qui ne figure pas sur la photo:
Bali, Modougo

15. Nous avons rendu visite chez le forgeron.

16. Voici, à gauche, une page de nos travaux effectués, à droite ce sont les dessins.

17. Equipe numéro cinq, au premier plan, de gauche à droite:
Ouédraogo, Sali
Ouédraogo, Marcel, responsable
Tourné, Siliac
Sanga, Jean

Au deuxième plan:
Sadro, Emmaneul
Ioumro, Patinomo
Ouédraogo, Ibrissa

18. Nous sommes allés voir le tailleur.

19. Voici une page sur les renseignements que nous avons recueillis.

20. Equipe numéro six, au premier plan, de gauche à droite:
Souré, André
Sanga, Bouhéma qui est malade aujourd'hui
Taho, Mahomet, responsable
Ouédraogo, Ouassandé, qui est absent, il est allé à une réunion
Bali, Victor
Souja, Jean
Et, derrière Mahomet, Sawadogo Lasmané

21,22. Nous avons rendu visite au tisserand.

23. Voici deux pages, montrant des dessins d'outils à gauche, et les renseignements que nous avons recueillis, à droite.

Voilà, c'est tout. Merci M. Emile et compagnie. Ce ne serait pas étonnant que nos collègues en Amérique se laissent tenter pas votre example. Qui sait? Peut-être feront-ils une expérience pareille.

Additional notes on the slides

1. M. Emile displays the class organization chart. There are five officers. Reading from left to right under the title, we see there is a responsible général or president, Ernest Sawadogo; a treasurer, Sawadogo Razmané; a librarian, Quinto Moussa; an officer in charge of the service d'eau who is responsible for seeing that the waterjars are kept filled; Taho Mahomet, and finally a captain of the football team, Kaboré Aimé. The names of the six working teams are arranged in parallel columns.

2. It is probably safe to say that four of these six boys have never known what it is to have a new outfit. They wear white men's castoffs that are sold at the market or given by the missionaries. They wear this worn out clothing until it literally goes to pieces. Traditionally it is only the men who sew, perhaps that is why the children's clothes are not often mended. Another reason is the scarcity of materials for mending foreign clothes. The boy at the upper left is not cold, he just fell heir to a castoff European overcoat.

3. The young barber who has recently set up shop here is very enterprising. Each day he advertises a different style of haircut. Today it's the Apollo. Four other models are displayed at the upper left. Despite the pale skin of the faces on the posters, practically all of the clients are black. There are few white men in Ouahigouya and most of them let their hair and beard grow to all lengths untouched by the barbers' hands. The three little fellows in the foreground are counterparts of the American sidewalk superintendents. You will find a cluster of little boys wherever the action is.

4. Like barbers everywhere, this one likes to talk while he works. For the boy reporters, the interview was a breeze.

5. This clipper is a great advance over the piece of a broken bottle that the barber used as a boy when he played at barbering his buddies and discovered his vocation.

7. This page informs us that the barber's name is Amadou Silla. He is 30 years old, has two wives and three children. In this area most of the natives are Animists or converts to Islam. Both religions favor polygamy. Amadou started to learn his art when he was thirteen. When he was younger he used to practice on his comrades. Besides the broken glasscutting instrument mentioned earlier, he also invented a comb. It was made of thorns fastened together. Amadou owns his own barber parlor. It is made of wood and corrugated metal. He has three apprentices. By his own estimate he is the best barber in town.

9. The saw is a rarity in an African village. Its use is mostly limited to Europeans who introduced it during the colonial period at the turn of this century. Carpentry as a special trade is also new in Mossi society. Traditionally the blacksmith works with wood as well as metal.

10. This page shows some of the information gathered during the interview. The carpenter has a Christian name, Paul. He learned his trade when he was sixteen in the workshop operated by Brother Gregory in the town of Koudougou. Brother Gregory is a French lay brother in the congregation of missionaries to Africa, known as White Fathers. Paul is 34 years old, has one wife and three children. His place of work is under a huge cailcédrat tree in the center of town. It is near the main road leading from the gendarmerie to the Palace of the Rasam Naba. The Rasam Naba is one of the four ministers of the Emperor of Yatenga. Paul has two apprentices. They have Moslem names: Adama and Bakari.

12. Strictly speaking the word cordonnier refers to a man who makes and repairs shoes. But here the word is used to refer to leather craftsmen in general. Our cordonnier, Pondega, is particularly proud of the sheaths he makes for knives and sabers. The designs are woven of narrow strips of leather in the three Voltan colors: red, black, and white. Pondega also makes leather cases for grisgris. He has a pair suspended from his neck.

13. Pondega was born in Ouahigouya around 1913. For several years he lived in Djibo, a town famous for its leather work. He learned the craft there as an apprentice to his uncle. He returned to Ouahigouya in 1940. His shop consists of a straw roof supported by wooden stakes. He has one wife and two children. He has one apprentice, unpaid, his son.

15. The blacksmith is holding the red-hot iron on the anvil while his young apprentice beats it into the shape of the blade for a daba.

16. The notebook is opened at the page containing the drawings of the blacksmith's tools. From top to bottom we see: the small anvil set in the ground, the tongs for holding the pieces of red-hot metal, the graver or burin used to cut and engrave the metal, the hammer used to beat the metal into the desired shape. The fragment of text at the left tells us that when a client pays for an article he has had made, the money is shared among the apprentices. They in turn give a part of their earnings to the master for the purchase of more material. During the dry season the blacksmith and his aids work at the forge in town every day. But after the first rains they leave town to work in the fields to raise grain for next year's food supply.

18. The tailor continues to sew as he answers the questions of the reporters. A woman client waits at left. She is having a blouse made.

19. We learned that Zankara, the tailor, had two apprentices, Nicolas and Phillipe. But they have now gone off to set up business for themselves. They will be replaced by two other boys who will be paid by the month. Zankara doesn't work by the punch clock but he does work every day except Sunday. All his equipment comes from Ouagadougou or Bobo-Dioulasso. His pedal-operated sewing machine costs 35,000 cfa or about $128.00. His scissors cost more than $4.00.

21. The weaver is almost completely hidden by the eager reporters.

22. The red and white threads that cut a diagonal across this picture form the warp of the cloth the weaver is weaving. It extends the whole length of his courtyard.

23. In an earlier unit we saw a weaver at work and learned something of the technique. Here we see the young artist's version of the tools we saw in use. The page at right tells us that the weaver's business is irregular. He works as long as clients bring him thread to weave. The white thread is spun by the native women. The red and black is bought at the market. A skein of red thread costs about $40, a skein of black thread costs about $13. The weaver's workday begins at 8:00 a.m. With the coming of the rainy season, however, he dismantles his loom and goes to work in his field.

In conclusion, here is something to think about: which pattern of activity do you think would be more satisfying to a person--living in an American city and working in a factory doing the same thing every day for eleven months of the year, or living in a Mossi village where a man changes his occupation with the season, farming in the rainy season and fashioning various articles by hand during the dry season? Think about it.

Goodbye for now!

24. Public Health in Upper Volta

Tim ya nama la kou-nore ya yatenga. This is a Mossi proverb which means "Medicine is good, but death's mouth is wide".

Mossi etiquette requires that when you meet an acquaintance you shake hands and then proceed to inquire about his health and that of all the members of the extended family. To each question your friend will answer "Laafi", "(he's) very well".

Once the greetings have been exchanged and a conversation engaged, your friend may tell you that one in his family is ill, another has just met with an accident, and still another has died. (Actually, the Mossi do not say that a person has died but that his strength has failed, or his breath has left him, or he has gone away.)

The Mossi regard God as the source of life, health, sickness and death. But since He is transcendent and far removed from mundane affairs, he has given inferior spirits the power to act as his intermediaries. In a sense they can manipulate man's fate, since they can make or break his health. In the case of illness or accident, the Mossi will consult a sorcerer to find out which spirit is involved and how he can be placated. It may be the spirit of an ancestor that is angry because someone has disregarded a family taboo or interdiction. Or it may be the *kinkirsi* (elfin-like spirits) who are irritated, or the spirit of a mouse or a chicken that was accidentally killed and demands retribution.

The actual treatment of a disease, once the sorcerer has revealed its occult cause, consists of empirical medicine and magic formula or practices. The Mossi will go to a healer or *feticheur* for a *tim*, or remedy, but the efficacy of the medicine will be attributed to the intervention of spirits. Ordinarily a sacrifice of a chicken, for example, will accompany the application of the tim or follow a cure.

The tim is usually a mixture of roots, leaves, bark, etc., to which some animal matter may be added. (See the slide series on "The Sick Child".) Although the preparation and administration of the medicine is accompanied by a certain amount of hocus-pocus and mystification, it often has real curative properties. The healing potential is often jeopardized, however, by a disregard for dosage. Many patients have been killed by an overdose of good medicine. In such cases, the fault is with the sick person: he was unequal to the cure.

One healer may have a remedy for snake bit, another for colds and bronchitis, still another, for dysentery. People will come from a great distance to benefit for the "science" of these specialists.

They do not take out patents on their medicines but the ingredients or mode of preparing the tim are kept secret. The secret may be passed to a son but only too often it dies with the man. If all the secret remedies of the native doctors were known, the pharmacopaeia would be considerably enriched.

In contrast with the sorcerers, fetichers, and healers, there are the bone setters. (See the slide series "La jambe cassée".) They rarely make use of magic procedures. They are skilled practitioners. They know how to reduce factures by a simple pressure of the fingers. They bandage and immobilize the member with a light splint. Splint and bandage are removed every day to check the healing process and make immediately any adjustments necessary. The patient may either stay with the bone setter during the healing period or return to his family. In the latter case the bone setter will visit him every day. Although Mossi bone setters do not appeal to the esoteric to impress their clients, they usually prescribe a sacrifice to God in thanksgiving after the cure has been completed. Western doctors have observed and approved the techniques of the bone setters. Foreigners residing in Upper Volta who have had experience with both European and native methods of reducing factures say they would opt for the latter the next time they break a bone.

Until the French penetration of Upper Volta at the turn of this century, the Mossi had had no contact with modern medical science. It did not occur to them that diseases could have natural causes. They had no intimations of the germ theory of disease. Consequently there was no thought of preventive medicine, and epidemics were a fact of life. Villages would be decimated or even depopulated altogether by cholera. smallpox, yellow fever or sleeping sickness.

It should be noted that while preventive medicine was unknown among the Mossi, they did, and still do, have preventive devices in the form of grisgris. They are prepared and sold by the sorcerer and are supposed to ward off all kinds of misfortune including illness and accident. One sees many children with little else to wear except the string of grisgris fastened around their neck.

The French envisaged the development of medical services in their West African colonies in the following stages: the implantation of an infrastructure for health services placed under military authority at first and then succeeded by civil authority; the formation of native personnel; the construction of hospitals; and finally a university center for hospital training. At the time that Upper Volta became independent, in 1960, this program had been carried out, at least to a limited extent, in all respects except the last named. The country had a hospital and a nurses training school in Ouagadougou and some 200 dispensaries scattered in the villages in the bush. Soon after, with French aid, a hospital was built at Bobo-Dioulasso and another at Ouahigouya.

The primary need was for a massive health and medical service available to the rural people who constitute about 95% of the population of Upper Volta. To meet this need, mobile units were organized to vaccinate the whole country side against endemic diseases. On a given day, all the inhabitants of a given village or canton will be assembled at a specified place. Under the direction of a doctor, a team of nurses, men for the most part, will proceed with the vaccinations in an orderly fashion.

A concerted campaign for the control and eventual eradication of tuberculosis and leprosy has been in effect for several years with encouraging results. Here again, mobile units visit outlying villages to make periodic physical examinations. Cases of T.B. or leprosy are identified and recorded. If necessary, the sick are evacuated to a center for treatment. (See the slide series on the T.B. and leper hospital at Ouahigouya, Supplementary Unit VI.)

In general, the results of the rural health program are gratifying. In 1969, for the first time in its medical history, Upper Volta did not have a single case of smallpox to register. In 1967 there were 118 cases. The number of cases of sleeping sickness was reduced from 199 in 1966 to 161 in 1968.

About 4 percent of the population are afflicted with leprosy, but it is hoped that this disease will be completely wiped out within the next twenty years. The number of cases dropped from 4.13 percent of the population in 1966 to 1.02 percent in 1969. The number of arrested cases rose from 61,000 in 1967 to 79,434 in 1969, representing more than 55 percent of the know cases and 4 percent of the population.

At present (1970), there are only 58 doctors in Upper Volta: 39 French, 1 German, 1 Israelite and 17 Africans. More than half of these doctors are concentrated in Ouagadougou and Bobo-Dioulasso, leaving 23 to serve the rural population of over 4,000,000, or 1 doctor for 174,000 persons.

The national plan calls for the formation of enough native doctors to replace all the foreign doctors by 1985, and provide for one doctor for every 50,000 inhabitants. At present there are 54 Voltans in medical schools abroad.

Like all underdeveloped countries, Upper Volta has a very high infant mortality rate. In recent years it has been somewhat reduced by the installation of maternity centers in the more important villages and by programs providing instruction to mothers in basic hygiene, nutrition and health at social centers in the bush. A new program, P.M.I.--Protection Maternelle et Infantile--sponsored by the U.S. Catholic Relief Services in cooperation with the U.S. Government, provides health education for mothers, and food and medical examinations for their children on a monthly basis. In the centers where it has been in operation, the number of infant deaths has declined dramatically. (See slide series on the P.M.I.)

People in villages deep in the bush lack adequate means for transporting the sick to the nearest dispensary, which may be many miles away and reached only through the narrow paths that lace the fields. In these cases, the sick are carried on someone's back or tied to the baggage rack of a bicycle. Many die on the way. Funds raised by the National Lottery were used recently to purchase fourteen ambulances for use in the bush. But to function, ambulances need the infrastructure of roads lacking in some parts of the country.

Even if a sick person manages to get to a dispensary he is likely to find its supply of medicine exhausted. The austerity budget on which Upper Volta must operate allows only eight cents per person for medical supplies. Only a tiny proportion of the population can afford to buy prescription or other drugs.

Evidently it is owing to the funds, supplies and personnel furnished by foreign nations that the advances made by the public health services have been possible.

Until health education and medical aid is available to all the people of the bush, many of them will have little reason to throw away their *grisgris* or retire their sorcerers on a pension.

Miscellaneous Slides

Slides

1. The Mossi first aid kit contains a forceps made by the blacksmith. It is as important to the *agriculteur* as a ball point is to the businessman. He uses it to extract thorns and other objects and make an incision, in the case of snake bite, to draw out the venom.

2. In school, children learn about the diseases to which they are exposed. Here is a lesson on malaria (CM-2).

3. Whenever you see a building with a long line waiting outside, the chances are that you are looking at a dispensary.

4. One of the new trucks used by the public health services working in the bush. A mobile medical team checks the inhabitants of a canton for vaccination against smallpox and yellow fever.

5. The unvaccinated are vaccinated on the spot.

6. The bicycle often serves as an ambulance.

7. But just as often the only transportation available is the human back. These two slides show a sick girl being carried to the nearest dispensary by three girls who work in relays. It was during the dry season when all the men and women must work in the fields all day long to assure their food for the coming year.

In Upper Volta you don't have to go far to shake hands with a leper, there are so many of them. You meet them, and of course you greet them, along the road, at the market, in front of the mosque, at church and just about anywhere that you find friendly people. Since the disease is neither very cantagious nor hereditary, lepers are not social outcasts here.

In 1958 a campaign was begun to identify and treat persons with leprosy. Most of those affected are allowed to remain in their village and receive treatment there through the service of medical aides who make weekly trips by bicycle to villages in the bush. Only the more acute or exceptional cases are isolated for a time in a center for the treatment of leprosy.

Since the campaign got under way, 1,000 patients have been declared cured and their names dropped from the list. Fifty-two thousand have been authorized to stop treatment while remaining under observation. Twenty-six thousand have had their lesions disappear or replaced by scar tissue. Fifty per cent of those attacked by the disease need no longer fear the dread sequels of leprosy. Thirty-six per cent of those who are practically cured can resume normal life.

Although the treatment is effective, it is also very long. Many patients become discouraged or negligent and stop reporting for treatment.

Most of the success of the campaign is due to international health and welfare organizations, in particular the French Fondation Raoul Follerau, that furnish funds, material and personnel.

25. Empirical Medicine as Practiced Among the Mossi

Have you ever wondered what happens when someone gets sick or has an accident here in this country where there are only 58 doctors for 5,000,000 people? Right here in Yatenga Province there are only two doctors for 520,000 inhabitants.

We have followed two cases: one, a sick child, and the other, a boy with a broken leg, just to see what one actually does here in times of illness or accident. We took our camera with us so that you, too, can see.

In the first case, we have a sick baby. The family lives here in Ouahigouya. Ouahigouya is one of the three towns in Upper Volta that has a hospital of sorts.

The skin on the baby's face, arms and legs was spotted and pimply. The spots on the arms and legs were like large, pale patches. (These patches do not show well in the photo because of the shadows.)

The mother took the baby, called Amadé, to the hospital for examination and treatment, but modern medicine was ineffective in this case.

Then the mother heard that there is a healer--what we call a practicer of empirical medicine--who has the secret to a remedy for this disease. The healer lives at Zogoré. We drove the mother and baby to Zogoré in our little car. There we were received by the healer who had just returned from his work in the fields.

We watched him prepare the ingredients and listened to the directions he gave to the mother. From a pile of branches, leaves and herbs gathered before our arrival, he selected certain ones which he placed in a large earthen jar or canari. The canari belongs to the healer and is used only for preparing this remedy. It is to be returned to him at the end of the period of treatment. There was one important detail in the proceeding that we did not see: the secret ingredient the healer placed in the bottom of the jar before he began to add the other things.

The healer gave the jar with its contents to the mother to take home with her. He told her to add water and boil the leaves over an open fire. After the concoction had cooled, she was to bathe the child with the liquid. She was not to wipe off the liquid but allow it to dry on the skin. We were unable to photograph the baby as it was being bathed by its mother; she had been ordered to do so in the dark, before sunrise each day - probably to avoid the flies. She was also to see that the child was not disturbed while the liquid was drying.

The healer charges no fee for his services, but according to tradition, his client offers him a certain number of cowrie shells as a gift and a live chicken to be sacrificed to ask God's blessing on the remedy and the patient.

Within a week the baby showed improvement. By the end of a month the cure was complete.

Unfortunately, it is the custom that healers do not divulge the secret of their remedy during their lifetime, or at least not until they are at the point of death. Then they may pass it on to a son. If a healer dies suddenly, his secret is buried with him.

L'Enfant Malade et le Guérisseur

Germaine Ouatara is going to narrate the story for you in French. She is a pupil in CM-2.

Diapositives

1. Voici le petit Amadé dans les bras de sa maman. Il est malade.
2. Il a des taches sur la peau. Sa maman l'a déjà porté à l'hôpital. Le médecin n'a pas pu diagnostiquer la maladie. Amadé n'a pas guéri à l'hôpital.
3. Un jour, sa maman va consulter un guérisseur. Il examine le bébé.
4. Il commence à préparer le remède. Il apporte des feuilles dans une main et un canari dans l'autre.
5. Il met les feuilles dans le canari suivant l'ordre prescrit.
6. Puis il prend deux baguettes...
7. Il les arrange de manière qu'elles maintiennent les feuilles bien en place.
8. Le guérisseur donne le canari à la maman. Il explique comment utiliser le remède. Il faut cuire les feuilles à l'eau. Quand la décoction sera refroidie, on lavera l'enfant dans le liquide une fois par jour.
9. A la fin d'un mois, Amadé est guéri.
10. Sa maman est contente.

La Jambe Cassée

Je m'appelle Johanni. Maman m'a demandé de cueiller des feuilles de baobab pour la sauce. Je pars.

Diapostives

1. A l'aide d'un ami, je grimpe sur l'arbre.

2. Je cueille des feuilles sur les branches d'en haut.

3. La descente est difficile.

4. Je tombe. J'ai la jambe cassée. Je ne peux pas me relever.

5. Mon ami fait venir mon père.

6, 7. Tous deux, ils me portent chez le guérisseur.

8. Le guérisseur passe de l'eau sur le membre fracturé.

9. Puis il réduit la fracture.

10. Il bande la jambe.

11,12. Ensuite, il l'immobilise avec un ensemble de bâtonnets qu'il attache solidement.

13. On me porte dans la case du guérisseur.

14. Pendant une semaine, je me repose chez le guérisseur. Chaque jour il change le pansement et vérifie si les os sont bien en place et se soudent comme il faut.

15. Après quelques jours, je commence à exercer la jambe, soutenu par papa et le guérisseur.

Suite et fin

Au bout de 15 jours la guérison est complète. Johanni peut retourner chez lui, à pied. Le jour du départ est arrivé.

16. Le guérisseur envoie chercher un poulet blanc qu'il sacrifie pour remercier Dieu de la guérison de Johanni.

17. Il verse de l'eau sur la terre en signe de respect pour Dieu.

18. Puis il prend un peu du sang du poulet mêlé de l'eau...

19. Il fait un signe de croix sur la tête de Johanni et le renvoie.

Notes

The Mossi used the symbol of the cross long before they ever heard of Christianity. It is used to keep away evil. For example, houses and granaries often have a cross painted on them to protect them from lightning.

European doctors who have observed the techniques of the Mossi bone setters highly approve of them, and declare that the results are excellent.

At first it was thought these these last four slides in the commentary might be eliminated because of the religious element. But this is an authentic part of the Animist religion. The healer would never think of having the bone setting photographed without photographing also the sacrifice and blessing which is a part of the process.

It might be added, finally, that the position of the chicken was carefully observed after it had died. If it rests on its back, it is a good sign. If it rests on its stomach, it is a bad sign. This chicken departed this life feet in air so all breathed a sigh of relief.

26. A U.S. Foreign Aid Program that Works

We all know that Upper Volta is one of the poorest, if not the poorest, country of the Third World.

Have you ever wondered how much the government of the United States contributes to the development of this country?

U.S. aid to Upper Volta in 1968--it has declined since--was just a little over a half-million dollars. When one considers the cost of one jet plane, which I am told costs 20 million dollars, a half-million dollars in aid to five million poor people doesn't sound very impressive.

Yet, little though it is, American aid is very visible in Upper Volta. Much of it is in the form of flour, corn meal and powdered milk from our surplus food supply. There are few Voltans who have not seen a sack of flour or powdered milk with the American seal stamped large on it, though it is doubtful that many can read and translate the words in big print: DONATED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The people of Upper Volta, who have never known what it is to have a food surplus of their own, are grateful to the Americans for sharing theirs.

There is a program sponsored by the U.S. Catholic Relief Service here, in cooperation with the U.S. government food program, that goes far beyond a simple dole or give-away. It is called by the French name: Protection Maternelle et Infantile, i.e., Protection of Mother and Child, P.M.I. for short. Operating a dozen centers in villages of Upper Volta, it is producing remarkable results, especially visible in the drastic reduction of disease and death among the children who are brought to these centers.

We observed the program at work at the social center at Yako. It is under the supervision of a French religious, a nurse who is assisted by several African aids.

Any mother with children aged 5 months to 5 years is eligible. Those who register for the program are divided into groups of 70 to 80 at the beginning of the year.

Each group of mothers is assigned a particular day of each month to come to the center with their children.

Each session comprises five distinct activities:

1. weighing of each child
2. instruction and demonstration on how to enrich the child's diet with American food and local products

3. instruction in basic health and hygiene adapted to the needs and possibilities of the region

4. a medical check-up

5. the distribution of a month's supply of American flour and powdered milk for each child.

Every child has a file card which is marked at each visit, showing the graph of his weight, the observations of the person making the routine physical examination, and indications of illness or accident.

If the medical check-up reveals an illness or disability, the child is referred to the nearest dispensary for further examination and treatment. All the children participating in the program are vaccinated against the epidemic diseases of this country.

The mothers are asked to make a monthly contribution of ten cents. This money is used to help pay for the transportation of materials from the supply center in Ouagadougou and to buy a type of powdered milk required by the scores of orphaned infants in this area and which is not included in the American food gift.

In addition to holding monthly sessions at the social center, the P.M.I. personnel makes periodic visits to the mothers in their homes to help them with individual problems and to strengthen the ties of trust and friendship between the staff and their clients.

A U.S. Foreign Aid Program that Works: P.M.I.

A visit to the Social Center at Yako where the P.M.I. is in operation is narrated by a girl from our twin class in Ouahigouya.

Bonjour mes amis. Je m'appelle Ouédraogo Bibiane. Nous allons voir la P.M.I. en action.

Diapositives

1. Très tôt le matin, les mamans et leurs enfants arrivent au Centre. Elles attendent à l'ombre de la véranda.

2. D'abord on pèse chaque bébé. On marque son poids sur la fiche.

3. Puis une religieuse, qui est aussi infirmière, montre comment faire pour préparer une bonne bouillie avec la farine américaine et les produits du pays.

4. Un petit garçon goûte la bouillie. C'est bon!

5. Ensuite, il y a une petite causerie sur l'hygiène. Remarquez les affiches.

6. Puis on passe à la visite médicale. Un infirmier africain examine chaque enfant chaque mois.

7. Ses observations sont inscrites sur la fiche de l'enfant.

8, 9. Enfin il y a distribution du lait...

10,11. ...et distribution de la farine.

12. Ici, la petite Bintou, sa précieuse fiche à la main, attend pendant que...

13. Maman donne le biberon à son petit frère. Tous les trois: maman, Moussa et Bintou, disent "merci" aux Américains.

27. Père Goarnisson
The Schweitzer of Upper Volta

October, 1961. The African Republic of Upper Volta had just celebrated its first birthday and the United States was setting up an embassy in the capital, Ouagadougou.

Africa is notoriously hard on the health, especially the health of white people. One of the first items on the ambassador's agenda was to assure the best possible medical care and advice for his staff. He wrote to the man who had the reputation of having done more to improve health service in Upper Volta than any other person: Père Goarnisson, missionary and doctor. Would he serve as medical adviser to the embassy personnel?

A few days later the ambassador received a courteous reply in the affirmative. Père Goarnisson, priest of the congregation known as the White Fathers (so called because of the flowing white burnous they wear) and specialist in tropical medicine, would gladly place himself at the disposition of the American Embassy. He hoped that the nurses and other persons attached to the Embassy would never hesitate to ask the advice of "an old French missionary and doctor turned African".

Several years later, Father Goarnisson, exhausted from three decades of intensive activity in the tropics, left Africa to retire to his native France. But the Voltans would not hear of their Père Lumière, "Father Light", spending his declining years anywhere but in the country he had adopted and that had adopted him.

So it was that one day in September, 1970, I found Père Goarnisson at Pabré, a village about eight miles from Ouagadougou. The White Fathers have a school for boys there. I had arrived unannounced, as one usually arrives in Africa, just before sunset. I stopped the car in front of the long, low building that serves as the priests' residence. A young priest standing on the veranda greeted me. I asked if Father Goarnisson was at Pabré as reported, and if so, was he disposed to receive visitors? He was indeed there and would no doubt be pleased to arrange a visit. The priest pointed to a closed door next to him, "In fact, he's right there in his office now."

We knocked at the door. No answer. "Father is a little hard of hearing." Another knock. Still no answer. We opened the door. The room was empty except for the books and periodicals crowded together on the shelves that reached from the floor to the ceiling of all four walls.

"That's strange! He was here just two minutes ago. He can't have gone far in that time. I'll find him."

The old priest had evidently gone father than the young priest could walk in two minutes. The latter returned alone, five minutes later, after having sent a student scout to look for Father Goarnisson in the more remote sections of the "campus". Another five minutes and the boy returned. "He's busy in the infirmary," he said. ("Why did you seek me? Did you not know I would be about my Father's business?")

I walked through the garden and across the courtyard that separates the priests' residence from the boys' infirmary. In the distance I could see the tall, white-robed figure of the doctor. He was talking to a Sister-nurse. By the time I reached the door, the nurse had left and I found Father Goarnisson checking the report on a boy sitting there on a bench. He filed the paper in a box on the table, dismissed the patient, and turned to greet the stranger.

He stood tall and erect, dark eyes lively behind the shell-rimmed glasses. Except for the streaks of gray in the thinning black hair, he looked exactly like the pictures I had seen of him in books published more than ten years ago. His brisk, direct manner betrayed the dynamism that had earned him the title of "the Dr. Schweitzer of Upper Volta".

He listened with courteous but professional interest when I explained, as briefly as I could, what I was doing in Upper Volta and why I wanted to have an interview with him. He was willing and set a time: five o'clock the next evening.

When I arrived at five minutes before five, the doctor was there, waiting at the door of the office. He ushered me into the room, cleared a chair for me before his work table behind which he then took his seat. I set up the tape recorder and he began to talk.

Pointing to a paper lying open before him on the table, he said my visit of last evening had reminded him of his first contact with my country; the letter from the first United States ambassador to Upper Volta. It had been written exactly nine years ago. Then, naming several French publications dealing with his work, he said, "I presume that what you want is information and impressions not included in those sources." Whereupon he regaled me for an hour with what might be called his unpublished memoirs of thirty years of pioneering in African medicine and health services.

What follows is a condensation of those tape-recorded recollections, published data, conversations with his contemporaries and associates, and observations I made during visits to the dispensaries and other institutions set up by Père Goarnisson and his protégés.

Jean Goarnisson was born in 1897 in a village in Brittany, on the west coast of France. By the time he was eighteen, France was sending most of her young men to the trenches to halt the German invasion in World War I. Jean signed up with the 19th battalion of light infantry. From 1915 to the end of the war in 1918, he was in active service. At the time he was mustered out in 1919, he hoped to begin studies for the priesthood, but in the face of the vigorous objections of his parents, he set his plans aside for the time being and took up the study of medicine. By 1924 he had his doctor's degree from the Faculté de Médecine of Paris. Then, overriding the lingering opposition of his family, he entered the novitiate of the White Fathers of Africa, a missionary order founded by Cardinal Lavigerie seventy years earlier for service in the Black Continent. Six years later the young doctor was ordained a priest at the basilica of Notre Dame at Carthage. He was thirty-three years old.

Father Goarnisson was immediately appointed to the White Fathers' mission in Ouagadougou, the administrative center of the French colony of Upper Volta, in the interior of West Africa. He took advantage of the six months vacation allowed between ordination and departure for the first mission, to enroll in special courses in tropical medicine in Paris. When he left Paris for Ouagadougou he carried a diploma in tropical medicine awarded with honors; he had earned the maximum number of points possible at the examinations.

The young missionary arrived at his post in Ouagodougou on March 14, 1931. Ougadougou is the capital of the ancient Mossi empire. It reached its zenith in the fourteenth century of our era and continued to maintain its autonomy through the centuries while other more flamboyant empires rose and fell. The physical aspect of Ouagadougou has not altered much since the French penetrated the country in 1897. Except for a few cement buildings put up for the administrators of the colony, almost all the dwellings were built on the traditional Mossi plan. They were round, or occasionally, square huts with walls of dried mud bricks and topped with a pointed thatched roof. During the long, hot, dry season, one walked through the town in swirls of dust. During the rainy season, one waded through mud.

Upper Volta offers few rewards to the tourist. It makes harsh demands on the person who comes to live and work there. It is extremely poor in natural resources, suffers from a chronic shortage of water and intermittent famines. The country abounds in endemic diseases, some riding the dust storms from the Sahara during the dry season, others carried by flies and mosquitos during the rainy season, and still others settling in the country the year round under what appears to be a permanent lease. This lease has been challenged from time to time by doctors, researchers and missionaires. Jean Goarnisson is of their number.

Immediately on arriving in Ouagadougou he set about learning Moré, the language of the Mossi who were to be his people. Within a few months, with the aid of the boys at the mission school who delighted in acting as unofficial tutors, the Frenchman was able to talk over physical ailments and spiritual mysteries with the Mossi. He had taken the first, big, indispensable step toward understanding their attitudes and their problems: he had mastered their language.

In the years that followed, he always carried with him a little notebook in which he jotted down new words and expressions picked up in random contacts with the people. He became an authority on their language, speaking it with an ease and grace envied by the Mossi themselves.

The arrival of the priest-doctor at the mission had not gone unnoticed by the administrators of the colony. The director of health services in French West Africa immediately appointed him doctor in charge of the bacteriological laboratory of Upper Volta. Under this title he was not only to see to the proper functioning of the laboratory but also proceed to the formation of a corps of native male nurses to assist the military doctors in a campaign to arrest the ravages of sleeping sickness in the countries of the French Soudan of which Upper Volta was a part.

In fact, just at the time Père Goarnisson arrived at his post in Ougadougou, an epidemic of sleeping sickness was decimating the population in a number of villages. The victims, abandoned by their frightened relatives, were left lying on mats in their huts, to die in a coma after weeks of exhausting suffering.

The renowned Doctor Jamot had just succeeded in arresting the disease in French Cameroun with the aid of mobile medical units he had organized in 1929. Now that Upper Volta was at grips with an epidemic that had already claimed 75,000 victims, the colonial authorities sent an appeal to Dr. Jamot. He agreed to come to Upper Volta provided that Père Goarnisson, of whom he had already heard, would prepare within six months, ninety medical aids as specialists in the diagnosis, treatment and prevention of sleeping. sickness.

Father Goarnisson accepted the challenge. Most of the young men recruited for the program had no more than an elementary education. "I gave them only the most indispensable instruction in general medicine," said the doctor, "such as basic care and techniques for injections. But I gave them everything that was known about sleeping sickness so they could go into the villages in the bush, check for hidden symptoms of the disease and treat those who were actually afflicted with it."

After the original ninety selectees had been formed and put in the field, Father Goarnisson accepted new candidates to train for service in the mobile units. Within a short time, students were coming to him from other colonies in French West Africa s well as Upper Volta. By 1935 he had trained 400 Africans to operate in teams of twelve to fifteen men under the direction of a medical doctor.

On arriving in a village, they would have the chief assemble all the people around the truck--the men on one side and the women on the other. At times there would be as many as 2,000. There was a quick examination for symptoms. Those who had inflamed lymphatic glands or ganglia were separated from the others. Their ganglia were punctured and the serum analyzed under the microscope. Then the patients were weighed, for the treatment is regulated by weight. Spinal punctures were made to see whether the central nervous system had been attacked and whether the patient was in the first or second stage of the illness. (The treatment is different for each stage.) A record was kept on each patient. The team revisited the village every week to follow through with appropriate medication and care until recovery was complete.

One day, the chief of one of these villages came to Father Goarnisson to express his thanks. (Gratitude is a point of honor with the Mossi.) "Father," he said, "because of you, 200 sick have been brought back to life in my village and have become men again."

Father Goarnisson's crash course in the treatment of sleeping sickness was published in 1932 under the title, "La Trypanosomiase Humaine". It was re-edited in 1945 and 1947.

Within five years the scourge of sleeping sickness was arrested in Upper Volta. It has never reached epidemic proportions there since. One of the reasons is that Father Goarnisson's nurses helped to eradicate the carriers of the disease, the tse-tse fly. His men saw to it that health agronomists drained every stagnant pond where the tse-tse fly breeds.

Docteur Lumière

The medication that had proved to be effective in the treatment of sleeping sickness sometimes had serious side effects, including alterations within the eye, that could lead to blindness. Father Goarnisson personally examined more than 3,000 cases to study the changes in the eyes of persons under treatment. As a result, he succeeded in refining the dosage prescribed so that chances of suffering impairment of vision were minimal.

Later Father Goarnisson jokingly remarked that he had become an ophthamologist, if not exactly in spite of himself, at least without having planned it that way, and added: "So true it is that in the country of the blind, the one-eyed are kings." At that time he had already restored sight to 300 blind.

Upper Volta is a country of the blind. Along the roads in the markets one sees the sightless: babes in arms, children and grownups. It is not unusual to see a file of from two to ten blind men led by a little boy who holds a calebasse in one hand to receive alms for his followers.

In addition to research in the ophthalmic complications of sleeping sickness, Father Goarnisson had his daily experience at the mission dispensary to stimulate his interest in the treatment of diseases of the eye. Among the hundreds who came to the dispensary, a large proportion were afflicted with trachoma, cataract, myctalopia...

When he arrived in Ouagadougou, there was not a single eye specialist within a radius of 1,000 kilometers. When he left, there were a dozen of them, all trained by "le Docteur Lumière". The young doctor had quickly appraised the situation. What was needed was not only a general practitioner who could also perform an occasional eye operation but a corps of men--and women--who could be trained in a relatively short time to function as specialists in the critical area of ophthalmology alone.

Encouraged by his experience in the training of natives for specializing in the treatment of sleeping sickness, Father Goarnisson decided to innovate in the training of nurses to specialize in ophthalmology. His first students were five young nuns, two French religious who, as certified nurses helped staff the dispensary, and three young African sisters who had been assigned to serve there as aides to the doctor and the nurses.

Thirty years ago, the idea of training women nurses to qualify as practicing ophthalmologists was unheard of in France. Thirty years ago, the idea of training an African girl for anything was unthinkable. According to sacrosanct tradition, she grew up carrying water on her head and a baby on her back, pounding millet, stirring saghbo, brewing dolo, spinning thread, washing clothes and kettles--and dancing. That was all. And that was supposed to be enough.

But there in Ouagadougou, in 1935, Father Goarnisson had at hand a group of young Mossi women who had already done an unthinkable thing that had put them beyond the pale of traditional Mossi society: they had broken with the universal African custom that every girl must marry a man and, barring interference from preternatural powers, bear children. These girls had opted for a life of vowed chastity as religious in a Catholic sisterhood dedicated to the service of the Mossi. After completing their basic religious formation, they had been assigned to assist in various apostolates, including the care of the sick.

In order to select candidates for the experiment, Father Goarnisson prepared a simple screening test. He sent to the slaughter house at the market for some sheep eyes and goat eyes and had the French and the Africa sisters work on them.

> "When I detected a hand that was sure and steady, I chose the person who was guiding it. There weren't many who passed the test. I had to diqualify several French sisters with State diplomas, because their hands trembled. I wasn't looking for brilliant minds," he explained, "what I was looking for was a steady hand and just enough intelligence to master the surgical techniques I would show them. I found two French sisters and three African sisters who had wonderfully steady hands. I taught these sisters to do operations on the eye. After they had successfully performed several operations alone, I invited the surgeon-general of the French colonial medical staff to see what I was doing in my little medical school and evaluate it. When he arrived at the dispensary, I pointed to a young

> African sister who was on duty there. 'Look,' I said, 'here is the nurse I have just trained. Have her do an operation. I will leave the room.'
>
> "The surgeon-general had her operate a trichiases, a complication of the trachoma that makes the eyelashes turn inward and brush against the cornea, rendering it opaque. To perform the operation, one makes an incision in the upper lid, retracts it, drawing back the edge of the eyelid, and makes five sutures to keep the eyelashes raised. It is not a particularly complex operation, but it is a good test of skill. I waited outside. When the surgeon-general finally came out, he was smiling broadly. 'Hats off!' he said. 'If all your nurses are like this one, I'll take them all!' Oh no! I said. They've just begun. As a matter of fact, I'll work with them until they can perform any operation needed on the eyes."

When Father Goarnisson was satisfied with the students' performance, he either assigned them to the ophthalmic section of the dispensary at Ouagadougou, or had them set up and operate a dispensary specializing in the treatment of the eyes, in villages in the bush. Subsequently, while there was only one "Docteur Lumière" in the capital, several villages like Bam and Nouna, had their "Soeur Lumière". These emmissaries of Father Goarnisson gave light to hundreds of blind who came to them from remote parts of Upper Volta and from neighboring countries.

When Father Goarnisson arrived in Ouagoudougou in 1931, he had at his disposition a one-room mud brick dispensary measuring nine feet by nine feet, furnished with a table and a wardrobe. Several years later, this was replaced by another mud brick building with two long rooms, twenty-three feet by eleven feet. This permitted the eye patients to be treated separately from the others. Finally, in 1938, the French government had a cement structure built, measuring sixty-five feet by nine feet and divided into separate rooms for medical examination and treatment, eye examination and treatment, eye operations and post-operative care. In this new installation, the doctor and his efficient staff were able to examine and treat as many as four to five patients a minute and perform as many as sixteen cataract operations a day.

Speed and efficiency, however, did not depersonalize the practice. Each patient held a number in his hand, it is true; but that number was a guarantee that he would have, in his turn, all the person-to-person care by a member of the medical staff that his case required.

With evident emotion, Father recalled several little human dramas. There was the woman who had been blind for thirty years; she had never seen the baby she had been nursing for almost a year. Father operated for a cataract. When it came time to remove the bandages, he sent for the woman's baby and had it placed in her arms. As she opened her eyes and saw her child for the first time, she was speechless. Finally, when Father asked simply, "Are you satisfied?" she answered in a whisper, "M suuri dita kam." "My heart is eating grease"--which is the Mossi expression for ecstatic joy.

Then there was the mother who had brought her three daughters to "Doctor Light". They had come all the way from Niger, traveling by truck. The three girls had been blind from birth. Father operated on all three. He still recalls the joy of the mother as she started the homeward journey. Her eldest daughter, 17 years old, had gained almost perfect vision. The other two, aged 13 and 9, could see well enough to get about unassisted. "That mother's happiness was to me the most beautiful thing of all!" he exclaimed.

He has never forgotten the gratitude of the poor musician who had just rediscovered, after years of darkness, the blue of the sky and the brilliant hues of the flowers outside the dispensary. "Father, you have given me all this! I am going to offer you some music." And, picking up his homemade guitar, he plucked its strings and sang the finest airs in his repertoire, right there in the treatment room, to the delight and consternation of the nurses and patients within earshot.

In 1938, Father Goarnisson's work at the mission dispensary was interrupted. It was the year of a terrible epidemic of spinal meningitis. Two thousand deaths were reported in the district of Koudougou alone. The directors of the French health service asked Father to take charge of a large sector around Ouagadougou. He immediately set up an isolation center in the open air for 700 patients. Another priest and several French and African sisters came to his assistance. The sisters were on duty all day, the two priests all night. Not a single patient in the camp died.

In recognition of his services, the French government awarded Father Goarnisson the _Medaille d'Epidémie_. The natives awarded him the gift of their confidence. They sent a spokesman to tell him: "Now we know that you love us."

Nurses Training School

As we have seen, the first school for nurses in Upper Volta was opened at the Catholic mission in Ouagadougou by Father Goarnisson to train young Mossi women in ophthalmology. The program was expanded to include general medicine. The students spent the morning in the dispensary to get experience in practical nursing. In the evening they attended lectures in medicine given by Father Goarnisson. Most of his students were native sisters who spoke no French. Therefore he lectured in Moré. Preparing lectures on modern medicine in a non-scientific language was _tour de force_, but the doctor succeeded in bringing off. At the end of the first year he revised his lectures and had them published for future teachers and students whose vehicular language was Moré.

A few years later it was decided that all the young African religious should learn French in order to qualify for higher studies in French schools. Therefore, from 1943 on, Father Goarnisson conducted his classes in French. His French lectures, amplified and revised, were published in 1947 under the title, Guide Medical Africain. By 1970 the book had gone through several editions and seven printings. It is still regarded as the best basic text for student nurses and a valuable reference for doctors and laymen interested in tropical diseases in Africa.

In 1948 the French Public Health Service was planning to open a nursing school for Africans--men, of course. In view of Father Goarnisson's successful experience in the training of young women for medical service, the officials asked him to give the lectures and take over the general direction at the new school. Father accepted, on condition that the students from both schools would meet at the same time and place for lectures. His many duties made it impossible for him to lecture twice a day in two places. The public health authorities agreed and approved the use of a new building near the dispensary for classes. This was the beginning of "Les Lauriers", the co-ed National School of Nursing of Upper Volta.

Between 1950 and 1960 more than 500 young African men and women received their diploma of nursing on completing the three-year course under the direction of Father Goarnisson. When failing health obliged him to curtail his activities, he turned the direction of the school over to his young doctor colleague, Père Blanc. In all, from the time he began training the first young women for ophthalmology to the time of his retirement, Father Goarnisson formed over 800 Africans for medical service, in addition to the 400 he had trained as specialists in the treatment of sleeping sickness.

There are few villages in Upper Volta that have not been served by Father Goarnisson in the person of one or more of his students.

Pediatrician

Father Goarnisson tells of a Moslem woman whose twelve-year old son had contracted polio. Her husband wanted to keep the fact secret and refused to seek medical aid for the boy. Finally, against her husband's wishes, the distraught mother brought her son to the dispensary. But it was too late. Her boy was already paralyzed and died a few days later, despite the efforts of the doctor and the nurses to save him. The poor woman was heartbroken for she had lost her only son. However, she had been so impressed by the self-sacrificing devotion of Father Goarnisson and the sister-nurses on behalf of her child that she asked to remain at the dispensary and help in any way she could.

A short time after, two of the African sisters, visiting the sick in a village in the bush, caught sight of an infant, apparently abandoned and dying, lying on the ground under a rude shelter. On questioning the villagers, they learned that the baby was thought to be possessed by an evil spirit because its mother and father had both died shortly after its birth. No one was willing to risk taking in the child. The sisters carried the baby back to the dispensary and placed it in the care of the Moslem woman. Thus was born another service under the direction of Father Goarnisson. It was called the "Goutte de Lait"--the Drop of Milk. It became a center for the care of orphaned infants and for the distribution of milk to children whose mothers could not give them the proper nourishment.

A pediatrician at heart, Father Goarnisson suffered because he lacked the personnel and facilities to give adequate treatment to the hundreds of children who were brought to the dispensary. In a letter written in 1958 he remarked, "Everyday for two months the thermometer has hovered around 108° in the shade--and now we have a deadly epidemic of measles. Two hundred and fifty little patients under five years old are brought to us everyday. With a fever of 104° to 105° they have to wait for hours in the torrid heat outside. We lose three or four a day. If we had air-conditioning and oxygen tents we could save them. (When I visited the dispensary in 1970, I noticed an electric fan in operation but no oxygen tents. Anyone who has lived in Upper Volta for a few months knows that nothing comes easily there--not even electricity, and certainly not complicated electric appliances.)

The French government had the dispensary enlarged again in 1948, adding a new building to house the center for the treatment of the eyes, with provision for examination, treatment, operation and sterilization, together with hospitalization of sorts. The building that had been put up ten years before continued to be used for general medicine, minor surgery, laboratory tests and the Goutte de Lait.

Patiently, "brick by brick, service by service, nurse by nurse", the priest doctor had built his work.

Missionary

In July 1930, when Monseigneur Thévenoud, superior of the White Fathers in Upper Volta, learned that the newly ordained Dr. Goarnisson had been assigned to the mission at Ougadougou, he wrote to the Superior General of the order:

> With regard to the confrère (Jean Goarnisson) I think you intend that he be a missionary. That is my intention and surely it is his, since he joined our missionary order. Athough we will leave him the time needed for certain studies, he will have his share in the work of the mission

> like the other Fathers for I think that the more he loves the mission the more he will be inclined to interest himself in the natives and do them good by giving generously of his services.

From that day in March, 1931, when Père Goarnisson arrived at the mission in Ouagadougou, until the day, thirty years later, that he left for France to recuperate his failing health, it was apparent that Monseigneur Thévenoud had correctly gauged the intentions and the possibilities of the new recruit.

Father Goarnisson's career as a missionary was less visibly dramatic than was his career as a doctor, researcher, organizer, and teacher, but it was just as varied. Its success can be judged only by criteria that are not available to men.

At first he had his catechism classes in the bush. Looking back on that period he said:

> "All along the forty-nine kilometers of motorcycling that it took to get to my mission sector, I used to thank God for having called me to such a beautiful vocation. I would hum or sing hymns to the rhythm of the motor on my cycle."

At the Goutte de Lait there were his orphans. He liked to relax with them, listen to them, teach them their prayers, tell them stories and help them solve their little problems.

Then there were the hundred or more old grandfathers in the hospice connected with the Mission. People called them "Father Goarnisson's old men." Most of them were cripped from infirmity or mutilated by leprosy. They were cared for by several African nurses, but Father saw to it that they all learned enough about Christ to want to be baptized before they died.

Besides the old men at the hospice, there were from two to three hundred senior citizens who came to the Mission every Sunday, draped in the finest boubous, to sit at the feet of Father Goarnisson and have him open their eyes to the light shed on human existence by the teaching and example of Christ. Most of these ancients had several wives. They were saddened to learn that Christians are permitted only one wife. Nevertheless they continued to attend Father's instructions. Each time he finished explaining some facet of Christian morality, his white-haired listeners would nod their heads and say, "It is true. Christ's Way is the true one, but it is hard." Then, to show their good will, they would accompany Father to the church to recite the rosary with him. In the end, all these Mossi sages received baptism before they died. Although statistics are lacking in this area, it is probable that the number of persons he prepared for baptism equals or excels the number of persons he formed for the nursing profession.

Father Goarnisson's functions at the School of Nursing brought him in contact with other educated youth of the capital. He interested them in forming a club where they could gather for discussion and entertainment. He helped them create their own theatre and taught them how to write and produce plays inspired by their own culture. Their repertoire included marionette shows with real comedies of Mossi manners, co-authored with the priest who had observed them closely and sympathetically for years.

At no time was there any evidence that the doctor-missionary fell a victim to schizophrenia as a result of trying to live two vocations simultaneously. On the contrary, each seems to have reinforced the other by being integrated in one gifted and generous person whose ideal was Christ, the Healer and the Teacher. This is hinted at in the forward Father Goarnisson wrote to the first edition of this Guide Medical Africain. Using the editorial "we" he states:

> "Encouraged by the good will and collaboration of our friends, we turn this work over to the public and dedicate it most especially to our African brothers, eager to be faithful to our double ideal of the missionary doctor who comes to Africa to serve her."

Slides

1. Illustration on the cover of a book about Père Goarnisson, published in 1962, shortly before he returned to France to retire. (He subsequently returned to Upper Volta.)

2. An illustration inside the same book, showing patients at the dispensary at the Catholic Mission at Ouagadougou.

3. A mobile vaccination unit operating in the bush in 1970. It is of the type set up by Père Goarnisson in 1931, when he was collaborating with Dr. Jamet.

4. Soeur Oda, one of the first Sister-nurses formed by Père Goarnisson to perform operations on the eye. Here she is bandaging a patient she has just operated for cataracts. (At the dispensary, August, 1970).

5. Native nurses at work at the dispensary for the treatment of diseases of the eye. (Ouagadougou, August, 1970.)

6. Soeur Nicaise, another of Père Goarnisson's first students. She is in charge of the dispensary for eye patients in the village of Nouna. She performs several cateract operations each day. Here she is examining the eyes of a leper patient. Those who can afford to do so are asked to pay a fee of 25 African francs (10 cents) for a cataract operation. With this money, saved over the years, Soeur Nicaise was able to have a screen door installed to keep flies out of the little room where she operates. I can't

recall having seen a screen anywhere else in the bush though there are lots of flies and mosquitoes everywhere.)

7. Father Goarnisson, October 1970 at the boys' school at Patré, near the capital, where he lives in semi-retirement.

8. Father Goarnisson, October 1970.

28. The Child in the Traditional Mossi Family

There are about two million Mossi, the largest ethnic group in the Republic of Upper Volta. A number of factors explain why the majority of the Mossi still retain their traditional beliefs, manners and customs while large segments of the other peoples of Black Africa are adopting European patterns of thought and behavior.

Geographically, Upper Volta is isolated from the main arteries of African commerce with the outside world. It is situated in the interior of West Africa, far from the Europeanized coastal cities like Dakar, Abidjan and Accra. Upper Volta has no paved roads and only one railroad--single track affair--making overland contact with the bordering countries. There is only one airport assuring flights between Upper Volta and continental Europe.

The climate is unpleasant and unhealthy. The landscape is generally austere and monotonous. There are no historic monuments or picturesque relics of the distant past for structures of mud brick do not last long enough to gather the patina of age. There are sacred woods, hills, caverns and rocks, to be sure, but these are not to be profaned by curious strangers. Travel is uncertain and uncomfortable. Outside of Ouagadougou and Bobo-Dioulasso, hotels and motels are practically non-existent. In other words, there is little to attract the foreign tourists who serve as a medium of cultural exchange.

Economically, Upper Volta is one of the poorest of all the countries of the Third World. It has practically no known natural resources to develop, except a thin layer of dry, sub-Saharan lateritic top-soil.

About 95% of the population, scattered in hundreds of little villages isolated in the bush, are engaged in subsistence farming. There are almost no natural sources of energy, such as waterways, deposits of coal, oil, or gas to attract foreign investment. Water is always in short supply--often critically so.

There are no universities in Upper Volta, nothing of what centers of higher learning represent in the way of contacts with other value systems.

History and the traditional political organization of the Mossi also explain why they were untouched by foreign influence, even during the centuries in which slave raiders were making incursions among the neighboring tribes. The Mossi appeared on the stage of history as a distinct political entity in the fourteenth century when their cavalry sacked the prosperous city of Timbuctou. By that time, the system of political and social controls which still mark the Mossi were already "traditonal". Absolute and unquestioned authority was vested in a supreme chief, or Naba, directly descended from their legandary ancestor, Ouédraogo. Partial authority was delegated to lesser chiefs: the chiefs or nabas of privinces, cantons, and villages, also descended from the founding father.

The village chiefs were responsible to the canton chiefs, the canton chiefs to the provincial chief, and the provincial chief to the great Naba.

The Mossi were--and still are--excellent horsemen. Their cavalry united under the command of the supreme Naba, was considered invincible. The strong political discipline and unity of the Mossi people, together with their reputation as warriors, discouraged attacks from outsiders, with the result that no Mossi were ever seized and deported to foreign lands as slaves. The first time a white man is known to have entered Mossi territory was in 1888, when a French officer and explorer, Louis Binger, visited the region between the bend of the Niger River and the Ivory Coast.

The social structure of the Mossi is characterized by an all pervading sense of the sacred. It is rooted in their belief in a transcendant, omniscient God (Wende), and a hierarchy of intermediate spirits, including the spirits of the ancestors. Religious fidelity to the traditions handed down by the ancestors is perhaps the one force which contributes more than any other to the preservation of the original Mossi culture in the midst of changing Africa.

The proportion of Mossi families that have adopted a Western style of life is relatively small. In most cases of westernization the parents were educated in schools patterned on the French model. Even today, despite efforts to extend the benefits of at least an elementary education to all the children of Upper volta, these schools can accommodate only ten per cent of the Voltans of elementary school age. Thus, when we speak of the child in the traditional Mossi family, we speak of the majority of Mossi children.

There is no word in the language of the Mossi that has the limited meaning of "family" in our culture, that is, a unit of society composed of a husband, his wife, and their children. The family group, or budu, into which the Mossi child is born is much more comprehensive. It includes all the persons descended from a common ancestor on the father's side: paternal grandparents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters and cousins. Since polygamy is acceptable and common among the Mossi, except for the small Christian minority, a child's immediate relatives may include the several wives of his father and all their children, his uncles with their wives and all their children.

Family ties and family loyalties are very strong among the members of the budu. Uncles and aunts are commonly addressed by variants of the Mossi words for father (Ba) and mother (Ma). Cousins, as well as children of the same father, speak of one another as brother or sister.

Quarrels among members of the numerous family are not unknown, but they are usually quickly mended, not so much out of regard for the individuals involved as out of regard for the community and the reputation of the family as a whole unit. One of the parties to the quarrel will ask pardon of the other in the name of an ancestor. Pardon is sure to be granted. To refuse it would be an offense against an ancestor, punishable by ostracism from the lineage. No worse fate can befall a Mossi, for he has identity only as a member of the ancestral family. When a person who has been repudiated by his family dies, his spirit is condemned to wander forever in an agony of loneliness.

Whereas the web of interpersonal relationships into which the Mossi child is born is rich, complex and enduring, his material universe is simple, frugal and precarious. Home is a zaka--a conglomeration of one-room, mud brick dwellings built around a courtyard and connected by a mud brick wall. The head of the family and each of his wives occupy separate huts. The very young children share the hut of their mother. The older boys live together in their own hut. The girls remain with their mother until they are married. (They marry young.)

The little round huts, with their beaten earth floor and conical, thatched roofs, are simply furnished. There are mats--in some cases a bed--for sleeping, and a box in which clothes and personal belongings are kept. In the woman's hut, pots and jars for cooking are stacked against the wall; to one side there is a hearth for preparing the saghbo when rain prevents cooking outdoors.

Just as important as the dwellings are the granaries located in the courtyard. Here the year's supply of grain is stored. In form, the granaries resemble the huts with their mud brick wall and thatched roof, but they are raised from the ground on four piles of stones to protect the grain from the ravages of termites. There is a small door, just below the roof, for withdrawing the grain as needed. When the level of the grain gets below the door, a child climbs through the door and passes out the grain from inside the granary.

Beyond the wall of the concession stretch the flat fields. From October to June the dry straw and remnants of millet stalks will give a golden cast to the red-brown earth and the few trees and shrubs that persist in showing leaves in the midst of the desert dryness, will dot the landscape with spots of dusty green. But as soon as the first rains come in June, the fields will turn a lush green. And from then until October, the whole family--men, women and children--will toil over this ground every day to wrest from it the millet, corn and peanuts that will constitute about 90% of their diet during the coming year.

The most critical, as well as the most uncertain, element in Mossi economy is rain. One downpour more or less, coming at the right or wrong time, may mean the difference between sufficiency and hunger for the family until the next harvest.

There is the saying: "Nothing comes easy in Upper Volta". The very storms that spell salvation for the crops may spell ruin for the family dwellings. Much of the dry season is spent repairing walls that have melted and crumbled under the pelting rain and replacing the roofs that have been set askew or carried off by the violent winds.

African folklore includes a number of tales in which the hero is a child. The Mossi counterpart of Hop-o'-My-Thumb is an enfant terrible, strong, brave and fierce, making light of human laws and feelings. He is endowed with superior powers, including a kind of clairvoyance which enables him to overcome obstacles as if by magic. This notion, rooted in the collective conscious, is an outgrowth of the mystery surrounding the origin and nature of the infant.

Until recently the Mossi knew little or nothing of genetics. Even today there are many who regard the child as a mysterious being, issuing from pre-existence in another world--the world of the spirits of the ancestors. Indeed, he could be the incarnation of the soul of an ancestor. The pale color of the skin of the newborn infant and the pallor of the ghost of the ancestor may be related as effect and cause. Should the father recognize in the wrinkled face of the baby a resemblance to a deceased grandparent, he may call the child by the grandparent's name. The mother will be given strict orders to humor the baby, surround him with every attention and frequently recount in his presence the virtues and good deeds of the venerable ancestor.

The woman charged with announcing the birth of a girl says, "We have gained a foreigner." The latter is an allusion to the fact that a girl does not belong to the village of her parents but to the village of her future husband. Custom forbids that a girl be given in marriage to someone from her own village.

Three days after the birth of a boy, and four days after the birth of a girl, the baby will be carried out of the mother's hut by a woman relative and presented to the other people of the village. (The number three, or multiples thereof, is the number Mossi tradition ascribes to boys, and the number four, or multiples thereof, to girls.)

During the period immediately after birth, the child has only very tenuous ties with the world of the living, but he will gradually acquire social identity and be integrated into the human community. The first step in the process is the giving of a name.

Under colonial rule, a law was passed requiring the name of every child to be registered with the civil authorities within eight days of its birth. Prior to that time there was no fixed time for conferring a name. In some villages it was not given until seventy or eighty days had elapsed.

On the appointed day, according to custom, the mother withdraws with her child into her hut. Guests come and offer small gifts: cotton, soap made of karite butter, thread, etc. The oldest female relative announces the name the mother has selected--usually on the advice of a soothsayer or sorcerer. The grandparents will also confer a name on the child. The baby's head may then be shaved to denote his change of state from non-identity to identification with a family. The ceremony concludes with a family meal.

Among the Mossi, the given name is more than an identification tag. It is a message--often cryptic--addressed to the community by the parents of the child. The message may refer to God, *Wende*. For example, God may be called to witness to the innocence of the parents in the face of suspicions or accusations circulated about them. In such a case they may call their child *Benewende*, "the affair is in the hand of God"; *Sidwende*, "the truth is in God"; or *Pabegwende*, "he (the father) has not offended God". A grandparent may name the child *Gyeswende*, "they (the child's parents) have looked to God"; or *Kyelswende*, "they have always listened to God".

The name may be an expression of gratitude or praise to a chief such as *Rimkodo*, "the chief has been good to us", or *Rimbebum*, "the chief is right".

Sometimes the name is a reproach or a self-justification: *Pasukwende*, "he (the one who blamed the parents) has not consulted God"; and *Ziriwaogo*, "many lies" (have been uttered about the parents).

If the parents have consulted a sorcerer and if, after following his advice, their child lives, they may call it *Bugre*, (they consulted) "the sorcerer".

The Mossi regard the visit of a stranger as a good omen. If a foreigner has been received as a guest during the mother's pregnancy, the baby may be named *Sana*, "stranger".

If the child is thought to be animated by the spirit of an ancestor, he may be called *Yewaya*, "he has returned", or *Nikyema*, "the old man".

Infant mortality is very high among the Mossi as it is in most of the other countries of the Third World. The death of a child is regarded not as the result of natural causes but of the action of spirits who are displeased with the parents. It may be that the mother accidentally killed a baby chick during her pregnancy. Since chickens, along with certain other animals and insects, are specially cherished by the spirits, reparation should be made for the fault. Thus, the next child will be called *Noga*, "chicken". If Noga lives, the children who follow will be given names that are variants of the word *Noga*: *Noroaga*, "male chicken", if the baby is a boy; *Nopoko*, "female chicken", if the baby is a girl; *Nobila*, "child of a chicken", etc.

There is a special class of names meant to conceal the identity of the child, devaluate him, or other wise decieve the spirit who may wish to take him back to the spirit world. They are called "empty names" because they are devoid of meaning insofar as the persons bearing them are concerned. Thus, a child may be called *Zalm*, "nothing"; *Kum*, "death"; *Kayuure*, "nameless"; *Sagdo*, "trash"; or *Kugba*, "pebbles".

For the sake of convenience, a name may be chosen to indicate the day the child was born: *Tene*, "Monday"; *Talata*, "Tuesday", etc.; *Filga*, the annual feast of the chief; or *Basga*, the annual feast of the dead.

Mossi who have adopted the Moslem or the Christian religion will naturally give Moslem or Christian names to their offspring, but this does not preclude the addition of "customary" names.

For the Mossi, as for the ancient Hebrews, a personal name has a significance that goes far beyond that of a mere label. It bears the mystery and the meaning of the person himself. To know a person's name is to have power over him. To call a person by name is to use that power, possibly in one's own interest. Therefore, Mossi etiquette discourages the use of the individual name as an appellation. If a person must be singled out in a group, he will be identified with a phrase referring to his activity, his posture, his relationship to another person, etc. Within the family the personal name is used only among equals and familiars or when addressing inferiors--never to elders or superiors. If two members of the family have the same name, no one but the parents may use it.

In the early days of its infancy, every Mossi child, whether boy or girl, is regarded as a stranger on a visit to the family. He may choose to remain or he may choose to return to the spirit world whence he came. In the latter case, he may change his mind afterwards and decide to re-enter the world of men, either through the same mother or through another one. A mother whose first child dies shortly after birth will examine the body of her next baby to see if it bears any marks identifying it with the one who died.

If the child lives long enough to be weaned--usually about two years--he will be considered to have made up his mind to stay with the family and assume official status there. During those first years of trial existence, the family will cater to his whims and caprices for, besides the mysterious creature in their arms who is to be persuaded to stay and the redoubtable spirits of the ancestors to be pleased, there are the *Kinkirsi* to be humored or placated.

The Kinkirsi are tiny, gremlin-like people, partly human and partly spirit, sometimes nasty and sometimes nice. Invisible to grownups, they are occasionally visible to babies. This explains the sudden and apparently unreasonable laughter and tears of infants. The Kinkirsi are particularly fond of little children and very sensitive to the treatment they receive. If the mother irritates the Kinkirsi by her lack of patience with her child, they may cause it to sicken and die.

In some Mossi clans it is customary to have the faces of the children decorated with scars. Although there is no fixed age for the operation, it is usually performed when the child is two or three years old. Among the Africans, scarification was originally intended as a way of distinguishing the members of one ethnic group from another in time of war or migration. Eventually it came to be regarded as an embellishment.

The Mossi scar pattern may vary somewhat, but basically it is composed of three parallel lines drawn on each cheek from the temple to the chin, and another line drawn from the bridge of the nose and perpendicular to the other three lines. The lines are made with a razor and powdered with charcoal dust or potash. Oil is applied to ease the healing process.

During the first years of its life the Mossi child is in constant physical contact with its mother, carried in her arms, on her back or at her breast. His universe is bounded by his mother. Yet, mothers do not make over their children or use baby talk and endearing terms with them. It is bad form for friends and acquaintances to speak affectionately to the baby or pay compliments to the mother on its beauty and charm. Through fear as well as through modesty, mothers are ill at ease when their children are singled out for praise for such remarks may stir the jealousy and incite the appetite of the sorceresses known as soul eaters. The soul eaters are said to have the power to transforms the souls of babies into animals or objects and eat them, causing the death of the body of the child also.

The Mossi attribute health and sickness to the influence of superhuman forces and only indirectly to natural causes. If a child becomes ill, the first person consulted will be the soothsayer for he is supposed to have the power to identify the spirit who is causing the trouble and prescribe the sacrifice that will appease him. He may also reccomend that certain amulets or grisgris be worn by the child to ward off evil spirits and prevent future illness and accident.

In almost every village there is also a healer, (a practitioner of empirical medicine) who has the secret to certain remedies for specific illnesses such as bronchitis or diarrhea, or wounds such as snake bite. He prepares the remedy from medicinal herbs, roots and other ingredients found in nature. Parents may travel a great distance to find the healer reputed to have the secret remedy for their child's particular illness. If the child recovers after the remedy is applied, it will be because the spirits wished to act through the healer's powder or potion or poultice, and not because the medicine itself was a curative. If the child dies, it will be because the spirits decided to recall him to his ancestors, and not because medical science has failed.

If the child has fractured a leg or an arm, he will be taken to the healer whose specialty is setting bones. The Mossi bonesetters are really very efficient and their techniques have been approved by foreign doctors. But when the fracture has healed, the parents will offer a sacrifice in thanksgiving to God, for it is his spirit who worked through the healer.

If there is a dispensary nearby, the parents may take the child there for examination and treatment, but they will also consult the soothsayer and the healer just to be sure. They do not object to having their children vaccinated against the epidemic diseases that have ravaged the country in the past. The spirits can work through vaccinations, too.

Courtesy and politeness are among the most important ingredients in the cement that holds Mossi society together. The first thing the Mossi child learns in the school of experience is good manners. The first rule in the Mossi book of etiquette is to treat others with respect. Toddlers learn to offer their right hand and execute a graceful curtsy when they meet adults. They are circumspect in the presence of their elders, do not speak unless they are spoken to, and then only in a soft voice and very briefly. In the name of modesty and humility, the well-bred girl will not look directly at the person who speaks to her. If she is summoned, she will not answer immediately--that would betray an unbecoming eagerness for attention--but will wait for a second or a third call.

The children know how to say please and thank you, how to accept a gift and how to return a favor. They are quick to apologize and beg pardon if they have offended anyone whether it be a superior, an equal or an inferior. They are thoughtful of the comfort of visitors and will draw up a stool or a chair for them and offer refreshment.

Only the very young take their meals with their parents. The older boys and girls gather in separate groups around a common dish. Politeness requires that each takes his portion in the order of age, beginning with the eldest.

From the outset, the Mossi child sees life as a serious affair with numerous hazards and restrictions, but that does not prevent him from enjoying it. He knows how to play.

Mossi children are fond of group games. Many of these resemble games played by children the world over, from ancient times to the present. There are games in which the players move in a circle, games of pursuit, and various forms of hopskotch, jacks and checkers. Boys love to swim and fish when the rains provide the necessary water.

Toys are few and homemade. Some are functional like the slingshots and bows and arrows the boys use to hunt small game to supplement the family diet. Others are made simply for the joy of making such as miniature huts from millet stalks, carts from wire, or figurines from clay. They make balls from rags and string, drums from calabash shells, and flutes from reeds. For girls there are junior-size mortars and pestles for pounding grain the way mother does. There are also dolls carved from wood or ears of millet or corn. They are carried on the child's back in lieu of a live baby.

The most popular recreation of all, for children as well as for adults, is dancing. At the first beat of the tam-tam or the first clap of hands, little folk, scarcely old enough to stand, respond to the rhythm with their whole body. But dancing is more than a recreation. It is a rite and a celebration. No religious or social function is complete without it. Although certain dances are performed exclusively by the members of closed societies, it is a rare gathering at which the whole community in attendance does not participate in the dancing. In some instances the children take the lead; the whole group, men and women included, move forward behind a solid front of youngsters beating time with the music. In others, the children mingle with the adults dancing in a circle.

There is little dialogue between Mossi parents and their children. Although they make life one long religious experience in the midst of a world in which all things are permeated by the supernatural, they do not give religious instruction to their children. Simply by observing and imitating his father, a boy learns to perform the rites of prayer and sacrifice which will be his duty and privilege to perform later on when he is the head of a family. A girl will learn the religious attitudes and practices befitting a wife and mother by observing and imitating her mother. Parents do not explain actions or beliefs. They merely show what their ancestors did before them. The ancestors had their God-inspired reaons--and that is enough.

Where moral instruction is concerned, it is given by example, supplemented by fables and proverbs. In the evening, when darkness has fallen, (certain tales are never to be told in the daylight), one of the elders will regale the children with gems selected from the treasure of Mossi folklore. In addition to the legends concerning the deeds of the ancestors, there are amusing tales in which scenes from the human comedy are acted out by animals of the bush. Most of these little dramas can be interpreted on two levels of reality. First there is a surface image: a little comedy of animal manners unfolds before our eyes. Then there is the deeper level of reality at which the reflective listener gets insights into human nature, its grandeur and misery. For example, there is the story of "The Hyena and the Two Goats".

> The hyena had been chasing two goats all day. In the evening they arrived at the fork in the road. One goat turned to the right and the other to the left. The hyena could not bear the thought of losing either goat. So he put one forepaw on one road and the other on the other road. Unable to advance in either direction, he howled all night long because he had lost both goats.

What first meets the eye in this fable is the hyena striking a silly pose and making a fool of himself by his greediness. The child easily recognizes a familiar type: the person who wants to grab everything.

Reflecting on the plight of the hyena immobilized at the crossroads, he may also draw the moral that a man cannot pursue two divergent objectives at the same time. "No man can serve two masters".

Although the narrator will usually select his material to amuse and instruct his young audience, he may, on occasion, use a story to correct a member of the group. The characters and situations in the story will be such that the person at whom the lesson is directed cannot fail to recognize himself in the culprit or the fool and be shamed into a reform of manners.

It is significant that folktales and legends are transmitted by grandfathers to grandchildren--not by fathers to children.

Like the oriental cultures built on tradition and the teachings of the ancients, Mossi culture is also a proverb culture. The Mossi will stud their discourse with gems of common sense, wit, and wisdom that have been polished and handed down by the ancestors. It is partly through exercise in the use of proverbs that the children learn to deal in universal ideas and abstractions, even though they never study philosophy.

The proverbs are ordinarily expressed in concrete images such as: "The beard seems to befit the bull, but God gave it to the goat"; "If you want honey, you will have to deal with the bees"; If the thief is stronger than you, offer to carry his sack and walk beside him"; "A good laugh is better than a meal"; "If you haven't gone out of doors, don't promise rain."

Occasionally, abstract terms will be used, as in the following: "Power gets the better of justice"; "What a man does is what happens to him"; "Respect for others is the highest quality of free men."

All the older members of the extended family, as well as the parents, play an important role in the moral education of the children. Seniors are expected to correct their juniors when they are found misbehaving.

The offenses regarded as most reprehensible in children are lying, stealing and quarreling. Sanctions for these misdemeanors may include, besides severe corporal punishment, public ridicule and humiliation. Since lying, stealing and quarreling are offenses against the community, it is only proper that the community should have a part in correcting the offender.

Closely allied to bad behavior is irresponsibility. If a child fails in a task, the sanctions are usually swift and sometimes arbitrary. There is never any question of offering or asking for explanations or excuses. It is taken for granted that nothing is ever asked of a child that is not within his competence. If he fails, the reason must be culpable neglect or inattention. Punishment is usually corporal: a slap, a spanking or the privation of meal. Occasionally it is psychological, such as temporary isolation or exclusion from the family group.

Although only ten percent of the children of Upper Volta can be accommodated in the public schools, every Mossi child is enrolled at birth in the school of experience. Some of it is painful, of course, but much of his education takes the form of imitative play. Centuries before the elaboration of the Montessori Method, Mossi parents were placing their little ones in a total environment nursery school. It was, and still is, located in the zaka and the adjoining fields. There the children learn to observe and interpret the sights and sounds around them, coordinate their movements, handle materials and, above all, adjust to the group.

There is one thing that children do not learn in that home-school: to ask questions and probe into the reasons for things. In fact, they learn not to ask questions but simply observe and conform to custom. Custom, for the Mossi, is sacrosanct and beyond question.

According to custom, girls receive a solid, practical education from their mother in homemaking and gardening. Every mother has a child apprentice in her daughter. First the little one plays at imitating her mother. Soon she is a miniature replica of her, walking with a baby on her back and a basket on her head. At her mother's side she pounds and sifts the grain, builds the fire, stirs the saghbo and makes the sauce. She washes the cooking utensils, sweeps the courtyard, helps with the laundry, spins thread with staff and spindle and looks after her little brothers and sisters. She goes to fetch water at the village well or pond, and to the market to buy or sell provisions.

Observing her mother, she learns how to comport herself in society. The example of her mother's courage, patience, industry and devotion gradually shapes the mentality of the young girl and helps form her character. The self-image she develops is not that of a Cinderella or a household drudge but of a self-confident young lady preparing to take her place in the household of her future husband.

Every Mossi girl knows she is destined for marriage and motherhood. (In most African societies an unmarried woman is an anomaly.) Her marriage is a family affair arranged by the pater familias, just as marriages were arranged in Europe until the last century or two; they still are in some other cultures that are far from being primitive. It is the chief of the village or canton, not the father of the bride-to-be (unless he himself happens to be the chief of the village or canton) who chooses the husband.

Among the Mossi, daughters are given in marriage, not sold for a bride price, as is the custom in most other African societies where fathers engage in a lucrative business, offering their daughters at a price that only the rich can afford. True, the Mossi suitor will offer gifts to his future father-in-law but these are only a token of courtesy and respect, not mediums of exchange.

There is, however, another marriage custom, peculiar to the Mossi, which compromises the future of a girl even before she is born. It is known as the pugh-siure, and refers to the gift of a girl in marriage by a chief who claims the right to her first female child. The practice derives from the antecedent custom in which a father gives a daughter to a chief in payment of a debt, to obtain a favor or in token of gratitude. The chief, in turn, offers the girl to a subordinate for his wife with the understanding that the first girl born of the marriage, the pugh-siure biga, will be given to the chief. A pugh-siure biga may be brought up in her parents' home, but the whole village knows that she is the property of the chief who gave her mother in marriage to her father. It may also happen that the chief will summon her to his concession when she is seven or eight years old and put her in the care of one of his wives who will teach her the manners and skills a girl is supposed to acquire before marriage. When she is old enough, the chief will give her to whom he pleases, possibly to one of his pages or domestics who, after eight or ten years of service without pay, deserves a wife as a reward.

The new marriage laws of the Republic of Upper Volta give girls the freedom to choose their husbands and to refuse to enter into a customary marriage, that is, a marriage arranged by a chief without consulting the wishes of the girl. In practice, the law is not frequently invoked, either because the girl is unaware of her legal rights, or because she knows that if she claimed them, she would create an intolerable situation: the family would be dishonored for failing to observe the customs and might feel obliged to disown her. To be rejected by one's family is the greatest misfortune that can befall a Mossi. It is to cease to be a real person.

Boys enjoys greater freedom than girls in Mossi society. While still very young they engage in activities that take them away from the zaka during the day. Dabas slung over their shoulders, they may accompany their fathers to the fields. More often they will be given full charge of the flock of sheep and goats which they will lead to graze in the untilled land beyond the fields of millet. If the family owns a donkey and cart, it will be the younger boys who drive it, transporting wood, forage, grain or fertilizer as needed.

After the harvest is in, fathers teach their sons the various skills a man is supposed to master in childhood or youth. Boys learn to make various household and personal objects from reeds, fibers, wood and leather. They make bricks and repair or build huts and granaries. They can set up looms and weave.

If a boy belongs to the exclusive caste of blacksmiths, his father will teach him the secrets of metal craft. If he belongs to a family of bards and drummers, he will have to learn to recite from memory the history of his clan and the genealogy of its chiefs.

Formerly, among the Mossi as among most ethnic groups of Black Africa, a boy's passage from childhood to manhood was marked by the symbolic rites of initiation. Although the practice is no longer universal, it is still observed in many villages. The age of the youths who form the initiation class may vary, for initiations are not organized every year. They are held during the dry season after the work in the fields is finished. The candidates are taken from their villages for a period of about thirty days, to be isolated in an improvised camp closed off from view by a wall of mats or branches. No women or children may approach the enclosure. The opening rite is usually circumcision and the imposition of a new, secret name. This name must be used by the participants during the term in camp and subsequently among themselves when no outsiders are present. The head is shaved to signify the passage from one stage of life to another. The candidates are under the direction of a team of older men whose duty it is to put their charges through a rigorous program of physical and moral training. In some respects it reflects the ideals and practices of the Marine Corps boot training sessions. The boys must bear hunger, cold, pain and weariness without complaining. They must work together and help one another in performing difficult tasks. They must learn the secret language which is to be used in the camp and are instructed in the religious, legal and social practices of the clan.

Initiation marks the symbolic death of the youth to the life of a child and his resurrection to the life of a mature person. At the close of the session, this change of life is shown in the new clothes the initiates put on as they leave the camp and return to their village. The occasion is marked by a birthday celebration by the whole community. The Mossi do not celebrate the anniversary of the day of their natural birth. In a culture without a calendar, ages are calculated according to the succession of dry or rainy seasons, or important festivals or events. Little Abibata may be seven rainy seasons old. Her brother, Moussa, may have been born during the Kouré, or funeral celebration, of the last village chief, and his age will be calculated from that. Except on the civil records, ages are often only approximations. But, the Mossi will ask, since no one knows the exact time he will die, why should it be so important to know the exact time he was born.

As a general rule, Mossi children reach psychological and social maturity earlier than their counterparts in Western urbanized cultures. From the time they learn to walk they are made conscious of the fact that they belong to the total community and participate as responsible individuals in the life of the group. Before they are ten or twelve years old they have learned to sacrifice self-interest to the interests of the extended family.

Some elements in the Mossi tradition of child rearing and family solidarity will strike the American as bizarre. Nevertheless, the Mossi child has the advantage of growing up in an ordered and orderly universe. Life is not easy there, but at least he knows his role in it and how to play it. By the time he reaches adolescence he will probably have been critically ill more than once, but he will never had had to suffer through an identity crisis, unless he has been exposed to Western education.

As contacts between Western civilization and the countries in the interior of West Africa become more frequent and penetrate more deeply into the isolated villages in the bush, not even the Mossi children will be spared the painful dilemma of the hyena in pursuit of the two goats.

They will find themselves at the crossroads where they must choose between a closed, stable, group-centered style of life regulated by a rear-view mirror, and an open, shifting one, based on the cult of the individual and racing toward an unimaginable future.

29. Problems in Africain Education: The Example of Upper Volta

The Number I problem of most of the newly independent states of Africa is the education of the masses. The problem is particularly acute in Upper Volta, in West Africa.

This morning I walked the two kilometers of dusty red road that separate the secondary school from the primary school here in Ouahigouya in Upper Volta. The road winds between fields of millet and peanuts. It was about 8 o'clock on a school day and time for children to be in the classroom. School starts early here, around 7:30, to take advantage of the cooler part of the day. However, as I walked along I met a number of children of school age who were plainly neither truants nor tardy scholars. They were among the 90% of Voltan youngsters who are not reached by the thin network of schools the government of Upper Volta and religious groups have been able to stretch across the country.

It is not that Upper Volta minimizes the importance of universal education for its future development. This young republic is one of the few countries that budgets as much as 20% of its national income for education. It is also one of the few countries, if not the only one, that has managed to keep a balanced budget for several years through the application of an austerity program which demands, among other things, that all salaried personnel offer one-fifth of their income as a patriotic gift to the state.

However, only about 5% of the working population of Upper Volta are on salary. The rest are self-employed peasants. This former French colony, though rich in people, is economically very poor. It is the most densely populated, but not overpopulated, country of West Africa. It is also the poorest in natural resources and per capita income of all the countries of the Third World.

All this should not be interpreted as a statement that nine out of every ten children in Upper Volta are ignorant, uncouth, and uneducated. The various ethnic groups in this country--the Mossi, the Gorunsi, the Bobo--had been teaching their children long before the French came and introduced the French school system, patterned exactly after the model that has been producing the proper French bourgeois since Napoleon's day. Every family, every village in Africa was (and still is) a center of learning. To be sure, there were no schoolhouses in which an official program of studies was applied by hired instructors to groups of children classified according to age, sex, aptitude, and achievement. But they anticipated by centuries our newest schools without walls . The classes were composed of small groups as heterogeneous as any large family as regards age, sex, ability, and experience.

The children I met this morning attend the traditional African school. They are instructed and formed in the milieu in which they will be expected to live later as responsible adults: the home, the fields, the village. Their teachers are the older members of the family--parents, brothers, and sisters already practiced in the arts they teach. The school is a vast laboratory where all pupil activity is plainly relevant to the present situation while preparing realistically for the future--a future that can be safely predicted in Upper Volta in these terms: frugal and agricultural.

Among the pupils I observed in this open-air school were two little boys of nursery school and kindergarten age. They were accompanying their mother to a field of dry peanut plants. The plants were ready to be pulled up and stripped of the clusters of tubercules clinging to the roots. Harvesting the nuts would be meaningful play for these youngsters. While improving their muscular coordination they would be learning some of the wonders of plant life. Through participation in a common task they would also be learning the art of living as a member of a group.

Then there was the little girl about six years old who was literally walking in her mother's footsteps. The two were on their way to join other workers harvesting grain in the field of tall millet. The mother was carrying on her head a large hamper in which to put the heavy tassels of grain. The little girl, a miniature replica of the mother, was balancing with considerable grace and evident pride, a large yellow calabash on her head. The golden, hemispherical gourd was filled with drinking water that she would carry to the men and women working in the hot sun. She was participating in an operation that assured acceptance and would make her social adjustment easy and natural. (Incidentally, although the child's mother tongue was Moré, and although she had probably never been inside a classroom where French is taught, when she caught sight of me, an evident stranger, she waved and called out a bright "Bonjour! Bonjour! Ça va? Ça va?")

I also passed two boys, about twelve years of age, guiding a flock of sheep and some frisky goats down the road. Already at an advanced level in their education, these lads had been given an important task that they were expected to carry out without the immediate supervision of their elders. As I passed, they greeted me with the good-natured nonchalance of persons who have a satisfying self-image. There were no signs of adolescent identity crisis here.

None of these children was being taught to read and write or do problems in modern math. Yet, in a sense, each was being educated according to the principles of contemporary life-adjustment programs and the practices of the activity school. The traditional African education is also a progressive education in the sense that the child's learning experiences progress in a logical sequence in harmony with the various stages of total child development.

In the process of growing up in the highly structured rural village community that characterizes the social organization of the Mossi people, the dominant ethnic group of Upper Volta, the children are also instructed in the African equivalent of the humanities. From their elders, and especially from the griot, the village bard and historian, they learn their lineage and the legendary and historical past of their people. Through observation and imitation they learn the code of ethics and the rules of etiquette that govern interpersonal and group relations in their community. A rich treasury of fables, proverbs, and maxims--one of the glories of Mossi culture--provides abundant material for parents to use in teaching their young the secrets of successful living. This wisdom lore emphasizes the importance of common sense and cleverness in support of the moral virtues: prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance. A sense of the divine and the supernatural is nourished in the young through participation in the religious worship of the family and village groups. Although superstition adulterates many of their beliefs and practices, they do have a real theology based on faith in a transcendent God, the creator of the universe.

Like most Africans, the Mossi believe in the immortality of the soul and have great respect for the dead. The mystery and the fact of death are ever present to these people, and they make no attempt to hide them from the children.

African education does not aim at the Deweyan ideal of a child-centered school. It is oriented toward adults and is centered on the group. In the harsh physical environment of Africa, one lives and works with and for others or one perishes. The only way to achieve a modicum of security and happiness there is to function as a social being, not as an isolated individual. African education has always been an education for society, an experience in community living. All that contributes to the physical and moral well-being of the group is highly prized. All that is individualistic and self-centered is rejected.

On the other hand, all that smacks of innovation is also rejected. Fidelity to the traditions and practices of the ancestors is the cornerstone of the African cult of the past, and it is the stumbling block to the development of a culture viable in the present. While recognizing the social values of the traditional education, one cannot fail to see its glaring inadequacies. Learning to conform to ancestral customs in all that touches practical life does not fit youth for a role in society that puts top priority on experimentation and development--and Upper Volta has just taken its place in that society. Voltans who have had contact with the outside world--and there are many--are quick to realize that perpetuation of the past does not guarantee survival in the future. When they examine the problems specific to their country, namely feeding a growing population from the products of a poor soil in an area where water is always lacking, they cannot help but see that the solution to their problem lies in technology and not tradition.

But technology has applied to agriculture demands not only literacy on the part of the farmer, but also some knowledge of applied science, mathematics, and economics. The most efficient way to acquire this knowledge is in schools established for this purpose. The French school system was not designed to train agronomists. With due respect for the French schools that have given and continue to give to Upper Volta more qualified diplomats and statesmen than she can use, it must be said that they do not form youth for rural living any more than the American schools do. On the contrary, these schools tend to breed in the students the almost impossible dream of a white collar job in the kind of city that does not and perhaps never will exist in a country like Upper Volta. So the educated Voltans leave their village for the big cities in Ghana or Ivory Coast. Alas, there they find no employment open to them except jobs calling for unskilled labor.

The imported system of education is draining not only the family farms but the fatherland itself of its greatest asset. educated youth. Perceptive leaders in Upper Volta have been quick to recognize that the flow of young people from the rural areas must be stopped. This must be done not by closing the existing schools but by inventing another kind of school, one that brings into focus the values of rural living and provides the knowledge and training in skills necessary to exploit these values.

Pre-colonial Upper Volta had its own form of education. The French Colonials had theirs. Independent Upper Volta must evolve her own educational system. Since there exists no prototype that meets her specific need, she is trying to do this now through research and experimentation.

Even before independence, while she was still a member of the French Overseas Community, Upper Volta called in a team of experts to make a study of her demographic, social, and economic situation, and submit a plan for offering the most suitable education to the largest number of children within the limits of an extremely modest national budget. The study gave birth to the Cristal-Médar plan, named after the two directors of the study. The C-M plan called for a three-year program of study and work in rural education centers which would enroll boys and girls who for one reason or another had been unable to begin or complete the elementary education offered in the French-type school. It recommended that the instructional staff of the centers be made up largely of teaching assistants formed and supervised by a small core of expert teachers. This would reduce salary costs. Physical facilities would be the simplest and normally supplied by the community where the center would be located.

The Cristol-Médar plan was approved in 1959 and began to be put into effect in 1961, the year after Upper Volta's accession to full autonomy. Within twelve months 183 centers were in operation. During the next five years the number grew to 457, enrolling more than 24,000 boys and girls. The originality of the rural education centers lies in their dual objective: cultivation of the mind and cultivation of the land. Their motto is: "Book and Plow".

For the cultivation of the mind, ten books have been prepared expressly for use in these schools. Five are French language books: two for the first year, covering basic vocabulary and grammar; two for the second year, emphasizing speaking and writing; and one for the third year, with accent on reading for meaning and oral expression. French is taught in these schools because it is the official language of the country and the vehicle of communication with the outside world. Without a working knowledge of French it is practically impossible for a Voltan to advance in any sector beyond his village and the bush. The center of interest in these manuals is always a feature of the student's African environment.

There are three arithmetic books, one for each year. The pupils learn to multiply numbers from zero to a million, to use the metric system, and to solve practical problems in arithmetic. Another textbook gives simple notions of history, geography, and civics, and still another, basic health education. Two manuals of instruction in the girls' centers give instruction in homemaking, with special emphasis on cooking, sewing, and child care. All is within the context of the needs and possibilities of the rural Voltan family.

The guiding principle in the composition of all these texts is that the African student must not be uprooted from his milieu or divorced from his culture, but be made to feel at home in his school.

There was a weakness in the original Cristol-Médar plan that became apparent only after the first two or three years of its operation. It did not make provision for the re-integration of the students into their families and villages after completing the course. Consequently, it often happened that the youth leaving the rural center was unable to apply at home the techniques of farming, gardening, and animal husbandry he had learned at school because of the resistance of the older generation to change. Therefore, in 1966, the original entrance age of 12 years was raised so that at the end of the three year program the graduates would be old enough to exercise some influence in their community.

In addition, those who successfully complete the course are given the option of either returning to their village or joining a cooperative and developing a community farm set aside for their use. Instructors from the centers act as advisors in these cooperatives. Equipment, however, must be solicited from outside sources. Public and private organizations in France, Germany, and Taiwan have made contributions of material and technical assistance.

After two years of experience in a graduate student cooperative, the youth is eligible for a plot of land which he may cultivate for his own profit.

This innovative program of rural education is being watched with interest by other African republics faced with the problem of supplementing European-style schooling with a pattern of education that fits the local African situation.

For the Voltans themselves, however, there is a discouraging factor in this courageous undertaking. Despite the sacrifices they are making to give all their children a chance to go to school for at least three years, the 20% of the national budget earmarked for education can be stretched to reach only 10% of the children of school age. One has only to visit the school building or shelters dignified by that name, speak to the teacher, and examine the instructional material to be convinced that no money is being wasted on educational frills. For the school year of 1969-70, educators had to get along with $.80 allowed per pupil for the purchase of school books and supplies for the year.

Some American observers have been very generous in their praise of the example of courage, honesty, hard work, and frugality that Upper Volta is giving to other developing nations. But when it is a question of doling out the fraction of one percent of our gross national product earmarked for foreign aid and development, this example does not seem to be worth a cent. For want of support from outside, for lack of those extra pounds of thrust at the moment of launching, Upper Volta's modest plan for developing her human resources through education seems doomed never to make the altitude necessary to meet its objective.

One of Upper Volta's leading educators, the internationally respected Joseph KiZerbo, recently posed the critical question in these terms: "Is there no way out for the poor countries except the pill or farm surpluses, products which the rich countries discharge on the poor countries as the case warrants?"

Replying to his own question, Dr. KiZerbo asserts:

> "I believe there is another way. The answer is contained in the parable of the Good Samaritan. 'A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho. He fell among robbers, who stripped him, beat him, and left him for dead.' That man symbolizes the mass of underdeveloped people. They, too, are going down a dangerous road. They are going down, because with reference to the others, they are falling back. They are attacked by ignorance, disease, prejudice, and hunger. They are the countries where all those who live to be over thirty are privileged. They are the countries where starving children with bloated bellies look at you with immense, sad eyes that are in themselves an indictment. These are the anonymous people, anonymous like the man of the parable. Christ does not tell us his name or his social standing. He's just 'a certain man', that is, any man, everyman."

Ki-Zerbo continues,

> "The development of the poor nations in justice, for peace, will be like the gesture of the good Samaritan. It will be a gesture of solidarity, or it will not be at all. It will not be the alms of a few polite words or a superficial touch with the fingertips. It will be a response with the whole being, a gesture as great, as comprehensive as that of a man who lifts up a poor, broken victim. May the rich countries, may the men who live in those countries have the courage to go out of themselves to understand and support the young countries just starting out. If only they would help to free man and his creative genius! How many geniuses are indeed lost in the anonymity of misery. If only they would unchain the Prometheus shackled for so long by drudgery, the slave trade, colonialism, and contemporary apartheid. If only they would help the African man to set out, not on a Faustian quest through the lifeless and frozen spaces of the cosmos, but toward the celebration here on earth with his brother, man, of the wonderful gift of friendship."

Postscript: Just the other day, November 19, 1969, the Minister of Finance of Upper Volta presented the budget for 1970 to the National Assembly. It was another austerity budget, made more austere than ever this year because of the recent devaluation of the franc. These are his concluding remarks to the assembly and the nation:

> "The very limited means at the disposal of the Minister of Finance reflect the total effort and potential of the whole nation. In the final analysis, the solution of our financial problem will not be a matter of either miracles or of luck. We must convince ourselves once and for all that the solution can be found only among ourselves. For now when most of the nations of the world, even the rich ones, have their own economic problems, the day of the handout is over. The only possible outside sources of help are the aid for development programs, but here again we are the helpless witnesses to a distressing decline in funds alloted to this purpose. The only means we can count on now are those that we ourselves must muster: our own labor, our discipline, our courage, our sacrifices, and our sense of national responsibility."

From this statement it appears that the Voltans, after ten years of membership in the world community of nations, have ceased to look for, or hope for, a good Samaritan. In education, as in most other areas of their national development, they have taken the only decision open to them, namely, to try to be the first to succeed in the impossible task of lifting themselves by their own frayed bootstraps.

30. Problems in African Education Sequel

Our 1969 study of the Voltan experiment in rural education noted that in 1966 the original entrance age of 12 years was raised to 15 so that at the end of the three-year program the graduates would be old enough to exercise some influence in the village community.

The report went on to say that those who successfully complete the course are given the option of returning to their village or forming a cooperative and working a community farm set aside for their use. After two years of experience in a graduate-student cooperative, the youths would be eligible for a plot of land to cultivate for their own individual account.

Inquiries made during the year 1969-1970 revealed that the cooperatives failed to gain acceptance. Theoretically they were ideal, but they proved to be inapplicable. Why? The society in which the cooperative was to function rejected the newfangled operation. It was largely a question of semantics. Cooperative was a word and an institution invented by the white foreigners. Like other innovations foisted on the Voltans by the colonials in the past, this one was probably meant to exploit the black man for the benefit of the white man. Instead of bridging the gap between rural education and the village community, the postgraduate cooperatives tended to widen it.

In 1970, Lédéa Bernard Ouédraogo, administrator of the Rural Education Centers of the Yatenga Province, devised a new approach to the problem. The innovation consisted in respecting local tradition and language. A native of the region, well versed in the customs of his people yet convinced of the value of the new cooperatives, Lédéa Ouédraogo undertook a one-man crusade in their favor. He adapted the technique of the soft-sell to his product: postgraduate cooperation.

He chose his words carefully. Instead of introducing a new institution with a new name, he proposed to revive the ancient, popular institution of the Nam. Formerly, each year at planting and harvesting time, the youth of Mossi villages would organize themselves into a kind of volunteer work force. They would elect their own officers and overseers who would arrange for them to serve in the fields wherever needed. After the harvest was in they would organize a huge celebration for the whole village. With the steady migration of farm youth to Ghana and Ivory Coast in search of salaried jobs, the Nam died out in most villages.

The account of how Lédéa Ouédraogo goes about the business of selling the Nam-Cooperative to the villagers sheds light on the native culture, and so we give it here in brief.

In village "X" the Rural Education Center is about to graduate a class. (This happens every three years.) The administrator of the Rural Education Centers of the sector arrives in the evening. Stopping at the yiri of the farmer who lives nearest the center, he asks hospitality for the night. After the evening meal, which he takes with his host and the other men of the family, the administrator tunes in his transistor radio. This attracts the other men of the village. After the program is finished, the visitor entertains the group with fables, proverbs and anecdotes--all in keeping with the African tradition of the soirée. His hosts remain silent for the most part. But the next day dialogue comes easily. The stranger has made himself acceptable by his manner and attitude.

The narratives and axioms of the evening before had been chosen with a view of awakening the audience to their own problems: soil erosion, drought, fluctuating prices, unemployment and underemployment, distrust of government officials, lack of means of employment during the dry season, the exodus of youth...

Once the villagers themselves have identified their problems, the visitor guides them toward possible solutions to these problems. He brings to their attention certain facts that might prove enlightening. For example, the Yatenga Naba is using ox-drawn plows in his fields with good results. He has planted an orchard of mangos and manages to cultivate a vegetable garden during the dry season...

Finally, he suggests that it might be wise to encourage the graduating students to organize a Nam and use the new methods just discussed on a trial basis, of course, just to see whether or not it would be worth their while to change.

The men agree. At this juncture, the administrator resorts to the accepted mode of persuasion, narrating pointed anecdotes and citing ancient proverbs and maxims handed down by the ancestors. These advise patience, tolerance and generosity in the attribution of land to people who wish to work.

Once the youths have organized a Nam and have obtained land for their experiemental farm, they set about involving some of the most respected elders of the village in their association. They invite two of them to be honorary presidents. They usually select war veterans because the anciens combattants have been abroad and and seen the world and are more open to change. The support of the parents is indispensable too. Therefore, parents of the graduates are elected as honorary members.

The new Nams differ from the old in several respects. The traditional Nam is a temporary association to perform the work of a single season. Lédéa Ouédraogo's adaptation of it is meant to be permanent. The original group remains together, taking on more and more the form and eventually the name of a true cooperative with its various ramifications: farming, marketing, consumer credit, etc.

The traditional *Nam* does not have adult members. The new *Nam* could not function properly without them.

The traditional *Nam* includes girls as well as boys. The new *Nam* does not, unless it be through marriage. However, in connection with every Rural Center for boys, Lédéa Ouédraogo insists on having one set up for girls, "separate but equal". Like the three-year cycle of the boys, that of the girls includes basic education in French and arithmetic and some experience in gardening. In addition there is instruction in child care, cooking and sewing. By the time a girl has completed the course she is ready for marriage, ideally to a member of a *Nam*.

Asked his opinion of the new *Nam*, the grandfather of one of the youths remarked, "We support the *Nam* of these former students for three reasons: we have full confiance in the honorary presidents; we want these young men to stay in the village; all of us have participated in a *Nam* when we were young as did our ancestors before us. They (the ancestors) understand. I ask them to aid this *Nam*."

After several interviews with M. Ouédraogo, I visited four villages in the Yatenga bush where rural centers under his direction are located. The visits were unannounced, but in each case I was graciously received by the *animateur* of the center. The *animateur* is the classroom instructor and director of all the farming activities of the boys during the three-year cycle of study and work and continues to serve as consultant and adviser to the *Nam*. In each village the *animateur* introduced me to the class in session at the center and to the members of the *Nam*. The latter were engaged in various self-initiated activities in groups of two or more. I was also presented to the honorary presidents of the *Nams* while the villagers looked on. In each case it was evident that all concerned were favorably disposed to what was going on in their village at the center and in the *Nam*.

The officers of each group brought out their record books for my inspection. There was a roster of all the members, active and honorary; a record of all the group's activities since its inception; a record of income and expenses; and an inventory of the material belonging to the group. The youths had learned the principles of business management as part of their education in the three R's during their three years at the center.

I was shown some works in progress: irrigated gardening during the dry season; the construction of a co-op store; transportation service by donkey cart available to the villagers; lessons in scientific farming by correspondance...

Each group also organizes sports events for the entertainment of the village. Two *Nams* have formed theatrical groups that present original farces and comedies for the amusement and instruction of the rural community. The theme of the play is usually a foible or a popular superstition or custom that impedes the introduction of better farming methods.

Each Nam sponsors a village festival at the end of the harvest. This is without doubt the single most effective means to assure the parents that the new association is in line with village traditions.

In the spring of 1971, a speech made by Lédéa Ouédraogo in the capital attracted the favorable attention of the U.S. Embassy in Ouagadougou. As a result, U.S. funds were allocated for the purchase of equipment to help the new Nams get started on their projects.

The following slides give some idea of what I saw on my visits to the rural centers and the graduates' Nams, also at the official presentation of the U.S. gift of equipment to M. Ouédraogo and his Nams.

Slides

1. A new class at the rural center at Tamounnouma.
2. Two scholars with the signs of their profession, bookbag and daba, outside the school at Toulfé.
3. At attention for the visitor.
4. Minds at work.
5. French is taught with visual aids.
6. A reading lesson at the blackboard, dated January 27, 1971. Today we are learning to sound words containing combinations of a consonant plus "r". The combinations are printed in red.
7. Handicraft. Weaving baskets and mats with raffia.
8. Showing off the latest acquisition in modern farm equipment, a donkey and cart.
9. Showing how to plow furrows with a donkey-drawn plow.
10. Learning to break in an ox for plowing.
11. A girls school near the boys school at Ninigui.
12. Reading class. Today's lesson is about La Ville, (The City). Not a Western metropolis but an African town with its wonders: streets, brick buildings more than one floor high, a post office, city hall and covered market.
13. Monsieur Lédéa Ouédraogo, administrator of the Rural Education System of Yatenga Province, which comprises the northern part of Upper Volta. Getting in his truck to visit a school and a Nam in the bush.

14. Members of the Nam at Ninigui pose with their honorary presidents.

15. Members of the Nam at Tamounnouma go over a lesson of their correspondence course.

16. The lesson is on the structure of plants.

17. Breaking ground for a co-op store at Sissamba.

18. The vegetable garden of the Nam. Older farmers are beginning to follow suit.

19. The Nam's notebook showing the list of the members and the officers: president, secretary and treasurer.

All the members have the same family name: Ouédraogo. All the given names are Moslem.

At right, the calendar of work:

July 1, 1969	planting
July 14, ...	hoeing
July 30, ...	fertilizing
August 18, ...	weeding
October 29, ...	harvesting

The members of the Nam cultivate with the family in the family field six days of the week. The seventh, usually a Friday, the traditional day of rest among the Mossi, the boys are free to work in their own field. In this case, it is a field of peanuts. The area is indicated in the drawing.

20. The schedule of the rural center for January 23, 1971. The day begins with work in the garden. There follow periods of fifteen to thirty minutes devoted to reading, writing and arithmetic. The center of interest in the reading lesson is the garden and the vegetables grown on it.

21. First page of the journal of the Nam of Tamounnouma. Freely translated:

> "The pupils of the class of '64 yielded their place to their younger brothers, 15 years old. They grouped to form a farm 'action group'. Held a meeting of parents and pupils at the home of the canton chief. Obtained his permission. Officials from the towns of Tougou and Gourcy came to talk to the parents and students. Requested a piece of land and the permission of the parents to free the boys to work. Request granted. The farmers are satisfied and assure their cooperation. One week later the authorities mark off the land for the experiment."

22. Account of business transactions. Noted here are the sale of cotton, purchase of a box of chalk and 4 kerosene lamps. Amount borrowed for purchase of fertilizer is repaid. Sum of 5,000 CFA (about $19.00) divided equally among the members to buy pants and purchase of clothes for newborn baby of a married member.

23. Another record of sales and purchases. Note that 730 CFA (about $2.70) were spent to put on a play. Other disbursements are for seed and articles for harnessing the ox, including a rope. The sale of the year's crop of peanuts netted 9,550 CFA (about $31.70).

24. The account of the planting and harvesting of cotton (the principal cash crop) for the year 1970 closes with the word written in red, Sécheresse, (drought). This was the second of three successive years of drought.

25. At the harvest festival organized by the Nam there is saghbo for all.

26. And dolo. This beverage made from fermented millet is prepared in two strengths, one for grownups and one for children.

27. Toward sunset there are feats of horsemanship...

28. and dancing that continues far, far into the night.

Help comes for the Nams of Yatenga from the U.S. Embassy. In May 1971, the U.S. Embassy made a gift of materials for farming to M. Ouédraogo's budding cooperative.

Slides

29. The V.I.P.s of Yatenga listen as the U. S. Ambassador to Upper Volta, William Schaufele, makes the presentation speech.

30. Included in the gift are plows and donkey carts...

31. buckets, and sprinkling cans, fertilizer (in sacks) and soap (in boxes).

32. Donkeys (Just one donkey, as a sample, was brought to the meeting.)

33. A sample pair of oxen is also on display.

34. Members of the Nams of a half-dozen villages come to show their appreciation.

35. A month later, as the rainy season approaches, the material is put to good use.

One cannot help reflecting on the value to mankind of this gift, representing an outlay of a few thousand dollars as compared to the billions of dollars worth of war materials sold to other poor countries under the guise of Foreign Aid.

Supplement A

Several years ago West Germany set up a pilot project at Kongoussi, an experimental farm and training school to prepare agronomists who will later act as advisers and instructors in rural areas. The Germans financed the building and equipment of the training center and provided technicians who worked with the African students and instructors until they were able to take over full direction of the project in 1971.

Slides

36. The center for advanced training in agriculture at Kongoussi. The students board at the center where they learn to live cooperatively and manage their own work and leisure.

37. Insecticides and sprayers were originally provided by the German government. Now the farm pays its own way.

38. Plowing and planting in parallel rows is an innovation in Africa.

39. Inspecting the tomato plants. Water is supplied from an earthwork dam.

40. The schedule of work tells at a glance who is responsible for what, where, and when.

Supplement B

A Five-Minute Drama Out of Real Life
Ouahigouya, June 1971

41 The veteran, absorbed in the traditional digging and planting routine, hole after hole.

42. In the adjoining field kids with a newfangled plow and buffalo.

43,44. Confrontation and dialogue.

45. Conversion. The man who is leading the oxen is unfortunately hidden from view. It is the old farmer.

Supplementary Unit I
Quelques animaux de Haute Volta

Partout où il y a des hommes, il y a des animaux. L'animal que les Mossi estiment le plus, c'est le cheval. Le cheval figure dans l'histoire de leur nation. Leur cavalerie était invincible. Même aujourd'hui, chaque chef a son cheval.

Slides

1. Voici le cheval blanc de l'Empereur, le Yatenga Naba.
2. Le Yatenga Naba à cheval.
3. On voit ici des chefs à cheval qui attendent l'Empereur devant son palais à Ouahigouya.
4. Des cavaliers exécutent des "fantasias" difficiles.
5. Voici un chef de canton monté à cheval.
6. Un jockey Mossi.

7, 8. Une course de chevaux.

9. Pour les enfants il y a de petits ânes gris.
10. Certain marchands qui viennent du Sahara préfèrent le dromadaire majestueux.
11. Il nous regarde d'un air hautain.
12. Mais il obéit à son maître.

Il resteencore des lions en Haute-Volta, mais ils deviennent de plus en plus rares. Je n'ai pas vu de lions, mais j'ai vu ce qu'on utilise pour attraper des lions.

13. Un filet à lions
14. Une fosse à lions.

Les blancs tuent les lions avec des fusils. Les noirs font la chasse aux lions avec des lances.

Maintenant nous allons voir d'autres animaux, reptiles et oiseaux.

15. Le petit singe rouge.

16. Un garçon lui donne à manger.

17. Des crocodiles.

18. On peut les tenir par la queue, mais pas par les mâchoires, si on est prudent.

19. Les garçons aiment chasser les lièvres avec des bâtons. Voici un groupe de jeunes chasseurs.

20. Le chef de la bande et le butin.

21. Voici un visiteur dans ma chambre, un lézard.

22. Un petit serpent boa.

23. Un perroquet vert.

24. Des corbeaux noirs et blancs.

25. Des pique boeufs blancs.

Plus loin, vers le sud du pays, on trouve des éléphants et des rhinocéros. Plus au nord, on trouve des gazelles et des antilopes. Au sud-ouest il y a des hippopotames. Un peu partout il y a des hyènes.

Supplementary Unit II
Dance and Music in Upper Volta

Rhythm is the real catalyst of the collective soul of the African village. Dancing is the favorite technique of participation. Everyone dances--men, women and children--tottering oldsters and toddling youngsters. Infants on their mothers' backs sway to the rhythm.

All happenings, whether happy or sad, and no happenings at all, are reasons for dancing.

Each ethnic group has its own characteristic dances. The dances of the Mossi are formal and restrained in comparison with those of most other Africans, but they are less formal and more restrained than the classic or modern ballet we know.

Men and women usually dance in separate groups. The most common dance routine of the men consists in swinging the bust from left to right and from right to left in time with the beat, with the upper arms held close to the body. With small sliding steps, they move forward or in a circle.

The girls and women usually dance in a circle, taking turns, two by two, at executing a kind of *pas de deux* in the center of the ring.

Some villages have fraternities of professional dancers who have developed more complicated dance figures, some of them very symbolic. The dances usually start with very slow movements, accelerating gradually with the beat until they reach the pitch of a kind of ecstatic frenzy.

The slides on the dance are divided into four groups:

A. recreational dancing of children and high school girls
B. dancing at the funeral celebration of an important chief
C. dancing at a village festival
D. a ritual dance at the village of Goni at the time of the death of the chief of the dancers.

The statements accompanying the slides are in simple French for school children.

The unit concludes with a short series of slides (E) showing popular musical instruments. It is accompanied by a tape-recorded sampling of Voltan instrumental music and "talking drums".

La Danse et la musique en Afrique

On admire beaucoup la musique et la danse des Africains. Le jazz et le rock s'inspirent de leurs rhythmes.

Les africains aiment beaucoup danser. Ils ont du rhythme dans le sang. Toutes les joies sont prétexte pour danser. Faute de tambour ils frappent dans les mains. Même les petits enfants savent battre le rythme et danser comme les grandes personnes.

Certains danseurs portent des masques. Les masques sont des oeuvres d'art. Ils sont taillés en bois ou fabriqués de cauris. L'art des sculpteurs africains a inspiré des artistes modernes comme Picasso et ses imitateurs.

Actuellement, plusieurs troupes de danseurs africains font le tour des grands théâtres de l'Europe et des Etats-Unis où leur art est très apprécié.

Diapositives

A. 1. Pour créer le rythme, il faut frapper dans les mains quand il n'y a pas de tambour.

2. Les petites filles répondent au rythme.

3. Maintenant on exécute une ronde sous l'oeil amusé du petit frère.

4. Tout est prétexte pour danser. Même en allant au travail cette jeune fille claque les doigts et marque le rythme avec ses pieds.

5. Les grandes jeunes filles dansent. Faute de tambour, elles frappent dans les mains ou font claquer les doigts.

6. A tour de rôle elles dansent deux par deux.

7. Ici, on saute.

8, 9. C'est fête au collège de filles. Les collégiennes s'amusent en dansant et frappant dans les mains.

10,11. Quelques phases de la danse.

12-16. Aujourd'hui c'est jeudi. On est libre. Voici deux collégiennes qui improvisent une danse.

B.

Aujourd'hui on fête les funerailles d'un grand chef. Il était très vieux et très respecté. Tout le monde danse, bien sûr, parce qu'il a bien réussi sa vie.

1, 2. Voici les musiciens officiels.

3, 3a Le danseur tient des kiemfus.

4. Les spectateurs chantent et frappent dans les mains.

5. Les jeunes gens dansent, serrés les uns contre les autres.

6. Les jeunes filles font la même chose.

7. Toutes ces jeunes filles portent des costumes pareils. Remarquez le tambour.

8. Ces garçons portent également des costumes pareils.

9. Tout le monde peut entrer dans la danse...

10. même les mamans et leurs petits bébés.

11. On danse jusqu'a la nuit tombée.

C.

C'est aujourd'hui fête au village.

1. Ça commence avec les tamtams.

2. Puis des danseurs arrivent en costume traditionnel. Ceux-ci sont de la ville de Koudougou.

3. Ils dansent en ronde. Tenant des queues de zébu à la main, ils les agitent selon le rythme.

4. Ces hommes aux chapeaux pointus sont des flutistes qui accompagnent les tambourins.

5. Aux chevilles on remarque des anneaux de peau de singe.

6, 7. D'autres danseurs arrivent des villages d'alentours.

8, 9, 10. Chaque groupe porte un costume particulier. Ici on voit des danseurs Yarsé dont le costume est décoré de cauris et de queues de zébu.

11, 12. Il y a même des masques qui viennent participer à la fête.

13. Certains masques sont décorés de plumes exotiques.

D.

Ici on assiste à une danse rituelle dans le village de Goni à l'occasion de la mort du chef des danseurs sacrés.

1. Le premier danseur avance, puis il se couche par terre comme s'il était mort, comme son maître.

2, 3. Au signal de la flute, il se lève et exécute des pas.

4. Ce masque représente un zébu. Puisque le mort était vieux ce danseur porte deux bâtons comme font les vieillards.

5. Le masque dialogue avec les musiciens. Le tambour et la flûte lui disent les pas à exécuter.

6. Le danseur virevolte et plusieurs jeunes gens se joignent à lui.

7. Enfin, il se recouche par terre comme au commencement.

8. Mais la musique continue. Un autre masque sort et la danse reprend.

Hélas! le soleil se couche. Il commence à faire noir. Plus de photos.

E. Musical Instruments.

1. A Puehl shepherd boy plays the flute while the cattle graze nearby.

2. Three Mossi youngsters make up the village combo. A fourth is freeloading on the back of one of them. (Only his feet are visible.)

3, 4. The favorite instrument of the Bobo (another important ethnic group in Upper Volta) is the balafon. It is a kind of xylophone made of gourds. A special resonance is achieved by covering a small hole in each gourd with a film made of spider webbing. The little square white patches of film are visible on the photo.

5. In the shade of the zandé a group of men and boys listen to the talking drum.

6. The village bards with the one-stringed violin with which they accompany the recitation of the names and deeds of the ancestors.

7. The kiemfus strike a sharp metallic contrast to the beat of the drums and tamtams.

8. The lovely flute is one of the few melodic instruments used by the Mossi.

9, 10. "In with the drums" means "on with the dance".

Supplementary Unit III
Faut-il mécaniser? Le tisserand face à "Voltex"

The rich countries keep telling the poor countries that the only way to progress, i.e., to wealth, is to mechanize their production and industrialize their nation. In some countries of the Third World efforts at industrialization have met with success, but the introduction of technology has usually created more problems than it solved.

Data for comparing the advantages and disadvantages of mechanizing a traditional household craft in Upper Volta is offered in this series of slides. They show, one after the other, the ancient and modern method of making cloth.

In 1971 the first textile factory in Upper Volta was opened with fanfare. Built by French technicians, it is equipped with the finest in electronically controlled machinery. The machines can turn out more than 800 tons of cloth a year with the help of a handful of men. But manpower is the one commodity that Upper Volta has plenty of. It has a huge labor force looking for work.

In the series that follows, we see all the steps in the making of cloth in the traditional manner, from the harvesting of the cotton grown in the family field to the sewing of a garment by the father of the family.

Then we make a tour of the new factory, Voltex, at Koudougou, which has become the industrial center of Upper Volta.

Diapositives

1. La récolte du coton.

2. On carde le coton.

3. La petite Abibata file le coton.

4, 5. On tend le fil autour des piquets.

6. Les fils sont rassemblés.

7. Le tisserand est assis devant son métier. Il tisse. A droite on voit la bande tissée.

8. Une fois terminées, les bandes sont vendues au marché.

9. Ici, on prépare la teinture. On creuse un trou et y verse la teinture.

10. Des morceaux de tissu teints en bleu foncé (bleu marine).

11. Le tailleur coud un boubou.

12. Le petit garçon porte un boubou confectionné par son papa.

13. Deux petits enfants, frère et soeur, portent des boubous confectionnés par leur papa.

14. Un homme, habillé en boubou traditionnel, se promène avec son transistor ultra-moderne.

. . . .

15. Au loin, quelques bâtiments des usines Voltex.

16. Le coton arrive par le train.

17. Des balles de coton.

18. Lavage et séchage du coton; ensuite il est enroulé. Tout est mécanisé.

19. A droite, cardage du coton. A gauche, assemblage des fils.

20. Un ensemble de fils trés fins, trés fragiles.

21. Les fils sont enroulés sur des bobines.

22. Ils sont mis en écheveaux.

23. Ces écheveaux-ci sont teints--ici, en rouge.

24. Tissage mécanique d'une bande très large.

25. Tissage d'une bande de plusieurs couleurs.

26. Stockage... Ce sont des couvertures.

Dans les diapositives suivantes on assiste à l'opération de l'impression des dessins sur le tissu.

27. Les gros containers de teinture.

28. Les rouleaux pour imprimer le tissu.

29. Le tissu imprimé sort des rouleaux. Ici on voit le dessin: un soleil.

30. Un autre dessin.

31. L'éléphant est le symbole d'un parti politique de Haute Volta. A ce moment la campagne électorale battait son plein.

32. Voici une femme et une petite fille "politisées."

33. De beaux tissus sortis de l'usine Voltex.

34. Compromis! Madame est habillée en tissu Voltex. Ses deux fils sont habillés en tissu Mossi.

Supplementary Unit IV
Traditional Arts and Crafts in Upper Volta

By tradition the Mossi is not only a peasant, he is also a craftsman. We have already seen his skill at weaving cloth from homespun thread (Unit 16). He also works with other media he finds in his own environment: raffia, reeds, leather, wood and metals. He is not an "art for art's sake"-ist. Whatever he makes is meant to be used, but almost everything he makes incorporates symbolic elements, in form or design, from the form given a silver bracelet to the pattern burnt into a simple calabash shell.

Slides (1) and (2) show examples of designs burnt into the inner and outer surface of a pair of calabash ladles offered as a gift. The tracings on the one suggests sky forms: rain clouds, sun, moon and stars. The tracings on the other suggest vegetation springing from the soil. According to tradition one never keeps in one's possession or offers to anothe the two halves of a single calabash shell. Note that the pair offered here are not identical in size.

Slide (3): a silver bracelet. The serpent is the totem of some African families. In almost all ethnic groups some types of serpents are regarded as sacred or endowed with preternatural powers.

Fiber and Reed Weaving
(Numbers in parentheses refer to slides.)

The Voltans weave household items from plant fibers and reeds such as lids to cover bowls and jars (4) (4a); baskets for carrying produce (5); mats to sit or lie on (6); screens in lieu of doors (7); hats for their heads (8) (9); and last and most important, roofs for their huts (10, 11, and 12).

Every detail in the construction of the roof is symbolic and dictated by tradition. The framework is made of twelve, thirteen or fourteen poles bound together to form a cone and attached to five hoops made from the flexible branches of a bush called the kouyenga. If the roof is for a married man's hut it will have thirteen poles radiating from the center--ten to represent the unity of the couple (the number ten has the same properties as the number one), and three to represent the male. (In Mossi culture, three is the symbol of the male and four the symbol of the female.) If the roof is for a bachelor's hut, it will have only twelve, or ten + two, for a male is regarded as an incomplete man until he is married.

The roof covering is made of several layers of different kinds of grasses woven in a circular form. They are superimposed, one on the other, in a receding, concentric pattern and attached to the supports with fiber cord. The cone is topped with a "hat" of three concentric rings of wood held in place by three pairs of sticks that are crossed inside the roof and project on the outside. A cluster of dry twigs is set in the top to form the roof's "bouquet". When the roof is finished it is raised on the circular walls of the hut by a group of men.

Every Mossi village has a leather craftsman. He makes the naba's soft high riding boots (13) and the saddle and harness for his mount (14, 15). The ornamentation consists of tooling and interlaced strips of red, white and black leather. He also decorates the emperor's sceptre (16). Here we see the Emperor of Yatenga, Naba Kom, with his sceptre encased in leather and decorated with cowrie shells. The leather craftsman also makes ornamental sheaths and scabbards (17) and quivers (18) for the tools and weapons of his neighbors. He also makes handbags for their wives (19, 20).

The Puehls, who herd cattle in Mossi territory, are also expert leather workers. The Puehl cowboys wear leather ponchos decorated with symbolic designs painted on in black (21).

Although Mossi women do not do work with leather, the Puehl women do. They decorate leather cushions and saddle pads with exquisite designs cut into the leather and accented with colored ink (22).

Wood Carving

West African artisans are famous for their wood carving and metal work. Most of their woodcarvings are stylized human figures--usually women--such as this fetish (23), this little doll which also serves as a fertility fetish (24), this ladle (25) and this baton (26). But some forms are inspired by animals like this hybrid beast which was, according to the artist, surprised by a noise behind him in the bush. All the lines and volumes in this figure signify strength, energy and stress (27, 28).

Abstract forms are sometimes seen in the carved posts that are set at the door of a hut and serve as a shrine for offerings to the spirits of the ancestors. The two examples seen here (29) are in the National Museum at Ouagadougou.

The most significant art form, however, is the wood-carved ritual mask. Carl Einstein, in the first book written on African sculpture, Negerplastik (published in 1915) wrote that the work of the black sculptors has an originality and a quality that might serve as a model and inspiration for Western sculptors. The latter, he maintained, have been too much influenced by painting, whereas the African sculptor is concerned with volume, the proper concern of the artist working in a three dimensional medium. As a matter of fact, African sculptors has not only gained the admiration of Western scuptors and been imitated by some of them, it has also influenced the style of such Western painters as Picasso, Matisse, Klee, and Modigliani.

Denise Paulme, curator of art at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, insists on the importance of the religious factor in all the esthetic activities of the African. "To judge a mask or a statue from this part of the world," she writes, "by contemporary Western esthetic standards only, while ignoring the religious purpose of the artist, would be just as absurd as trying to study medieval sculpture without reference to Christianity." (Les Sculptures de l'Afrique Noire, Presses Universitaires, Paris 1956).

One can distinguish two kinds of masks: sacred masks and dancers' masks. The sacred masks belong to the treasury of sacred objects of the village or province. Along with the fetishes and other sacred objects belonging to the villages, they are kept in a special hut reserved for them and placed under the special care of an official. An old, highly respected woman is given the duty and privilege of waxing them everyday and keeping them in good condition. They are taken out for religious ceremonies, such as the feast of the dead, the harvest feast, and at the time of prayer for rain.

The dancers masks are kept by the dancers themselves. They are worn with a costume, usually of long vegetable fibers dyed in various colors and hanging in rows of fringe that completely cover the body. Some of the masks are meant to strike terror in the beholder. Others are meant to amuse.

Anyone who has the talent may sculpt a mask. But whoever does so must work in secret--usually withdrawing into a sacred wood during the whole period he is working on the mask. When it is finished the artist comes out of seclusion and presents the mask to the earth chief or the Naba and, according to custom, receives a young girl as a wife in reward for his work.

It is said that when a Mossi wishes to sculpt a female figure he takes a long look at one of the girls of the village and then goes into retreat to carve her likeness. When the statue is complete he brings it to the village. Soon after, the girl whose soul the statue embodies will die.

Various elements may enter into the design of a mask. In addition to the human, there are animal features, especially animals that signify power and agility such as the bull and the antelope. Simplification of design and exaggeration of certain features characterize the masks. Some feature a juxtaposition of symbolic colors and shapes. Others consist of a highly stylized human head surmounted by a slender crest that may rise to a height of five to six feet. Some are meant to evoke the memory of an ancestor. Some are meant to protect the wearer from harmful magic. Others are supposed to endow him with magical powers to harm his enemies, and still others are supposed to give the wearer the power to predict the future.

Since African traditions are disappearing rapidly and traditional art with them, some connoisseurs are making a special effort to preserve examples of it. Today in museums in Europe and the United States, one can find, encased in glass, African ritual masks meant to be seen only in a special ambience impossible to duplicate in four walls.

Denise Paulme, who mounted with consummate taste and great care the fine collection of masks at the Musée de l'Homme in Paris, is the first to admit that:

> "anyone who has witnessed a big African celebration will be ill at ease when he sees a brother of the fabulous images, that cannot be known apart from the rhythm of the drums, the voices of the crowd, a certain amount of heat, dust and light and, above all, the unforgettable odors. Its original meaning has disappeared. Inert, immobile, the sculpture is now only a work of art. But at least its survival is assured: the museum will preserve the evidence of an esthetic form, all trace of which would soon be lost because in their original milieu masks have only an ephemeral existence." (Les Sculptures de l'Afrique Noire.)

"Ephemeral", because the wood quickly deteriorates in the tropical climate and in an environment where the termite is king.

Slides

30,31. Two masks of Mossi ancestresses. The female figures are mounted on a base combining stylized antelope horns and a human head.

32-34 A masked dancer performing at the funeral of the chief of the dancers in a Goni village. The mask is a beautifully stylized version of a bull's head.

35, 36. Another Goni dancer participating in the same ritual dance. He wears a mask representing a hyena.

37. This is a double antelope mask.

38. A stylized human head is surmounted by a highly stylized triple figure.

39. The figure of a woman rises from a polychrome base featuring symbolic triangles.

40. An antelope bears a crest with symbolic geometric designs.

41. A mask featuring the angular representation of a figure with arms and legs outstretched, characteristic of the Dogon people, neighbors of the Mossi.

42. A mask combining the horns of an antelope with the beak of a bird.

43. Another mask combining features of bird and beast and decorated with a strong geometric design.

Brass Casting by the Lost Wax Method

Brass casting by the cire perdue, or lost wax, method had been practiced for a long time in West Africa before the coming of Europeans. Voltan craftsmen still produce very interesting figurines by this process.

On several different occasions, in several different places, I was able to watch and photograph artisans at work on different stages of the brass casting operation. By the end of my two-year stay I was able to put together a set of slides showing each of the steps.

Slides

44. The artisan fashions figures from beeswax. They usually represent the villagers in their daily activities.

45. The wax model of a Mossi chief on horseback.

46. The figurines range in height from two inches to nine inches. This craftsman is showing two of the larger models.

47. An apprentice grinds together a mixture of clay and horse dung to make the material for the mold.

48. The wax model--in this case the chief on horseback--is cloaked in a layer of the clay and horse dung mixture. A piece of hollow bamboo is inserted through the clay mold to keep a passage open through which the wax of the model will eventually flow out.

49. The molds are dried in the sun.

50. Then they are laid on a slow fire or hot coals.

51,52. The wax from the smaller molds is "lost" by being absorbed in the porous mold.

53. The residue of wax in the larger molds is poured off through the hole made by the piece of bamboo and will be used again.

54. Now the artisan melts bits of brass castings.

55. A young apprentice works the bellows and brings the fire to an intense heat.

56. A drop of the molten metal falls on the incandescent charcoal and creates a momentary flare of fireworks.

57. The craftsman carefully withdraws the red-hot crucible filled with liquid brass.

58,59. The metal is poured into the molds through the hole and fills the cavity left by the lost wax.

60. The surplus metal is poured into a hole in the ground. When it has cooled it will be collected and used again.

61. The cooling of the metal in the molds is hastened by plunging them in a basin of cold water.

62. When the metal has hardened the mold is broken. In this case it contained a lovely spear motif meant to form the tip of a skewer for barbecuing meat.

63,64. With hammer and file, the artist smooths and polishes the metal.

65. The finished product.

66. The artist, Mamadou, shows us other examples of his craft including bells with exquisite tones.

67. A tobacco jar decorated with symbolic figures: lizards, snakes, and segments of circles.

68. He had also done a replica of one of the famous figurines from Benin, (Ghana) now in the British museum.

The following are more traditional figures made by the lost wax method by Mossi craftsmen:

69. Two men hoeing and planting (2" high).

70. Two women--one spinning thread, the other pounding millet (2" high).

71. A man with a pipe and a woman executing the traditional Mossi bow (2" high).

72. A weaver at his loom (4" high).

73. A man spearing a crocodile (6" high).

74. A _teng soba,_ or earth chief, with pipe and staff (9" high).

75. A pipe, about 24" long, decorated with miniature masks in bronze.

76. And finally, a miniature _yiri_ or family compound (4" high).

Metalsmiths Turned Jewelers

It is not a very big step from beating out a lovely spearhead on the forge (77) to fashioning bracelets of alloys of silver and bronze and engraving symbolic designs on them (78).

Some Mossi blacksmiths turn to jewelry-making, like Isaka (79) who has made these graceful silver bracelets (80) and is working on intricately decorated gold and silver earrings (81); or like Ibrahima, who works in gold (82) and makes delicate filigree pieces like this necklace and these rings (83) and this flamboyant pendant (84).

Supplementary Unit V
Modern Voltan Arts and Crafts

Traditional Voltan arts and crafts were limited by the materials and tools available. Craftsmen worked with wood, leather, reeds, vegetable fibers, clay and metal. Within the past few years, two modern crafts workshops have been built in Ouagadougou, the capital--one by French missionaries and the other by the U.S. Peace Corps. While introducing more sophisticated equipment and a wider variety of materials, the directors of these workshops are trying to preserve the qualities of inspiration and design that are the hallmark of traditional African art and culture.

The French atelier is an educational center for girls. In addition to learning how to weave and embroider articles for export to a sophisticated French clientele, they get a good basic education in French, mathematics, social sciences and homemaking. The center is owned by the State and staffed by specially trained French religious known as the White Sisters of Africa.

Slides

1,2, 3. In the carpet-weaving studio the students learn to make fine rugs. The wool they use is imported from France but the colors and designs are traditional Mossi ones.

4,5, 6. Decorative rugs with typical African motifs.

7,8, 9. Examples of embroidery on display in the showroom.

10,11. A White Sister teaches some girls how to weave African belts, bracelets and necklaces with beads imported from France.

12. The facade of the crafts shop set up by the U.S. Peace Corps. It is now under the direction of an African artist, Julien Ouédraogo.

13,14. Students at work in the metal foundry at the Centre Voltaique des Arts.

15. Plows manufactured at the Centre.

16,17, 18. Youthful students engaged in the traditional craft of making bronze figurines by the lost wax method.

19. Instructor and students in the wood-carving studio. The instructor is a Peace Corpsman, a graduate of one of the finest art schools in the United States.

20,21, 22. Examples of the students'work were on display at the French Cultural Center in Ouagadougou.

23. Also on display: a plaque in high relief representing a woman grinding millet.

24. A wrought iron equestrian figure (17" high)

Julien Ouédraogo first made a name for himself in international art circles with his batik panels. Then he helped develop the art at the Centre where his son was a student.

25,26. Two modern examples of this ancient art which originated in Ceylon. It was probably introduced into Africa by Arab traders.

27. The first step in the process is to draw the design with charcoal on the native cotton cloth.

28. Then melted wax is brushed over the areas that are not to be dyed.

29. The panel, ready for dying.

30. The cloth is crushed and dipped into a bucket of dye.

31. The unwaxed areas have taken the dye and produced this design.

32. Another panel ready for dyeing. You can discern the figure of a chief seated on a chair and receiving the obeisance of subordinates while one man beats a tom-tom and another holds a bowl of dolo.

33,34, 35,36. Four interesting panels. Notice the variety achieved in feeling and design while remaining faithful to the themes of traditional Mossi culture.

Oil painting on canvas is an imported technique. Julien Ouédraogo has tried it with results shown in the next three slides.

37. Portrait of a Mossi elder.

38. Portrait of a Puehl woman.

39. Portrait of the artist's daughter.

40. A Mossi peasant.

M. Ouédraogo also draws on suede. Here are four examples:

41. Puehl fiancés.

42. A Puehl girl's hair getting done by her mother.

43. A fetish, statue of an ancestress.

A very mannered style of painting has been developed by some artists in Ghana and Ivory Coast and adopted by Mossi would-be artists. Very decorative and lending itself well to commercial applications, it is popular with foreign tourists. Here we have two examples worked out with tempera on black cotton fabric by an artist in Ouahigouya.

44. "The hunt."

45. "Return from the hunt."

The four-legged chair was introduced in Africa by the Europeans. Traditionally the Mossi, like most other Africans, use the ground, mats, cushions or stools for sitting. Wooden chairs are impractical because of the termites. Metal or plastic ones which must be imported are too expensive. A French missionary devised a method of making chairs from reeds that grow in Upper Volta and taught some of his catechists to do likewise (Slides 46-50). Now a number of them have taken up chair-making as a hobby, and chairs like this are often brought out for distinguished guests in the bush.

Supplementary Unit VI
African Chic
(Numbers in parentheses refer to slides)

Quadrupeds have fur, birds have feathers, fish have scales. Man is the only animal born without protective clothing. In Upper Volta, where the temperature hovers around 110° F., he needs little of that.

However, dress has more than a protective function. It serves to distinguish one individual or group from another. It embellishes some gifts of nature and conceals others regarded as sacred or particularly vulnerable. The oldest form of body identification or decoration is tatooing, painting and scarring. The traditional chic of the Mossi consists in a scar pattern cut into the skin of the face of the child when it is two or three years old. The scar design was originally applied only to males to serve as a mark whereby they could be identified with a particular clan in time of war or migration. It was eventually adopted as a beauty mark for girls also. The incisions were made with a razor and then powdered with charcoal dust. Oil was applied to the wound to ease the healing process. With the advent of Western ideals of pulchritude the custom of scarifying the face is disappearing in Upper Volta.

Slides 1 to 5 show various scar patterns still seen on women in the Yatenga province of Upper Volta.

Some Voltan women also have their front teeth filed to a point to enhance their smile (6, 7). This practice, too, is disappearing as a result of Western tooth paste-smile publicity.

After the proper care of skin and teeth, priority is given to fashioning the hair into a crowning glory. One afternoon is reserved every week in the secondary schools for girls for arrangement of hairdos. The girls work in teams (8). The hair is parted to form an intricate design on the scalp. It is braided, twisted, or wound about with a special kind of black thread into a variety of sculptural designs. These range from the currently porcupinish coiffure à piques (9, 10) to a double or triple tiara (11, 12), and various other silhouettes (13 to 19).

The Puehl women can always be distinguished from the Mossi and other women by their characteristic hairdos (20 to 23). They are often set off with silver pieces or completed with double crescent gold earrings attached with bright red yarn (24, 25).

Traditionally, the Mossi girls do not wear a skirt or pagne until they reach the age of puberty, though they usually have a string of beads around their hips to protect them from evil (26). However, if juvenile coquetry had its way--and the means--little girls would drape themselves in a pagne at an earlier age. This picture (27) shows a junior miss who has just found an empty sack from a shipment of U.S. surplus flour. She is getting an assist from a little--and slightly envious--sister. According to Mossi custom a woman is very properly dressed when she goes topless (28). Mini skirs, however, are illegal.

A beautiful image of a woman in functional dress is the Puehl woman drawing water from a spring (29). She wears a native-woven and -dyed cotton pagne for modesty; a second piece of native cloth serves to hold her baby on her back; and a third piece is coiled on her head to serve as a cushion for the jar of water on the walk home. She wears jewelry appropriate to her sex, race and social position.

Subtly pressured by foreign textile manufacturers, African women have added the turban to their traditional costume. Even little girls take to it and quickly acquire the knack of tying it at a rakish angle.

Foreign dyes have also added splashes of color to the Voltan scene (31 to 37). Native dyes are limited to blue, red and earth brown, and are not fast.

A woman's chic and poise need not be impaired by the burden she carries (38, 39).

On special occasions she will wear a flowing transparent boubou (if she is lucky enough to own one) over the basic pagne and blouse (40). But the ultimate in elegance is this white brocaded silk ensemble worn by a successful business woman of Bobo-Dioulasso (41). It is composed of the traditional pagne and fitted blouse enhanced by a regal boubou and turban of the same material.

Even the Voltan women who have been educated--and in many ways Europeanized--in French schools, have been very slow to submit to the changing feminine fashions of the Western world. The same cannot be said for the educated men. They seem to undergo, in the schooling process, a kind of sartorial metamorphosis. Almost all of them make a point of acquiring at least one suit tailored on the model of those worn by Western business men. Here is a school teacher with a young scholar whose ideal is to look like le maître some day (42).

The evolution of styles for boys can be traced in the five slides that follow. The first shows a little boy in the village of Zogoré dressed in the traditional short boubou, hand woven from native cotton (43). The other four slides show boys in the school yard at Ouahigouya, all dressed in their best: two boys in traditional shirt and pants (44)--the pants are wide at the top, drawn in at the waist with a string, and tapered at the bottom. A Moslem youth in festive white (45). Two boys in "mod" cut, printed cotton suits (46)--the cloth is imported. A boy, wearing a suit with the European look, poses for his photograph (47).

For the latest in haircuts there are barber shops like this one in Ouahigouya (48).

The older male population holds on to tradition with scar pattern (49) and beard (50, 51). What the well-dressed, tradition-respecting head of a family wears is illustrated in the following slides: for a ride on horseback-- a long, wide boubou, high leather boots and red felt bonnet (52); for ceremony--a flowing white sleeveless boubou folded gracefully back over the arms (53).

Footnote: The Honorable Henri Guissou, Voltan Ambassador to France, wears the traditional, flowing boubou over a business suit when he receives visitors in his office at the embassy in Paris.

Supplementary Unit VII
Life at the Lazaret: Ouahigouya

By our standards, the lazaret at Ouahigouya is a shocking travesty on health, sanitation and hygiene. But the pain of the shock is somewhat numbed by the pleasure one finds in the company of the people there. They are outgoing, community minded, independent and generally cheerful. They are free of the frustrations that plague the patients in our gleaming, antiseptic, superscientifically operated institutions. Their spirit of self-help and make-do may not be the best thing for the cure of physical ailments, but it does a lot to prevent psychological ones.

An important factor in a patient's cure is his family. The Africans maintain that no one can remain healthy when he is separated from his family. All the patients at the Lazaret are accompanied by one or more members of the family to keep them company and prepare their food. Sick mothers often bring their babies with them. Sick children are always accompanied by a parent. Life at the lazaret is more socially satisfying than it is in an American hospital where visiting hours are limited and all services are normally performed by professionals who are strangers to the patients.

For jaded emotions, a visit to the lazaret is better than an LSD trip. It's a happening that makes you want to laugh and cry at the same time. It fills you with anger and admiration. It makes you want to do things along with these people as well as for them.

A visit to the lazaret doesn't end with a period. It ends with a string of dots the French call points de suspension... dots that leave in suspense thoughts on the human condition in the post-lunar era.

Slides

1. Entrance to the lazaret. It lies on the main highway on the outskirts of Ouahigouya. The white crosses on the gate posts are not Christian symbols. Long before Christian missionaries came to Upper Volta the Mossi were marking their buildings. and tools with a cross as a sign to keep away the devil. In the distance you can see, side by side, the traditional and the modern in Voltan health housing: a straw hut and a concrete structure.

2. A cluster of straw huts favored by the Peuhls. The Peuhls are a semi-nomadic group who herd cattle in this part of Africa. There is a high incidence of tuberculosis among them because a staple of their diet is the milk from their

cows, some of which are tubercular. The undernourished cows give barely a quart of milk a day.

3. A Peuhl woman outside her hut. The mud huts in the rear are occupied by patients from the Mossi and other ethnic groups.

4. A Peuhl greets us from the doorway of his hut.

5. More Mossi hospital huts.

6. At one time, the patients tried to provide meat for themselves by raising sheep and goats. They built these huts to shelter the animals, but the sick were unequal to the task of leading the sheep and goats to grazing land and had to abandon the project.

7. The improvements in housing, such as these two cement dwellings, are due to the efforts of Père Bonduelle, an aged White Father missionary who has become the fairy godfather of the lazaret. Though his own health was broken by years of work in the bush, he is devoting his remaining strength to the sick in and around Ouahigouya.

8. The white-haired, white-robed figure in front of the little white house is Père Bonduelle. He has persuaded friends of his in Europe and Canada to supply funds necessary to make the simple improvements in housing at the lazaret.

9. Père Bonduelle visits the lazaret every day. Here he is seen leaving after a house call.

10. He knows all the inmates by name. There are few Christians here. Almost all the patients are either Moslem or Animist.

11. Every day there is the ritual shake-hands all around. Here the priest takes the wizened hand of a young patient in the pediatrics section.

12. Another friend of the lazaret: Doctor Prost (pronounced PRO). During his 15-months tour of duty in the Ouahigouya sector of Upper Volta, he made periodic visits to the lazaret to check on the sick there. The sick are wards of the state, but the state has neither the money nor the personnel to provide resident doctors or nurses for the lazaret. Here Dr. Prost talks to a Peuhl woman.

13. The French doctor on his rounds. Since he has no office, he examines the patients where he finds them.

14. Dr. Prost talks to the male nurse, M. Pierre Koulibaly, who is in charge of service to the lepers here. At left, a leper waits. Note the mutilated hand.

15. M. Pierre in his treatment center. He basks in the aureole of two of his heroes: Dr. Jamot and Général Muraz, French doctors who did much to improve the treatment of the endemic diseases among the Africans. M. Pierre got his basic training under Père Goarnisson (see the unit on "Père Goarnisson, the Schweitzer of the Upper Volta").

16. A new leper patient. His particular type of leprosy will be diagnosed. There are several kinds of leprosy, each requiring a different kind of treatment. Treatment and medication will be begun at the lazaret. When improvement is assured, he may return to his village where he will be supplied with the needed medication. There he will be able to lead a life as normal as his infirmity permits. He will not be ostracized from society and will probably be self-supporting. He will be advised to return to the lazaret for periodical checkups until the disease is declared arrested or cured.

17. M. Pierre treats an open sore on the foot.

18. He dresses the wound with a bandage knit by an American housewife. In the rear, one can see two feet being disinfected in a purple solution of potassium permanganate prior to treatment.

19. Each morning the leper patients line up in front of M. Pierre's office for the distribution of pills.

20. A record is kept of all medicines distributed.

21. This patient proudly carries his daba over his shoulder--a sign that despite his crippled hands he will be hoeing in the field nearby.

22. A technician comes to the lazaret about once a week to examine TB smears under the microscope. All his laboratory equipment is visible in this picture.

23. A family group in the doorway of one of the "modern" houses.

24. A husband hovers over his sick wife, wasted with TB.

25. A leprosy patient is happy with her baby. The disease is not hereditary and only mildly infectious.

26. This baby was recovering at the lazaret, but its mother got lonesome for her village and took the baby back with her. It died soon after for lack of proper food and medication.

27. Baby is getting a bath in a basin in front of the shower house that Père Bonduelle built. For all purposes other than bathing, water is drawn from one of the two wells the priest had dug and equipped with hand pumps.

28. One of the principal uses of the pump water is to sprinkle the plants in the vegetable garden. Père Bonduelle supplied an agronomist who taught the men patients how to raise vegetables all year round. The produce from the vegetable garden provides a much needed supplement of vitamins to the diet.

29. Again, thanks to Père Bonduelle, meat is brought to the lazaret every day from the market in town.

30. One of the inmates is responsible for dividing the meat into portions with due regard to justice and need.

31. Meanwhile Bintou pounds the millet for her mother's dinner.

32. The diet kitchen is roomy and airy, but very hot from solar heat.

33. Mamadou's wife stirs the sauce for his saghbo.

34. A TB patient, a Moslem, enjoys his meal. The teakettle contains water for the ritual ablutions he makes before praying. His sandals are left at the doorway.

35. Another TB patient takes a siesta on something less soft and less hot than a Beautyrest mattress.

36. Issa, a leprosy patient, contributes to the common good by uprooting any weeds that dare show their face in the courtyard.

37. A group of "valiant women" spin thread inside one of the modern housing units. The whitewashed walls bear the marks of the seasons' dust storms and tornados.

38. Leper patients support themselves by sewing and crocheting.

39,40. This man crochets beautiful skull caps that are sold at the market in Ouahigouya.

41. Joseph, a young TB patient, is the only member of the community who has been to school. Because he can read the labels, he is in charge of the "pharmacy". It is located against a wall of his bedroom. Joseph is also the receptionist, secretary and coordinator of the group.

42. Abibata looks after her little brother.

43. Every week the French teachers from the school in Ouahigouya come to the lazaret on their one free afternoon to teach the women how to sew and knit. Traditionally, it is the men who ply the needle, not the women. Here, Soeur Odile shows how it is done. She is a veteran in Upper Volta and speaks the native language well.

44. Yvonne, a young teacher just arrived from France, doesn't speak a word of Moré, the language of her pupils, but she gets the message across with hand signs and smiles.

45. It is the presence of shade that determines where groups will gather to work and chat. The men are seated under the zandé, a rustic shelter. In the shadow of a hut, the women and children group themselves around Bernadette, another member of the team of volunteer teachers. The woman in front, at right, is Mariam. Her fingers are so misshapen by leprosy that she cannot hold a needle so she busies herself carding cotton, rubbing it between two boards, one of which is studded with tiny nails.

46. Another sewing circle deeply absorbed in their work. The cloth the women are sewing is furnished by Soeur Odile. Friends in France send remnants for distribution to the poor.

47. Abibata, wreathed in smiles, proudly shows the dress she has made.

48. Salimata, not to be outdone in chic, dresses up in a ready-made garment she has just found: an empty sack from a recent distribution of U.S. surplus flour.

49. Two junior members of the community are always on hand to greet visitors and see them off with a "God be with you on your journey and give you a good tomorrow".

Supplementary Unit VIII
The African Woman's Day
(Figures in parentheses refer to slides)

Whether the door opens on the courtyard (1) of a Gourounsi family compound (2), a Bobo family compound (3), a Fulsé family compound (4), or a Mossi family compound (5), the daily round of activities for the women inside is pretty much the same (6). First thing in the morning a group goes to draw water (7). This can be a pleasant task (8) if there is water in the well when you get there and you don't have to wait for hours until enough muddy water seeps through to fill your jar (9). Other women arrive (10) and socialization takes place (11).

No matter what their weight and measurements, African women have beautiful posture and grace of movement. This portly matron of Ouahigouya asked to be photographed carrying water--an exercise that reveals her dignity of bearing. She is, by the way, one of the very few stout women among the Mossi (12).

After fetching the water, the women and girls begin the rite of preparing the saghbo, the national daily dish made of millet. The year's supply of millet is stored in granaries. The granaries are always enclosed within the walls of the family compound. Their shape and the materials used to construct them vary from one region to another. When it comes to getting millet out of the granary in a Samogo Village (13) a woman must have a boy or a man climb a forked limb that serves as a ladder to reach to top of the granary (14), remove the lid (15), step inside (16), and hand out sheaves of grain (17).

The granaries of Mossi villages have a door in the wall below the roof (18) within reach of a man (19). When the supply sinks below window level a little boy will crawl through and pass out the grain (See Unit 10, "La Journée d'un garçon de brousse".)

Before the sun gets too hot, women and girls gather around the wooden mortar (hollowed out of a tree trunk) to pound the millet for dinner. It is an exercise in group rhythmics (20). The chaff is separated from the grain. It blows away as the grain is poured from one calabash to another (21,22). Then the grain is ground to flour between two stones: one set in a table of hard earth, the other pushed by hand (23). Baby sways to the rhythm of mother's movements (24).

In some compounds each woman has her stone set at the edge of a huge circular table called a néré. This arrangement allows a group of women to work side by side, often chanting as they push stone against stone during "the daily grind" (25).

Traditionally, Mossi villages in the Yatenga province hold market every three days. They are so scheduled that on the days when market is not held in a given village, there is one in a neighboring village within walking distance. In the large towns like Ouagadougou, Bobo-Dioulasso, Koudougou and Ouahigouya, market is held every day. This is a corner of the market at Bobo-Dioulasso (26). Going to market is always a pleasant diversion for women. Many go there with some homemade product to sell in order to have money to buy something. This woman is selling balls of peanut paste (27). Puehl women bring calabashes filled with milk curds (28). A housewife selects a ball of soumbara to flavor the saghbo sauce (29). Meat is always freshly butchered on the spot (30).

Home again; time to make the fire (31) and cook the saghbo (32). (See Unit 14 on the preparation of saghbo.) While waiting for the rest of the family to come to eat the dinner that simmers on the embers, baby has a "white cocktail" (33).

Meal time. Father and the older boys gather around the common dish in the shade of the zandé (34). A group of younger boys share their saghbo in the brilliant sunshine. They take turns reaching into the dish according to age (35). Mother, the girls and the baby eat inside the mother's hut (36). The hut is simply furnished (37) with objects made in the village: pottery jars, reed baskets, calabash bowls, wooden stools and a wooden drum.

In the afternoon, after a siesta, there is time to card cotton (38) and spin thread (39). Those who have learned how to do "French" knitting enjoy bringing their children and their knitting for a little social hour (40).

Every few days it will be wash day (41). After the rains you may wash on the bank of a pond studded with water lilies (42). At other times you wash in a bucket (43) and spread the clothes out on the ground to dry (44).

Some Mossi women do a thriving business brewing dolo. It is made in huge earthen jars (45) from fermented, germinated millet (46). It must be drunk the third day after it has been brewed (47). The time for celebrating an event is determined by the time it takes to brew the dolo to be served at it. There is a special, mild dolo for children (48).

Only the wives of blacksmiths make the pottery jars used by the Mossi women for brewing dolo, cooking saghbo, carrying water and storing belongings (49, 50, 51).

All Mossi women help in the fields during the cultivating season (52). (See also Unit 13, "Le Mil").

Puehl women exercise more crafts than Mossi women do. They weave fine mats (52). They also do exquisite leather crafting (54).

But the greatest work of art that every African woman feels called to make is a child (55, 56, 57). Childbearing is her most cherished right, her overriding ambition and her greatest achievement. Here a young mother presents her newborn baby to its grandmother according to custom (58). The older woman studies the face of the child, searching for a likeness to an ancestor. She will also give the baby one of its names (59). Mothers are always proud and babies are often solemn, as if aware of their importance (60,61,62).

Infant mortality is very high in Upper Volta. According to the last available figure, 50% of the children there die before they are five years old. Mothers are quick to take advantage of services and food offered in the too rare dispensaries (63, 64, 65). (See Unit 26 "A U.S. Foreign Aid Program that Works".)

The traditional educator of the girls is the mother. As for the boys--the mother teaches her son to offer his hand to everyone (66) but for the rest, that is the responsibility of the men of the village.

By the time a Mossi girl is 10 years old her mother has taught her to do all that a well-bred, resourceful woman can do, except bear children. She is thoughtful of older people (67), courteous to guests (68), and helpful in the fields (69. At home she pounds the millet (70), winnows the grain (71), pounds the herbs for the sauce (72). She makes the fire (73), watches the simmering saghbo (74, 75) and is careful to put out the fire after the meal is cooked (76). She washes and scours the dishes (77) and sweeps the "floor" (78). She helps with the laundry at the village well (79), or in the family compound (80, 81). She takes the baby with her on errands (82). She helps her mother sell things at the market (83, 84, 85). She spins thread (86) and fetches water (87). As she enters her teens she often becomes wistful as she pounds the millet (88). She dreams of the day when she, too, will be an African madonna (89).

Supplementary Unit IX
More About Traditional Mossi Chiefs

Writing of the Mossi in 1914, shortly after the French penetration of Upper Volta, Eugène Mangin observed: "One of the characteristic traits of the Mossi customary rule is the power of the chiefs and the obedience of the subjects. A spirit of submission impregnates the whole Mossi mentality." (Les Mossi. Essai sur les us et coutumes du peuple mossi au Sudan Occidental. Maison Carrée 1960).

This mentality is dramatized in the bodily attitude of the Mossi in the presence of their nabas, whether they be chief of the realm, a province, a canton or a village (1). (The numbers refer to slides.) We have already seen the present Emperor of Yatenga, Naba Kom, with his pages and courtiers (See Unit 7). Here we get a glimpse of an important traditional ceremony underscoring the relationship between the Mossi chief and his vassals.

At sundown, on a given day that corresponds to our New Year, all the vassals of the emperor must present themselves outside his palace and make their obeisance in sign of fealty. First, his principal minister, the Rassam Naba, approaches on horseback, accompanied by a numerous retinue (2). After him, the vassal chiefs kneel before the emperor; he is barely distinguishable in his crimson robes at the far right (3). Each chief offers, through an intermediary, a gift of grain or money. Then he speaks his greetings to his liege lord. Each phrase of two or three words is spoken in a low voice, then it is repeated aloud by a spokesman and amplified by his "talking" drums. Each chief has his own drummers and the drums of each chief have a particular sound (4).

In principle, each chief's congratulations and good wishes may last fifteen minutes, but the emperor may order them to be cut short through his drummers.

On the eve of the ceremony the ancestral symbols of power are taken from the hut where they are kept under guard (5). They are brought by the servants of the Rassam Naba to be exhibited, always under guard, to the people. These ancestral fetishes are the only claim the emperor has to authority (6, 7). Should they be stolen or lost he would have no claim on their obedience. These particular fetishes have never before been photographed. The two polished black oval shields are the tim, or symbol of power, stolen from the Mogho Naba, Oubri, at Ouagadougou, by the founder of the Yatenga empire over 900 years ago.

Two new canton chiefs are consecrated on this occasion. In sign of obedience and humility they receive ashes on their head (8, 9).

Following the rite, the new chiefs perform a ceremonial dance and sing a special song as an expression of joy and gratitude. Finally, they are free to ride off into the night and return to their village where they will be feted (10).

With the coming of independence in 1960 and the establishment of a modern republic with officials elected by universal suffrage, it was predicted that the traditional chiefs would disappear and with them the whole fabric of traditional government and control which had distinguished the Mossi from time immemorial. Yet at this writing (1972), after more than 50 years of French influence and 12 years of national democracy, the traditional chiefs are still recognized, revered, feared and obeyed by so many of the people that government officials find they have to win the moral support of the local customary chiefs or nabas before they can get government orders respected by the natives. In some cases the government officials find it simpler to delegate power to the chiefs and have orders issued through them.

Far from disappearing or just wasting away, the "anachronistic" customary chiefs of Upper Volta have organized themselves into a union which can exert considerable pressure at election time. At the last national election (1971), a canton chief ran for office and won a seat in the National Assembly.

Naba François Ouédraogo, chief of the canton of Zogoré, is a good example of the new style in the tradtional chefferie. He is Christian--monogamous--and literate (14). He respects tradition in dress (15) and protocol. He has two pages in his service: intelligent boys who, when the situation calls for it, adopt the customary posture in the presence of the Naba (16). Two boys who have come to visit friends in Zogoré first pay their respects to the chief as African etiquette demands. Naba François receives them graciously. He is in casual but dignified dress (17). He observes the custom of consulting the elders on matters of concern to the people (18). At the right is his motorbike. He rides it instead of his horse on his weekly business trip to Ouahigouya about 18 miles away. Ouahigouya is the nearest government administrative center.

Naba François acts as civil registrar for the canton. Here he is certifying a declaration of birth brought to him by a proud father (19). A delegation from the regional O.R.D. (Organisation Rurale pour le Dévelopement) calls on him to discuss farm problems (20). The Naba himself operates a model farm.

Tengsobas or Earth Chiefs

According to Mossi chroniclers the ruling class with the ancestral name Ouédraogo was composed of a minority group of invaders from the South who subdued the peaceful indigenous population called Nioniose. The latter were allowed to remain on the family soil by reason of prior occupancy. Their chiefs became the tengsobas or earth chiefs. While the invaders assumed political control of the population as nabas, they left the religious control of the land to the tengsobas. The latter carried out the priestly functions associated with the earth: sacrifices, prayers and blessings associated with planting and harvesting, the protection of sacred places, and earth objects such as groves, trees, stones, ponds, etc. They were responsible for the proper use of arable land. Since land is God's gift to man and sacred, it was not to be sold but only entrusted to the peasant who would work it to supply his needs. In the Mossi legend of creation God created man before he created land: "One day God asked man what he would like to have as a gift from Him. The Mossi answered: 'I would like to farm.' Therefore, God made the good earth so that the Mossi could cultivate it."

Except in the few larger towns where Western real estate practices and property laws have been adopted, the tengsobas still share authority with the nabas. Here is proof in the person of this dignified earth chief who carries the staff and shoulder sack symbolic of his office (21).

Death Comes for the Chiefs

The Naba of Tikaré died on June 1, 1970 after a reign of 54 years. He had been one of the most prestigious chiefs of the realm, and very independent--an attitude he had acquired from the French with whom he has associated in his youth. As a matter of fact, relations between him and his traditional superior, the Yatenga naba, had always been strained, for he had delayed for almost five years after taking over the chiefdom to go through the ceremony of pledging obedience to the emperor at Ouahigouya.

The news of the Naba of Tikaré's death had been conveyed to the members of his numerous and far-flung family (he left 40 widows) by radio, telegram and drum.

I reached Tikaré on June 3, just after the burial had taken place. (Normally the dead are buried within 24 hours after breathing their last, but because of the national reputation of the Naba and to allow time for his relatives from other parts of the country to pay their last respects, the interment was postponed.)

One of the Naba's younger sons, Benoît, met me at the entrance of the palace before which a huge crowd was still gathered (22). Benoît had been a deputy to the National Assembly in Paris before Voltan independence. From 1962 to 1966 he had represented Upper Volta at the U.N. At present he was teaching school in Ouahigouya. He invited me to follow him into the palace, showing me the room where the body of the late Naba had been seated, as in life, during the "wake". He indicated the door through which the body had been passed to be buried. The "burial door" faces west and is opened only to let the dead chief pass through.

From the chamber of the dead we entered the courtyard. Passing through a veritable labyrinth of inner courts, Benoît led me to the corner of the Naba's residence where the Napako was seated, motionless (23). According to Mossi custom, on the death of a naba, his oldest daughter becomes the Napako--the person who replaces the departed chief until his successor is named. As the interim ruler she must impersonate her father, wear his clothes and assume his manners and gestures. She is attended by women in lieu of boy pages (24). While I was there a group of other women came to pay their respects with the traditional Mossi bow (25).

We left the palace and joined the crowd outside. From time to time old-fashioned powder guns were fired to salute the Napoko (26). The court drummers beat out thanks in her name.

Groups of dancers from various villages were performing ritual dances here and there in the midst of the throng of spectators (27, 28, 29).

Finally, a procession of chiefs, friends and vassals of the Naba of Tikaré rode three times around the concession as a sign that he had really departed and his rule was at an end (30, 31).

A few hours later three of the ministers of the Yatenga Naba came to announce that the oldest son of the Naba had been named by the Emperor to succeed to the chiefdom according to the wish expressed by the deceased man during his lifetime.

Later I met Marie-Claire, a granddaughter of the late Naba. She told me that he had been ill only five days. Realizing that he would not recover, he asked to be baptized before he died. (All his sons but one had become Christians before him.)

Marie-Claire also described how she had gone into the "room of the dead" to bid farewell to her grandfather. The older women had washed, dressed and seated the corpse there, making him look, as Marie-Claire said, "as if he were living and thinking of his people". All his wives came in to take his hand in a gesture of farewell, then remained to sing funeral songs. The men stayed outside.

After being carried to the mission church nearby for the Christian blessing, the body had been brought back to the concession for the final customary rites. It was carried around the concession three times by his sons-in-law who relayed one another, four at a time. Then the body was placed in the center of the courtyard and the people sang and danced around it, rejoicing that their chief had gone to join their ancestors after a long and fruitful life. Just before I arrived, the body had been put in a car and transported to the hill near the concession and buried there next to the graves of his predecessors.

The Tengsoba of Kanonga

On the afternoon of March 31, 1971, I received word that the Tengsoba of Kanonga, who had died the day before, was to be buried that evening. Kanonga is a tiny village about 20 miles north of Ouahigouya, deep in the bush area wasted by drought and erosion. A few hours after his death it had rained on the village, but not elsewhere, for the first time since September. It was one of those premature drizzles that the Mossi call mango rain because at that time the mango trees begin to bear fruit. The people of Kanonga said it was the spirit of their Tengsoba that had attracted the rain to the village as a sign of his power with God.

By the time we – Boniface (my interpreter) and I – arrived at Kanonga, the funeral procession had begun to wind its way from the village to the burial ground of the tengsobas. The sun, setting in an overcast sky, lightly gilded the figures of the mourners (32). It was a relatively small group, not only because Kanonga is a very small village but also because the deceased was survived by only one daughter, a widow. Had there been other married daughters, the members of the village, or extended family, into which they had married would also have come to participate in the ceremonies.

The procession moved forward slowly to the rhythm of the tom-tom (33). Three times on the way (three is the mystic number associated with males), the procession halted and the pallbearers laid their burden on the ground. The corpse, which had been washed, anointed and clothed by the oldest women of the chiefs household, was wrapped in a sleeping mat. The mat was wrapped in a white cloth and covered with a black and white blanket before the body was attached to the stretcher with bands of white cloth (34). Each time the body of the chief was laid down the mourners sang and danced around it for a few minutes (35).

Several men in the procession carried ritual gifts to be buried with the dead man. The youth in the foreground is carrying a pottery jar of honey (36).

When the group reached the burial site, the pallbearers carried the body to the edge of the grave that had been dug the night before, and then withdrew a short distance. The gesture of approach and withdrawal was repeated three times as a sign of a man's natural reluctance to die and depart from his living family (37).

The grave was about five feet deep and three feet wide. The opening at the surface was only about five feet long, but at the bottom it was lengthened by a tunnel-like hole dug almost three feet in the dirt wall and destined to receive the upper part of the body (38). Three men untied the bands attaching the corpse to the stretcher and lifted off the blanket (39).

After a final ceremonial dance and song of farewell, the body was lowered into the grave (40). The jar of honey, a bar of salt and a jar of dolo were placed beside the body--symbols of nourishment for his spirit on its journey to Pilimpiku, the meeting place of the dead (41). To these gifts were added a black cat (in the black sack) and a white rooster (in the white sack), living symbols of the strength and vitality his spirit would enjoy in the memory of the living and the land of the dead (42).

At the bottom of the grave were two huge earthern jars. (Among the Mossi it is customary to enclose the body of a chief in this kind of coffin.) The head and bust were slid into one (43) and the legs with knees bent and torso were enclosed in the other (44). The point where the two jars joined was sealed with wet earth (45). Then a garland of fresh leaves was wound around it to ward off termites (46).

Three shovelfuls of damp earth were then cast on the coffin (47) and the gravediggers began to refill the grave to the sound of drums (48). When the grave was half filled the daughter of the deceased approached the edge of the grave, bowed three times, and called to her father three times (49). Then she turned away and, according to custom, walked back to the village without ever turning her head.

The men completed the task of filling in the grave to the beat of the drum (50). The sky cleared a little as the procession wended its way back (51).

The spirit of the Tengsoba, on the other hand, proceeded to Pilimpiku (52), a nondescript, scattered village lost in the wilderness beyond LaTodin. It is flanked by two bare mountains. The one, flat on top, is the Mountain of Judgment (53); the other, cone-shaped, is the Mountain of the Execution of Judgment (54).

It is said that it is possible to communicate with the recently dead at the foot of these mountains. It is also said that there is a sacred tree at Pilimpiku whose leaves are immediately self-restoring if they are plucked. A third legend, verified by reliable eyewitnesses, says that every night, on the Mountain of Judgment, there are mysterious fires which consume nothing and leave no ashes. A fourth legend, which I have been unable to verify, maintains that anyone who goes up that mountain at night will soon die. A fifth report, which I was able to verify, states that since one night in 1969, when the first Christian to take up residence in the village secretly climbed up that mountain after dark and planted a blessed medal there, the mysterious night fires have ceased.

Supplementary Unit X
Animism and Other Religions in Upper Volta

Animism--Traditional African Religion

The African is either shocked or amused at the Western philosophers and theologians who rack their brains searching for rational proofs of the existence of God. To him God is self-evident, manifested objectively in nature and subjectively in experience. He does not need the missionary to tell him what Paul wrote to the Romans (1:20): "Ever since the creation of the world, God's invisible nature, namely, his invisible power and deity, has been clearly perceived in the things that have been made."

John Ashton ("Where is God?", The Way, Jan. 1972) speaks of "those primitive relgions that are blessed with a very pure belief in a supreme deity."

> "No idol, no temple, no priest brings them into contact with the transcendent god, whom they think of as 'heavenly' but not as existing in heaven. They have no physical object, place or person to mediate the most fundamental religious relationship of all, sensing, no doubt, that it is too delicate and too profound to be subjected to the coarsening and distorting effects of cult-worship.
>
> "What is represented instead is man's experience of God; and a mountain or a tall, isolated tree, or even the center of the conical roof of a hut, may signify the elevated and central position occupied by God in the world of men. He is both in the world and above it, immanent and transcendent. There is a risk that mountain or tree or roof may become the object of cult, but in the pure form of these religions, this does not happen. In any case, immanence and transcendence are both well conveyed in the aphorism said originally to refer to God, but applied by Pascal to the universe: ' un cercle dont le centre est partout et la circonference nulle part.' Sophisticated as it sounds, this dictum comes close to expressing the primitive experience of God. If God were not above the world, he would not be God; if he were not in the world, he would not be known."

The African has never been troubled with the God-question. God has always been to him a declarative entity. He is. And He is the cause of all that is. Therefore, all that is is sacred.

The African believes, with Eric Gill, that nothing is profane unless we make it so.

Unlike the modern atheist-humanist, he has no problem at all seeing the continuity between vertical and horizontal relationships, spirit and matter, past and present, life and non-life. He experiences them. The physical and spiritual are but two dimensions of one and the same universe. They dove-tail into each other. At some time and in some places one is apparently more real than the other but does not exclude it.

The Western theologian remains sceptical. Do the Africans really understand the intimate self-hood of their supreme transcendent God? Can they list his attributes? Can they define his nature? Analyze his personality?

The Pygmies say: "God is God. Man is man. Each in his own place." Which means: God is out of the reach of man's reason. He is the Distant One. "Man cannot even see the smoke from his fire." (Literally, from his "kitchen ".) The Pygmy would subscribe to God's words spoken through Isaiah (55:8-9).

> "My thoughts are not your thoughts nor are your ways my ways. As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high are my ways above your ways and my thoughts above your thoughts."

While affirming that God is out of the reach of man's reason, the African does not hesitate to try to name him with words drawn from his experience of the cosmos. The words are not to be taken literally as identical with God Himself, but only symbolic of His nature and activity. They are natural phenomena that suggest remoteness, light, life, power, omniscience and omnipresence. Africans call God by the symbolic names: SUN, SKY, RAIN, LIGHTNING, all-seeing EYES.

The Mossi also have sayings that attribute the qualities of kindness, pity, protection and providence to God. "God is the father of the orphan." "While the orphan eats bitter sauce, God prepares a tasty porridge for him." "God removes the pebbles from the blind man's food." "God walks by your side."

If we put together all the anthropomorphic statements that various ethnic groups of Africa make about God, we have a catalog of attributes as long as that of any sophisticated theodicy.

Some say--falsely--that the African divinizes nature. Others say--falsely--that he naturalizes the divine. It is true that for him nature always expresses something beyond itself and all creation shares in a vital relationship with God. For the African this is not merely academic.

An African priest, trying to explain how the black man lives on a different level of consciousness than his white counterpart, insisted on the fact that he is aware of relationships with another world.

"I feel," he said, "the breath of the supernatural that passes through me and returns to its source in an eternal and reciprocal exchange. I only wish you could share with me the feeling of mystical possession."

The African's certitude regarding the transcendent God often puzzles the sophisticated Western theologians with their methodic doubts. But what bothers them more is his certitude regarding the existence of secondary spirits, including the spirits of the ancestors who serve as intermediaries between man and God. Some of these spirits are benevolent. Others seem to have no other interest in life than to make it miserable for humans. All must be wooed or placated with offerings and remembrances. The Animist sees existence as a perpetual dialogue between the living and the dead, man and nature, visible forces and invisible ones.

Misfortunes in the form of sickness, drought, death, accident, etc., will make the living aware of any upset in the equilibrium that exists between their own and the spirit world. Misfortune, says the Animist, has only apparently natural causes; the real ones are always moral or occult. Evil, whether it be sickness, accident, drought, plague or death, results from some infringement of the rules governing the harmony of the universe or failure to invoke the proper spirits. Grisgris and talismans are worn to ward off evil spirits and win the graces of good ones.

To understand Animist cosmology, ontology and eschatology we should take a closer look at two aspects or dimensions of reality as seen by the African: energy and time.

Along with belief in intermediary spirits and the ghosts of ancestors, the belief in a mysterious, all pervading, God-originating vital energy, force, dynamism or soul characterizes African religion as well as that of most other primitive religions.

Mercea Eliade, whose research was done principally in primitive Eastern religions, uses the Melanesian word mana to translate that mysterious, impersonal force that primitive peoples recognize as accounting for all that is efficacious, creative, perfect, or vital. In the language of the Mossi the equivalent of mana is panga. All spirits have it and can impart it. Creation is by the panga of the divinity. The authority of the chief, the strength of the ox, the speed of the arrow are all the effect of panga. It can be imparted to a dead man's bones to make them powerful to heal. It is in grisgris and talismans and poisons.

Certain individuals are specially endowed with panga for the service of others in the community: emperors and chiefs, metalsmiths, medicine men, rainmakers... Sorcerers manipulate panga for evil, causing sickness and death. All these individuals make use of symbolic materials and gestures in the exercise of their office.

Time

Of some 2,000 African myths actually recorded regarding creation, there is only one which speaks of the end of time. The Africans' concept of time is the key to the understanding of their basic religious and philosophical concepts. It helps us understand, also, certain manners and attitudes of African people not only in the traditional environment but also in the modern situation.

Time is of no speculative concern to the African. It is simply a composition of events that have occurred, are occurring or are about to occur. What has not happened, what is not likely to happen very soon, falls in the category of "non-time". There is no abstract time or time for abstraction. There is simply the concrete event. This is actual time. It moves backward, rather than forward. People set their minds not on future possibilities but on what has actually taken place.

In African languages there are no concrete words or expressions to convey the idea of a distant future. Numerical calendars do not exist. But there are "phenomenon calendars". Ages, for example, are related to an event that coincides with the time of birth--not necessarily the day itself, but a time slot of vague extension. Children do not know their birth-day. They know their birth-event: a death in the family, a village festival, a natural disaster.

In order to discuss time dimensions in their relations to African ontology, John Mbiti, an African theologian from Kenya, offers two Swahili words: Sasa and Zamani. Sasa covers the "now-period"--the time in which one exists. Sasa is not numerically constant. The older a person is, the longer his sasa period. The community also has its sasa period, but for both individual and community, the most vivid moment is the NOW point. Sasa is the time region in which people are conscious of their existence. It is a full time dimension with its own short future, dynamic present and experienced past. Mbiti calls it Micro-time.

Micro-time is Zamani, the time period into which sasa flows and loses itself. It is the final storehouse for all phenomena and events, the ocean of time in which everything becomes absorbed into a reality that is neither after nor before.

As an individual gets older, he is in effect moving from the sasa to the zamini. His birth is a slow process which is finalized long after the person has been physically born. In many societies a person is not considered a full human being until he has gone through the whole process of physical birth, naming ceremonies, initiation rites, marriage and procreation. Then only is he fully born, a complete person.

Beyond that, the African is without expectations, plans or goals. Linguisitically, he has no real future tense. "The present has the past for its lord instead of being governed by the future."

Similarly, death is a process which removes a person gradually from the *sasa* period to the *zamani*. After physical death, the individual continues to exist in the *sasa* period. He does not immediately disappear from it. He is remembered by relatives and friends who knew him in this life and who have survived him. They recall him by name, remember his personality, his words and actions. If he appears to the living, he is recognized by name. (The departed appear mainly to the older members of the clan, rarely if ever, to children.) This recognition period is important. It may continue for up to four or five generations--as long as someone is alive who knew the departed personally and by name. After that he is completely dead and has sunk into the *zamani* period. But until then he is what Mbiti calls a "living-dead". The term is convenient and we shall use it again.

The deceased who have no one to keep them in the *sasa* period die immediately--a tragedy to be avoided at all costs.

The act of pouring out libation or giving a portion of food to the "living-dead" are symbols of communion, fellowship and remembrance. They are symbolic ties that bind the "living-dead" to their surviving relatives. These acts are performed in the family, normally by the oldest member. These rites of remembrance have nothing to do with ancestor worship--popular belief to the contrary.

The majority of Africans do not expect any judgment, reward or punishment after death. Rewards and punishments are meted out on earth by the spirits concerned. In general it is supposed that the spirits of the dead continue to occupy the social position and perform the actions that characterized their earthly existence.

The Mossi are an exception. They believe that at the moment of death the soul goes to the mountains of Pilimpiku to be judged and consigned either to "God's Village" or the "House of Fire". (See Supplementary Unit IX, "More About Traditional Mossi Chiefs".)

When a man is dying, offerings and prayers are made to the spirits of the "living-dead" to hasten death and shorten the period of the dying man's suffering. Death is always considered to be an evil caused either by some prenatural power in punishment for a sin committed or by an enemy who wishes to take revenge for a real or imagined wrong. Only the death of the aged, who have had children, is considered a natural, or "normal", disaster.

There are many myths regarding the origin of death. The details are of secondary importance and are not meant to be taken literally. But behind them all is one of the most deep-rooted of all ideals of mankind: belief in immortality. Africans believe that men were not originally created to die. Death came through the fault of a creature--sometimes a man, more often a woman, but usually an animal. In some cases the fault is disobedience, in others, vanity, and in many instances, the failure of a messenger to deliver the message of immortality promptly. A Mossi myth relates that God commissioned the lizard to carry the message and secret of immortality to man.

But the lizard loitered on the way so that the serpent, bearing the message of death, arrived first. Man has been mortal ever since.

In all the myths regarding the origins of the cosmos, God is the creator. Man usually comes into the picture at the end of the original work of creation. He appears as male and female, husband and wife. But according to one Mossi legend, man was created before the earth. It says that one day God asked man what he would like to do. Man said, "I would like to farm." So, in order that he could farm. God created the earth.

In some myths man is formed in heaven, in others on earth. In some he is made of clay, in others he springs from a tree or is carved out of wood.

He is often presented in a state of happiness and immortality or with the power to resurrect. He does not have to work; everything he needs is within reach. In some cases he does not have to eat. He lives in peace with the animals and understands their language. Sometimes God is represented as living among men in the original state, being to them as father, teacher and provider.

There is also a wide variety of mythical events which explain man's fall from original innocence and the end of his paradisic existence. Usually there is a separation of earth from heaven with the consequent suffering, labor and death. Generally it is God and heaven who withdraw from earth, not man who is expelled from Paradise.

In West Africa the most popular myth shows God and his heaven originally so near to men that they could reach up and touch them. Men did not always treat the sky with due respect. Children wiped their hands on it after eating, and women tore pieces off to put in the sauce. They also knocked against it when they were pounding the grain, and finally one woman hit it so hard that her pestle made a hole in it. So God moved away in anger to a great distance, taking heaven or the sky with him.

A number of East African myths show earth and heaven united by a rope or a bridge that was broken by a hyena--and the two parts of the universe were separated. In some societies the two halves of a calabash shell are regarded as symbols of earth and heaven and their complementarity.

Only if one has lived in Africa can one *experience* the sacredness of the earth and of the sky with its treasure of rain and sun. The earth is Mother Earth. She is wedded to God. She is a nourishing earth. She feeds the living and receives the dead.

Few African societies erect shrines or temples for religious cult; the earth is itself the sacred place of sacrifice.

There are specific objects or places such as trees, stones, and groves that may become holy because of the spirits that dwell in them or because they are repositories of the *Panga* of an ancestor. These become places of sacrifice. When a man dies, sacrifice is offered on his bow. When a woman dies, sacrifice is offered on her calabash turned upside down.

Sacrifices are intended to maintain or restore the ontological balance between God and man, the spirits and man, the departed and the living. They also signify the communication between man and the spirit world. The Mossi do not offer sacrifice to God because God has need of nothing man can offer. In recognition of his embarrassment before God, the Mossi always ask pardon of God before offering anything in sacrifice for the ancestors or the other spirits.

The material of the sacrifices is usually food or a small animal: a chicken, sheep, or goat. The more important chiefs will offer an ox on certain occasions, as custom demands.

The panga of the victim is received by the spirit to whom the sacrifice is directed. The material substance of the offering is divided among those who assist at the sacrifice.

In addition to the libations and sacrifices offered to placate the spirits and in remembrance of ancestors, there are other rites. Offerings are made in thanksgiving for blessings of health, children, good crops, safe journeys, or in petition for these. They are also offered in reparation for offenses.

Symbolic rites, too numerous to mention here, also mark all the critical points in life: birth, the imposition of a name, initiation into adulthood, marriage, pregnancy and, of course, death. (See Supplementary Unit IX, "More About Traditional Mossi Chiefs".)

Prayers, symbolic of man's on-going relationship with God and the spirit world, are also offered on all important occasions, and often during an ordinary day: on getting up, or before going to sleep; before eating, drinking or smoking; before cutting down a tree, planting or hunting. The prayers are usually short, extempore, and to the point--mostly prayers of petition, but sometimes prayers of sheer joy.

Prayers are most frequently made to the ancestors, but they may also be made to God. Despite his awful transcendence, God is addressed by some Africans as Father, or Grandfather or even Our Father. The following is a prayer of the Bwabas:

> "Our Father, it is thy universe, it is thy will, let us be at peace, let the souls of thy people be cool; thou art our Father, remove all evil from our path."

Salutations, greetings and farewells take on the form of prayer. Words of blessing are very, very common throughout Africa: "May God go with you." "God preserve you and keep you until you see your children's children." "May God make your feet light." "May God keep you until we meet again."

Throughout Black Africa, even in areas where Western cultures have laid on a veneer of nationalism, or where Christian and Moslem religions have gained adherents, Animism is still very much alive. Perhaps that is because its cosmic spirituality satisfies profound human needs--needs that have long been suppressed by our socio-economic system and are just now beginning to surface again.

Animism

Slides

The African perceives the power and the presence of God in nature:

1. in the sky which represents the divine transcendence...

2. in the storm which represents the divine power...

3. in the earth, which is married to heaven...

4. and which is fructified with rain...

5. to make the seed grow.

6. One good rain after eight or nine months of dryness, and you can find tasty ground nuts simply by digging in the good earth with your hands.

7. In perspective, women are still punching holes in the sky as they pound the millet.

Everything in creation is sacred because it shares something of the power and presence of God. But some things and some places are more sacred than others:

8, 9, 10. certain trees, especially the baobab and the cailcédrat...

11, 12. certain rocks, such as the rocks of Degha...

13. certain hills, such as this one at Pilimpiku...

14. certain ponds such as this one near Ouahigouya...

15-18. certain reptiles and animals such as the crocodile, the snake, the lizard and the antelope.

19. Evil spirits are controlled by sorcerers who, by using grisgris such as the one attached to the tree trunk, can cause the death of the persons designated by the sorcerer's client.

20. These old women have been accused of witchcraft and of being "soul-eaters". Soul-eaters are said to snatch the souls of children at night, while the children sleep, and devour them. These women, chased from their villages, have been given asylum by a group of Catholic religious at Bam. One of the religious, dressed in white, can be seen here praying with the "witches".

21,22. Two masked dancers who are believed to have preternatural powers. The one wears a mask of cowrie shells representing a hornbill. The other wears a mask surmounted by the stylized figure of an antelope.

23. A fetish used to invite pregnancy.

24. A large spoon decorated with the figure of an ancestress for good luck.

25. This old chief probably attributes his numerous offspring in part to the grisgris he carries in the two red sachets.

26. This little boy's mother has seen to it that her son is protected by the talisman she has attached to the cord around his neck.

27. Offerings for the ancestors are often placed in a calabash set in a forked branch driven into the ground at the foot of a sacred tree.

28. An earth chief standing beside the earthen altar on which sacrifices and libations are offered on behalf of the whole village.

29.30. The whole village fishes in a sacred pond after the earth chief has performed the prescribed rites.

31. At the day's end, men and beasts wend their way home, treading the good earth and silhouetted against God's heaven reflected in the water below.

Christianity

32. Here Animism meets Christianity. The head of the family is about to pour out a libation on the family altar at the foot of the tree in memory of the village chief who died a few years ago. He was baptized before he died and was given a Christian burial and a tomb marked by a cross.

Baptized Christians make up only three per cent of the population of Upper Volta. If catechumens--those who are sympathetic to Christianity and are under instruction--were to be counted, the figure would probably be doubled. The obstacles to conversion are more social than doctrinal in nature. The Christian insistence on monogamous marriage, in particular, goes counter to the Animist--and Moslem--tradition of polygamy.

The first Christian missionaries to reach the country of the Mossi were the White Fathers of Africa, a missionary society of priests and brothers founded by Cardinal Lavigerie of Alger for the evangelization of Africa. They set up their first mission post in Koupela in 1900. The following year they opened a mission in Ouagadougou.

American missionaries of the Assembly of God came somewhat later, after the first World War. It was not until 1958 that Christianity had taken firm enough root in the Northwest to permit a diocese to be set up in Ouahigouya. It included three mission posts: Bam, Tikaré and Courcy.

Christians have always been a small but influential minority in Upper Volta. Their influence is due in great measure to the fact that the missionaries founded the first--and until recently the only--elementary and secondary schools in the country. Consequently, almost all the educated, i.e., literate adults have been taught under the auspices of Catholic or Protestant missionaries. This is not to say that all or most of them are baptized Christians. There are many Moslems among the alumni. Somewhere in the schooling process Animists cease being nominal Animists (though they never lose the spirit of Animism) and become either Christian, Moslem or theist--never atheist.

Slides

The following give some idea of Christian religious activities in the sector of Ouahigouya.

33. The altar is set for an outdoor celebration of the Mass at Nyinga, a village in the bush. The table is covered with a black and white native-woven cloth. Two chiefs ride by in the distance.

34. A Tengsoba (earth chief) in his red bonnet lends distinction to the gathering by his presence and attracts other elders of the village. All are Animists sympathetic to Christianity.

35. The liturgical hymns are sung in the native language (Moré) to the accompaniment of the tom-toms.

36. In another village Mass is celebrated under an improvised shelter.

37. In this village the place of assembly is enclosed by mud brick walls.

38. After the liturgy the French missionary blesses the first fruits of the harvest--a traditional Christian custom that has its parallel in the Animist tradition.

39. A native priest, l'Abbé Marius, offers the sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in the village of Noghré, not far from Ouahigouya.

40. The occasion is the blessing of the house the villagers have built for the catechist who will instruct them and lead them in worship in the absence of a priest.

41. The ceremony took place in May, just before planting time, so the priest said the traditional Christian prayers of blessing over the seeds--another tradition that is familiar to the Animist.

42. Here l'Abbé Marius distributes a little cross on a string to each of the children and adults who has completed the first stage of instruction in the Christian faith. The period of instruction lasts about three years.

43. A French missionary sister tells a group of women about the Good News of the Gospel.

44. Another white-robed religious instructs a heterogeneous group gathered under the zandé at the edge of the village.

45. A procession of newly baptized Christians.

46. A church of the Assembly of God, near Ouhaigouya, staffed by American missionaries.

47. Literacy! The gift of the foreign missionaries to Upper Volta.

48,49. Two elementary schools, originally built and staffed by French missionaries. In 1969 all elementary schools in Upper Volta were turned over to the State to become completely secular institutions.

50. The secondary school for girls in Ouahigouya. It was built and is staffed by French Catholics, but religious instruction is at the option of the students and their parents. A large proportion of the students are Moslem.

51. In each of the eight Catholic dioceses of Upper Volta there is at least one religious edifice built of concrete or other durable material. The new church at LaTodin has a graceful bell tower.

52. The most pretentious in design and decoration is the cathedral at Bobo-Dioulasso, the interior of which is seen here. (Most of the bishops are native Voltans, with Cardinal Zoungrana, of Ouagadougou, at their head.)

53. Closer to the people than the cathedral at Bobo-Dioulasso is this village church at Gassin with its thatched roof filtering fancy sun patterns onto the mud brick pric-Dieu...

54. The canopy over the altar is supported by carved and painted wood pillars that frame the fresco depicting the two disciples and Christ at Emaus.

55. Finally, there is this lovely terra cotta madonna and child, molded and dressed by an artist for the crèche at Banfora. It succeeds in marrying the Christian's and the Animist's love of life as represented in the Mother and Child.

Islam

As early as 1497 the Mossi of Yatenga and the Moslems of Mali were at war. There were repeated attacks on both sides during the 16th century but by the 18th century the Mossi seem to have been immune from outside attacks and busy with petty wars between local chiefs within.

But the Moslems finally entered Mossi country peaceably as refugees from wars in their own territories to the north. Their fortunes among the Mossi waxed and waned, depending on the good will of the nabas.

Some of the nabas chose Moslem merchants or marabouts as their councillors. These men were often the only persons who had traveled extensively outside the country, either as traders or as pilgrims to Mecca, and thus had wisdom based on experience in dealing with foreigners. In Ougadougou the Imam (the supreme Moslem authority) had a place at the court of the Mogho Naba.

During the thirteen years, from 1933 to 1946, that Upper Volta was partitioned between three neighboring French colonies, Yatenga was ceded to Mali. Mali is almost 100% Moslem. The Moslems made many converts among the Animists. They offered the security of a frontier-less fraternity to the Mossi who were being uprooted from their traditional, closely knit, family social structure by the economic and social changes imposed by the colonials. The Moslem rule of fraternity and hospitality to all fellow Moslems was very attractive. To profit by it one had only to profess faith in Allah, say a few prescribed prayers and observe certain dietary laws. Polygamy was legal and there was no better-stocked merchant and manufacturer of grisgris, charms and poisons than certain marabouts.

The Moslems now have Koranic schools in Yatenga and elsewhere in Upper Volta where there are Moslem communities. There the pupils are taught to read the Koran and learn to repeat long suras by heart.

The following slides give some glimpses of the presence of Islam in the vicinity of Ouahigouya.

Slides

56. His head barely visible over the parapet of the "Blue Mosque", the muezzin calls his co-religionnaires to prayer.

57. The Friday prayer assembly brings many of the faithful to the market place as well as to the mosque.

58. Today is the biggest feast day of the Moslem year--the end of the month of Ramadan. With the chief of the Moslem community at their head, the men and boys pray, facing Mecca.

59. At a signal all prostrate and repeat the sacred invocations to Allah.

60-62. After the prayer the crowd disperses and walks leisurely home where the rest of the day--and night--will be spent in feasting and greetings.

63. The days just before the second great feast of the year, Tabaski, are busy ones at the goat market. Each family sacrifices and eats a goat in memory of the sacrifice of Abraham.

64. A corner of the Moslem cemetery at Ouahigouya. Unlike the Animists and Christians, the Moslems here do not identify their graves with a symbolic marker.

65. The principal mosque at Bobo-Dioulasso. It is one of the oldest and finest examples of Sudanese architecture in Upper Volta.

66. The shadowy, windowless interior is laced with long, narrow corridors carpeted with prayer mats. The only light comes through doors at the end of the corridors or through openings in the roof.

67. A marabout prays before a niche where a precious relic is venerated.

68. The great Imam of Bobo. His influence is felt in political and economic as well as religious circles.

69. The minarets of the new mosque at Ramatoulaye seem to float above the trees. Ramatoulaye, close to the frontier of Mali, has become a kind of Mecca for West African Moslems. It took on importance only after World War II, when the Imam, accused of political intrigue and assassinations by the French government, was found guilty and executed. The Moslems made a martyr of him. His son, who succeeded him as head of the community, had his father's remains brought to Ramatoulaye which has since become a place of pilgrimage. Visitors are allowed the privilege of looking at the reliquary containing the remains of the "martyr"--on payment of a large fee.

70. The mosque, still under construction, is already one of the largest and richest edifices in Upper Volta. It has a polished tile floor and is wired for dramatic lighting effects.

71. Another of the many mosques that dot every quarter of Ouahigouya. This one is special because it has a Koranic school attached to it.

72. It is a "modern" school.

73-79. The pupils learn to read and write Arabic, the language of the Koran, not only from the sacred book itself but also from other more contemporary sources.

80. A Koranic scholar on his way to beg at the market place. The formation of a future marabout includes humble begging for alms to support the community. Since one of the holy works a Moslem must perform to merit paradise is almsgiving, the scholar-beggars are treated kindly and with respect. All the proceeds of their begging is turned over to the master.

81. A wistful scholar--cardboard tablet under his arm, grisgris around his neck.

82. Out in the "bush" the Koranic school is a mobile one. It is wherever the master is--and he goes from village to village. His disciples follow him on foot, carrying all their paraphernalia with them: wooden tablets wrapped in a mat, a kettle of water for the ritual ablutions before prayer, a lantern for night classes, and calabash shells for food and alms.

83. A bonfire piercing the darkness and the sound of high-pitched voices chanting, signal the presence of a Koranic school in session. In the bush classes are often held at night because the boys are working in the fields or begging in the village during the day.

84. The boys chant suras from the Koran written on their wooden tablets.

85. They sit with their backs to the fire so that the light from the flames illumines the text.

86. This boy wears a good luck amulet: a silver pendant in the form of an open Koran.

87. A Moslem recites his prayers on his beads...

88. as the setting sun clothes the village mosque in glory.

Supplementary Unit XI

Upper Volta: A Window on the Third World

The term "Third World" is borrowed from the original French, Tiers Monde. The French coined the expression after World War II to designate those countries which had achieved independence from colonial powers during the 1950's and 1960's and had declared their intention to keep strict political neutrality with regard to the countries of the other two worlds: Western capitalism and Eastern communism.

In a very short time the anglicized form of Tiers Monde was appearing in print in English-speaking countries, especially the United States. There it soon lost its political emphasis and took on a very wide and very imprecise meaning in which economic overtones were dominant. As currently used in the mass media it evokes the faceless mass of the have-nots of the world--of that other world that lies somewhere out there beyond the pale of the two worlds that control the economy and the destiny of the planet. They are often referred to as the underdeveloped or the developing countries. They are the countries where the gross national product and the average per capita income fall below a certain poverty level determined by UNESCO.

Although one can search in vain in the latest dictionaries and check the entries in the latest encyclopedias for "Third World", any alert high school student can tell you that the term applies to those nations that are economically and culturally very, very backward.

The Third World is first and foremost a poor world. People tend to read into "poor" the cultural correlative, inferior.

The Third World is poor (inferior) because its economy is mostly rural.

It is poor (inferior) because its population is growing faster than its GNP.

It is poor (inferior) because it is slow to industrialize and mechanize--most often for reasons beyond its own control and within the control of the other two worlds. Of course, everyone knows that outside industrialization and technology there is no economic salvation--and what other kind of salvation is there that really matters?

The Third World is also poor because it is culturally backward and uneducated by Western standards.

Furthermore, the Third World seems to be particularly susceptible to natural disasters like earthquakes, floods, famine and epidemics. It is when they provide subjects for horror pictures that certain corners of the Third World earn a few seconds on the evening newscast.

Mass media may also bring the Third World to the attention of the other two worlds when it is the scene of that man-made disaster, war, but only when it strikes a country where they have big economic interests at stake.

All this adds up to a very sorry picture, a very depressing public image.

Yet there must be other, more positive and "superior" elements that enter into the composition of the Third World or it simply could not have endured during all those centuries that preceded its discovery by the rich nations.

To get acquainted with Upper Volta is to get acquainted with some of these elements.

Upper Volta, located in the interior of West Africa, has all the characteristics of proverty mentioned above, and experiences all the disasters except earthquake, flood (would that there could be one now and then in that arid land!) and war. Economically it vies with Malawi and Burundi for the last place in the world. The average income is less than $50 a year. The only natural resources that can be exploited at present are the stony soil and a population of about 5,000,000. Droughts are endemic and getting worse from year to year. Young people by the thousands migrate every year to Ghana and Ivory Coast – where there is a shortage of labor--to work and earn enough money to pay their parents' taxes. Malnutrition and disease take their toll in this country where the average life expectancy for men is 28 years and for women, 31.

Upper Volta was administered by France from 1897 to 1946. It was closely tied to it politically and economically as a member of the French Overseas Community from 1947 to 1960. Though it became politically independent in 1960 it is still economically and culturally bound to France through trade agreements, the educational system structured on the French model, and the official language: French. Nevertheless, Upper Volta has maintained its traditional culture to a greater degree than most of its richer neighbors, partly because of inherent qualities, partly because of a poverty that is repulsive to Western taste and ambition.

With the help of visuals we will explore one province (Yatenga) of this country and get glimpses of everyday life in one corner of the Third World. If the eyes knew how to listen they would hear what the Third World has to say to the other two worlds.

Slides

1. The French title in the upper right corner says: "Upper Volta in the center of West Africa".

2. This map shows the principal towns of Upper Volta: Ougadougou, the capital, in the center; Bobo-Dioulasso, the commercial center, in the Southwest; Koudougou, the industrial center, with its textile mill, between Ouagadougou and Bobo-Dioulasso; and Ouahigouya, the capital of the ancient Yatenga empire of the Mossi, to the north.

   Access to Upper Volta is by air or by the single-track railroad that connects Ouagadougou with Abidjan on the Ivory Coast. The first stretch of paved highway, to connect Ouaga with Ghana, is still under construction.

The ethnic group upon which most of our cultural interest will be focused are the Mossi of Yatenga. The Mossi constitute almost one-half of the population of Upper Volta. Among the Mossi, traditional chiefs continue to function within the context of the modern republican government. Without force of arms they have retained more power and prestige than any other chiefs in West Africa. By the simplicity and cohesiveness of their socio-political organization they had aroused the admiration of the French colonizers who respected and retained it.

Today the Mossi chiefs understand that a tradition, no matter how respected, is not immutable. In some cases they have been in the vanguard of those who would control its evolution.

3. Naba Kom, the Emperor of Yatenga, in his ceremonial robes. (See Unit VII, "Naba Kom", and Supplmentary Unit VIII, "More About Traditional Mossi Chiefs".)

4. Naba Kougri, the powerful chief of Tikaré, a vassal of Naba Kom, holding court outside his palace.

5. A good introduction to the physical and spiritual milieu in which the Mossi of Yatenga have been living for over 800 years is this bit of landscape on the outskirts of the village of Gourcy, the first of the several villages in which the supreme nabas made their residence. It is the colline sacrée, the "holy hill", where every Emperor of Yatenga has come to be consecrated in a religious ceremony--except one: Naba Kango, who was therefore regarded as an outlaw and usurper.

   Framed here are some of the most sacred and significant elements of Mossi culture: the couple, Earth and Sky--the one feminine and maternal, the other masculine and paternal; the hut, man's dwelling (at left center); the granary, where man's food is stored (at right center); and the sacred baobab tree, every part of which serves man (at right).

6. Here, at the birthplace of the Yatenga empire, every element in the landscape stands out in stark relief, from the gnarled roots of the thorn trees to the conical roofs of the huts. Here everything that casts a shadow is important.

7. From the crest of the sacred hill one can see the yiri, or family compound, of the priest who is in charge of the sanctuary.

8. It huddles in the midst of the stony wasteland where even the brambles are reduced to white skeletons. Yet here the unquenchable spirit of life is carried with a certain nonchalance in the form of a child balanced on the hips of a frail young girl.

9. Elsewhere in Yatenga Province the basic themes of nature are repeated with a few variations. Sometimes the nondescript rocks of Gourcy become the grotesque boulders of Degha--the monumental playground of the kinkirsi, perhaps.

10. Sometimes the stony red laterite soil wears a bristly blanket of dry grass guarded by the old, dependable baobabs.

11. Framed between two rugged veterans of nature's wars: the sun-drenched approach to a yiri.

12. The nucleus of a family village: five small yiri nestled at the foot of a hill near Bam.

13. A single large yiri. Here dwells the head, or chief, of the family with his wives and children, his brothers and their wives and children, and perhaps his paternal uncles and their wives and unmarried children and his male cousins and their children.

14. It is the season for cultivating--the short rainy season that extends from June or July to September or October. The yiri squats in the center of a field of millet. Inside, in the courtyard, a woman is pounding the grain with her long wooden pestle for the evening meal.

15. A clump of trees shades the market on the edge of the village. Market is held here every three days. On the other two days two neighboring villages hold market, one after the other.

16. A straw hut is a sign that some Puehls--the cowboys of the Sudan--are grazing cattle in the area.

17. From March to October the daily drama of the sky is closely watched. (Between whiles, during the daytime hours, there is nothing else to see in the sky but sky.) Heralding the rainstorms of June and July there are the sandstorms of March, April and May. Accompanied by high winds they are called "dry tornados". Here a cloud of red dust comes quickly over the horizon. A dry tornado is on the way.

18. After it passes, the landscape is veiled in a haze of powdery sand.

19. Nature is violent in Upper Volta, even when it is beneficent. The blessing of rain seldom comes in gentle showers, but almost always in violent tempests. The spectacular advance of overlapping waves of blue-black clouds fills men and beasts with apprehension and relief. Apprehension, because it presages hurricane winds and death-dealing lightning. Relief, because it promises life-giving rain.

20. The little thorn trees hold the line against the winds while the flat earth becomes a shallow sea under the pelting rain.

21. After the first rain a sprinkling of green grass emerges from the stony soil and life is transformed for the skinny cattle.

22. Ponds, complete with pond lilies, emerge from yesterday's dry craters to form a picturesque kitchen sink where young girls can wash the dishes.

23. The man-made reservoir, on the outskirts of Ouahigouya, that was just a mudhole the night before, becomes a lovely reflecting pool.

24. No need to draw water from the well for the sheep now. They can help themselves at the rim of the reservoir.

25. After the first rain, Kuka, in his threadbare, homespun cotton boubou, sets out, with

daba over his shoulder, to begin again the annual ritual the Mossi peasants celebrate with Mother Earth.

26. Here he is caught in one movement of the kind of formal ballet that is a part of seed planting. His little son observes him and moves along in time with the rhythm.

27. A moment in the romance between man and Mother Earth: a stroke of the hoe, a tilt of the seed-filled calabash shell, and the earth is fertilized again.

28. Hot sun, another rain, and the first blades of millet push through the ground, promise of life for Kuka's family.

29. A veteran of the community hoes around every fragile plant to ventilate the roots, help the soil hold precious moisture and free the millet from suffocating weeds that grow up with it.

30. The millet, nourished by rain and sun and tended by man, grows higher and higher. Eventually it will grow above the roofs of the yiri and hide it completely from view.

31. Finally the pollen-laden spears of white millet appear--promise of next year's saghbo for the family.

32. A cluster of "red" millet. It is used for brewing dolo, the traditional beverage of the Mossi.

33. The rains stopped too soon. The grain dried on the stalk before it reached maturity. But it will be harvested anyway--there is no alternative.

34. Every able-bodied person in the village helps with the harvest.

35. Women carry the ears of grain neatly stacked in homemade baskets. It will be stored in the granaries in the yiri.

36. Boniface contemplates the ravages of this year's drought. The price of millet will soar. By January the granaries will be empty. What little cash the farmer may have had will be collected in taxes. Then men, women and children will scour the countryside for edible leaves, berries and roots to keep them alive until it is time to dig and plant again. American surplus flour and cornmeal may reach the schools and some dispensaries by March or April.

37-39. Nothing that grows goes to waste. The wild grasses are cut down by the men and carried home by the boys. Men and boys will use them to weave baskets and mats and to make new roofs for the huts.

40. After all the vegetation has been cut down and carried away, fire will be set to the field to flush out the small game and the snakes.

The Mossi belong to that class of people who are called by a term that is somewhat derogatory in our culture: subsistence farmers. That is, they merely satisfy their own needs. They have little surplus to sell for profit. Were one to substitute the words "independent" or "self-sufficient" for "subsistence" one would have a more attractive, yet true description of the Mossi from the economic point of view. He is a self-sufficient, independent farmer. He not only grows his own food (rain permitting), he also provides his own clothing, shelter and recreation by his own skill.

41. He makes the bricks for his home.

42. He weaves movable doors, screens and sleeping mats; baskets, trays and sieves; hats and bags.

43. He takes the spindle, wound with the thread his wife has spun, and, walking at a leisurely pace, he unwinds it, stretching the thread time and time again around spikes driven into the

ground to make the warp of the cloth he will weave on his homemade loom.

44. He weaves the cloth in a long, narrow band which is rolled up at right.

45. He will cut the band into the proper lengths and sew them together to make clothes and blankets for his family.

46. Every village has its dyer. His vats are holes in the ground. Native dyestuffs produce a dark blue color and a reddish brown one. We have seen several persons in Mossi-blue garments (Slides 26, 42 and 45) as well as this father-and-son team.

47. One of the most important individuals in any African village is the blacksmith. Among the Mossi he belongs to an exclusive, hereditary caste. The metalsmith is both revered and feared: revered because he has the power to draw metal from the earth and fashion it into tools essential to the work of man--such as hoes and knives--and into arms for hunting and self-defense--such as spears, arrows and daggers. He is feared because he is supposed to have occult powers which he can use for good or for ill.

Here he is seen shaping a piece of red-hot iron into a blade for a daba.

48. The metalworker may also be skilled in fashioning figurines in bronze by the "lost wax" method--a technique that was in use in West Africa centuries before European traders reached its shore. This smith is forming figurines in wax prior to encasing them in a clay mold.

49. Examples of bronze castings: two women at work--one pounding millet in a mortar, the other spinning thread. These figurines are about two inches high.

50. A bronze casting of a man spearing a crocodile. It is about five inches high.

51. Like other West Africans, the Mossi are skilled wood carvers. They excel in the carving of ritual masks. This one combines the horns of the antelope with the beak of a bird and is decorated with symbolic triangles.

52. This mask, which stands about three and one-half feet high, is the sacred mask of the village of Zogoré. It represents an ancestress whose protection is invoked on the village.

53. Another view of the statue shows how it is mounted on a foundation combining a stylized human head with a stylized antelope head carved above the eye holes.

Woman plays a more important role in traditional Mossi culture than she does in that of the Mossi who have adopted Islam. Although she works hard in the fields and at home, she has much freedom of movement and economic independence as compared to that of her Moslem sisters (See Supplementary Unit VIII, "The African Woman's Day".)

54-56. As dawn breaks one sees more women than men taking the path to the market. On their head they carry produce they have grown or condiments and baked goods they have prepared and will sell. The proceeds of their business belong to them, not to their husbands.

57. But a woman's principle role and greatest ambition, pride and joy is to give and support life--the life of the child, above all.

58. She is never supposed to kill a living creature willfully or wantonly. Her task is to nurture life, not take it. The most precious life-sustaining element here is water. It is a woman's task and privilege to go to the well morning and evening to draw water for drinking, cooking and washing.

59. She carries her jar of water with regal grace.

60. She prepares the food for her husband and children. First she pounds the millet.

61. Then she grinds it into flour. This is a social affair around the néré where one can sing with one's friends as one works.

62. The process of making the saghbo demands attention and skill.

63. The men and grown boys eat together under the zandé. The women and small children take their meals in the mother's hut. Meals are usually taken in silence.

64. Mossi women know how to make a very good soap from the kernel of the karité. They keep their clothes and their children as clean as the available amount of water permits.

65. Fuel for cooking is obtained by gathering dry branches in the bush, tying them in a bundle and carrying them home at sunset, in time to fix dinner. Trees are not cut down without the permission of the earth chief. Even then, pardon is asked of the spirits of the tree before applying the axe.

An integral part of African culture is celebration.

Celebrations are never little intimate, cliquish affairs. One man's celebration is the whole village's celebration. Or rather, all celebrations are village celebrations and everyone in the village shares in it. Furthermore, a village rarely celebrates alone. Neighboring villages--especially villages which are bound by marriage ties to the celebrating village--will be invited also.

The African knows himself only as belonging to a community--that of his family and his village. Apart from the community he has no identity, no security, no reason for being. Each exists for, through and with the others.

The principal occasions for communal celebration are the harvest and the commemoration of the dead--the "living dead", the spirits of the ancestors.

After the harvest is in and portions of it have been distributed to the various chiefs, in-laws, creditors and friends, the whole village celebrates with feasting (*saghbo*), drinking (*dolo*), and dancing to the beat of the tom-toms.

66. The rhythm makers.

67. Some dancers add the metallic clang of the *kiem[illegible]* to the deeper resonance of the drums.

68. Everyone dances--usually in a circle with the men and boys on one side...

69. and the women and girls at the other.

70. Babies swing into the rhythm with their mothers.

71-74. There will be special dances performed by the members of dance fraternities. Each fraternity has its special costume and dances.

Mossi traditions are changed less by the introduction of Western politics than by the introduction of the kind of schooling that passes for education in the Western world. When speaking of the Mossi we should, like the French, distinguish between education and instruction. Education, they say, refers to the process by which character is formed and the person is prepared for responsible participation in the community as a moral being. Instruction, on the other hand, is the process by which the mind is enriched with knowledge. It is the obligation of the family to educate. It is the responsibility of the school to instruct.

By these definitions, and in the context of their traditional culture, all the Mossi children are educated and instructed. But only 10% of them are literate. Their instruction has been obtained through listening and observing, not through the printed word--which is what literacy is about. Their education and instruction begins at birth and continues at least to the period of adolescence when there is a period of intensive preparation for adulthood at the time of initiation.

75. This is the family of Boniface Tiendebeogho. Five of the sixteen young people in this picture are the children he has had by his wife. The others are the children for whose education he is assuming some responsibility because they, too, belong to the family. They are his brothers' children and are living with him while learning a trade or going to school or while a parent is ill. The most respected person in the family is the oldest one there: Boniface's mother. She holds the most cherished one, the littlest baby, in her white shawl.

76. Grandparents play an important role in the instruction of the children. In the form of legends and folktales they teach the children the wisdom they will need to get on in the world.

77. Older brothers and sisters, too, look after and teach the younger ones.

78. Mossi parents cannot afford to buy educational, mechanical toys for their children--and probably should not buy them even if they could. As it is, the children have the rare fun of inventing toys with the few materials that nature provides in their poor environment. (See Unit 12, "Jouets et jeux".) This boy has applied the principle of the axle to a round piece of wood and attached it to the tip of a millet stalk. It is his first instruction in the wheel and his first wheeled toy.

79. The Mossi do not subscribe to compulsory child labor, but most of their children play at working, like Ibrahima, who has picked up his father's daba and goes through the motions of hoeing. He learns muscular coordination without benefit of a room full of Montessori materials.

80. So does Bintou. She has just found a long, slender stick and makes a beeline for the little mortar used to grind the condiments for the sauce. In no time at all she makes rhythm like her mother.

81. Koulga makes a sieve for his mother.

82. Salimata carries water with the same dignity as her mother.

83. She knows it is a woman's privilege to offer refreshment to guests, with both hands, as a sign of eager generosity.

84. Two little tots with calabashes in their hands debate if they can leave the baby long enough to carry food and water to the grownups working in the next field.

85. Carrying a bundle of millet stalks on his head, Kuka joins the family procession. Everyone returns home carrying something for the community.

86. Mother and daughters winnow the grain in graceful, golden cascades.

87. Moussa has charge of the sheep--a responsibility that makes a boy feel like a man.

88. Enterprising youngsters set up a fruit stand at the side of the road.

89. The blacksmith's son learns his father's craft, beginning at the bottom, working the bellows.

90. Every well-educated girl can prepare the family meals without supervision.

91. Boys are trusted with the transporation of grain to the market.

92. Little girls learn the art of spinning--something useful that one can always do to while away the free moments in the day and avoid ennui.

93. A boy can gather kindling wood in the bush, load it on his father's donkey cart and drive it to town to sell it.

94. Little girls and little babies are at ease in one another's company.

95. Bigger boys are apprentices to their father in the art of weaving.

96. Father and son play a duet on the anvil to fashion the blade of a daba from the red-hot iron.

97. Under the zandé the young people learn by listening to the village elders. They learn history and legend, folklore and myth. They learn to use symbols and poetic images in the service of truth and beauty. They learn to weigh current events in the light of the wisdom of the ancestors. Mossi conversation is always punctuated with proverbs and aphorisms, many of them very sophisticated.

98. This is Koutou. He is intelligent--and perplexed. He has just finished his first day at the French school. By the time he has completed twelve years of instruction in Western values he will be more perplexed still.

Must he deny the civilization that has educated him in village democracy, universal fraternity, the creative arts of leisure and celebration?

Must he turn his back on the civilization that has given Negro sculpture and music to the world of art?

Must he reject the civilization that has given a moral philosophy, based on respect for life and integration with the cosmos, to the world of philosophy and religion?

Must he sacrifice the traditional institutions bearing the imprint of community and solidarity to the world of individualism? And respect for authority and law to the world of glorified anarchy?

Once the material obstacles are overcome, could not the Mossi culture--and other Third World cultures like it--contain within themselves enough strength, vitality and regenerative power to adapt themselves to the conditions of the modern world, and enrich it?

AFRICAN STUDIES IN FRENCH FOR THE ELEMENTARY GRADES

VOLUME II

PART II

American Units
October 1969 -- June 1971

Tapescripts Accompanying Slides

1. Présentation

Diapositives

1. Bonjour mes amis de la Haute Volta. C'est M. Thom qui vous parle. Je suis professeur de français à l'école St. Dominique à Cincinnati. Voice mes élèves de la classe de l'école St. Dominique, photographiés devant la porte de l'école. Ils sont tous trés heureux de commencer les échanges avec vous, leurs futurs amis de la Haute Volta, et il vous font leur plus beau sourire.

2. Le premier groupe se présente. De gauche à droite:

   Je m'appelle Donna.
   Je m'appelle Lisa.
   Je m'appelle Lisa.
   Je m'appelle Pam.
   Je m'appelle Mary Jane.

   Comme vous voyez, il y a deux Lisa dans ce groupe. La premiére en pull jaune, c'est Lisa Leugering, et la deuxième, c'est Lisa Adams, en gilet rouge.

3. Je m'appelle Patricia. A ma gauche ...
   Mary Lynn. A ma gauche ...
   Cathy. A ma gauche ...
   Diane. A ma gauche ...
   Lois.

4. D'ordinaire, on trouve le drapeau américain dans toutes les classes chez nous. Ici vous voyez Barbara en rose, Carol en rouge et blanc, Christine en vert, Lisa Moulden en robe fleurie.

5. Mary Beth Brennan, celle à gauche, va vous parler.

   Je m'appelle Mary Beth Brennan. Je suis derrière Lois.
   Je m'appelle Cheryl. Mary Beth est à ma droite.
   Je m'appelle Linda. J'ai une robe orange.
   Je m'appelle Marianne. Je suis derrière Jerry McAdams, à demi-tourné.
   Jim Schlank, celui à droite, qui s'amuse bien.

6. Ici, le dernier groupe de filles.

   Je m'appelle Stéphanie. Mon amie s'appelle Janet.
   Nous portons l'uniforme de l'école.

Bonjour. Je m'appelle Janet.
Je m'appelle Suzanne. Je suis au milieu.
Je m'appelle Karen. Melva est à ma droite.
Je m'appelle Melva. J'ai une robe jaune.

7. Voilà encore Jim Schlank qui va vous parler.

A ma gauche, Kelly Cassidy...
A ma gauche, Jim Shore...
A ma gauche, Paul Halverstadt...
A ma gauche, Bonjour! Jim Murray.

8. Je m'appelle Steven. J'ai une chemise jaune.
Je m'appelle David. J'ai une chemise bleue claire.
Je m'appelle Grégroire. J'ai un pantalon brun.
Je m'appelle Ronald. J'ai une chemise écossaise.
Je m'appelle David Mayhaus. J'ai une chemise bleue foncée.

9. Assis sur une table orange au milieu de la classe vous voyez:

Gary, en chemise orange
Jerry Schloemer, en chemise brune
Le plus grand de la classe, Jerry McAdams
Robert, en chemise verte
Richard, en chemise bleue
Mike, en chemise blanche.

Devant Michel, ou ."Mike", on voit Grégoire, et devant lui c'est Melva. Les têtes de Jim Shore et Mary Beth McCloy sont coupées sur la photo.

10. Reconnaissez-vous Karen, Melva, David Helmers, et Grégoire?

11. C'est Suzanne au premier plan. Derrière elle se trouve Jim Murray. Je suis Marianne Flanders. Je suis en rouge.

12. Patricia tourne dans sa chaise pour me parler. Je suis Lisa Leugering. Je suis en jaune.

13. Ici Patricia est assez triste, Christine rougit, Michel rêve, Gary est très sérieux!

14. Mary Beth McCloy regarde en arrière. Je m'appelle Jim Shore, en chemise orange.

15. La photo n'est pas très claire, mais Paul montre à la classe où se trouve la Haute Volta.

2. Delhi et sa Banlieu

Diapositives

1. C'est l'automne. Il commence à faire froid et les feuilles changent de couleur. C'est jolie, n'est-ce pas? (Greg Birkhofer)

2-4. Ces maisons sont typiquement américaines, faites de briques et de bois. Elles sont petites et carrées et souvent peintes en blanc. (Mary Beth McCloy)

5. Les immeubles que vous voyez ici, faits entièrement de verre, s'appellent en anglais green houses. Là-dedans on peut faire pousser des fleurs, des fruits, des légumes pendant tout l'hiver puisqu'ils sont protégés du foid. (Mary Beth Brennan)

6. Ce fermier a des pommes à vendre. (Cathy Hanekamp)

7. Avez-vous des citrouilles en Haute Volta? (Cheryl McKinney)

8. Juste à côté de la petite exploitation qu'on vient de voir il y a un shopping center avec ce grand parking devant. Remarquez la tour à droite. (Marianne Flanders)

9. A côté du shopping center se trouve ce petit restaurant ou café. Voilà encore la tour. (Kelly Cassidy)

10. Le marchand de fleurs a de jolies chrysanthèmes à vendre. (Lisa Moulden)

11. Deux employés chargent le camion. (Barbara Backscheider)

12. Voici une vue de notre école, St. Dominique, prise de derrière. On peut voir aussi la tour de l'église paroissiale. (Lois Haneberg)

13. La chapelle de Mount St. Joseph College est très moderne. (Gary Sweeney)

14. Voici la bibliothèque et le théâtre du collège. C'est ici, à Mount St. Joseph, qu'a vécu et travaillé la Soeur Ruth avant d'aller en Haute Volta. (Richard Benken)

15. Voilà un pompier de chez nous, à côté de la pompe à incindie. Remarquez le mot Delhi. (Karen Rokich)

16. Les gendarmes sont aussi importants que les pompiers. (Susan Doherty)

17. La station-service a toujours des clients. (Donna Wissing)

18. Voilà une autre station-service. (Beverly Robben)

19. Ce château d'eau est tout neuf et très moderne. Remarquez qu'il y a encore des greenhouses. (Steve Loesser)

20. Les cimetières sont peut-être toujours et partout les mêmes. Voici le nôtre. C'est un peu lugubre, mais c'est joli. (Stephanie Wandstrat)

(After the end of the above dialogue the children recorded fifteen to twenty questions in English, questions about things that they had seen in the slides about their impressions of Africa. The questions came up quite spontaneously and were unrehearsed.)

3. Thanksgiving
Un repas chez Linda Burns

Diapositives

1. Bonjour chers amis de la Haute Volta. C'est encore M. Thom qui vous parle. Comme vous voyez il est neuf heures cinq du matin et la classe de français vient de commencer. La fille à ma droite c'est Lisa Leugering. A sa droite c'est Mary Jane Minnery. Le garçon s'appelle Gary Sweeney. Devant moi c'est Beverly Robben.

2. Ici vous voyez les élèves qui ont leurs places au fond de la classe.
Stéphanie, avec des lunettes
Lisa Moulden, dans le côté de la photo
Cheryl, avec la bouche ouverte
(Diane) J'ai la dernière place dans la première rangée.
(Linda) Vous allez me voir dans la prochaine vue.

3. (Linda) Me voilà encore. Devant moi c'est Mary Beth Brennan.
(Mary Beth) Devant moi c'est Jim Schlank.
(Jim) J'ai un grand sourire.
(Jerry) Je porte une chemise brune. Je m'appelle Jerry Schlomer.

4. Me voilà encore. Reconnaissez-vous Jim et Beverly?
Je m'appelle Bob Bedinghaus. Je suis à côté de Beverly.
Je m'appelle Rick Benkin. Je suis devant Bob.
Je m'appelle Barbara. Je suis devant Rick.
Je m'appelle Jim Shore. Je porte une chemise claire.
Derrière moi c'est Christine.
Devant Jim c'est Mary Beth McCloy.
Je suis dans l'ombre. Je m'appelle Melva.
Je suis encore plus dans l'ombre. Je m'appelle Karen.
La maîtresse de la classe, Soeur Alice Marie, se trouve devant la fenêtre.

5. Nous avons en Amérique un jour de fête qui s'appelle Thanksgiving. C'est trop compliqué d'expliquer ici mais la Soeur Ruth peut vous donner les détails. Suffit-il de dire que ce jour-là il y a dans chaque famille un grand dîner. Vous allez assister au repas chez Linda Burns.

(Linda) Je viens de me lever. Je mets une tarte à la citrouille au four.

6. (Linda) Voilà Maman. Elle est en train de farcir la dinde.

7. Il y aura de petits gâteaux aussi. Linda et ses deux amies sont en train de les faire.

8. Ici Linda coupe les petits pains.

9. La grande soeur de Linda s'appelle Peggy. Elle aime faire la cuisine.

10. Linda a mis la table: des verres de couleur vert, des assiettes roses et vertes; des couteaux, fourchettes, et cuillères; et même deux bougies!

11. Mon grand frère va couper la dinde. Il s'appelle Rick. Je m'appelle Mary Lynn.

12. (Mary Lynn) On attend M. et Mme Burns pour commencer à manger. La blonde s'appelle Marly Peiper. Elle est la soeur de Mary Lynn.

13. La famille est en train de manger. Le frère de Linda s'appelle John. Son père est à la tête de la table.

14. A la fin du repas Marly et Peggy enlèvent tout de la table. Elles vont faire la vaisselle maintenant.

15. (Mary Lynn) Voilà notre chien, un petit caniche. Il s'appelle Fido. Il a faim aussi, lui.

Au revoir chers amis.. C'est tout pour le moment. Prochainement vous allez voir les petites maison américaines. C'est avec impatience que nous attendons votre premier envoi. Nous avons hâte de vous connaître.

4. Une Journée d'hiver à Cincinnati

Bonjour chers amis de la Haute Volta. Récemment il a fait très froid chez nous. La température est tombée jusqu'a cinq degrés au-dessous de zéro. Mais il faut vous assurer tout de suite qu'une telle température est assez rare à Cincinnati. Sur ces diapositives vous allez voir notre ville un jour de dimanche sous la neige et le verglas.

Diapositives

1. Il est huit heures du matin. Le soleil se lève. La photo est prise de la voiture de M. Thom.

2. Il a fait presque trop froid pour sortir. Voilà une vue de la cuisine de M. Thom. Sous le toit de la maison en miniature on met du grain pour les oiseaux. La neige couvre tout et ils ne peuvent rien trouver à manger. Si on ne leur donne pas à manger, ils peuvent crever de faim.

3. Voilà le même arbre que vous venez de voir, en forme de pyramide. C'est un houx. Il est maintenant dix heures et demie. Le soleil montant fait étinceller les branches couvertes de verglas.

4,5, 6. Sur ces trois diapositives vous voyez des oiseaux qui mangent le grain. Remarquez qu'il y a cinq ou six pouces de neige par terre.

7. On a semé du sel sur les routes, ce qui fait fondre la neige. Ainsi, les autos peuvent circuler avec plus de sûreté.

8. Cette partie de Cincinnati s'appelle Mount Adams. Mount veut dire Mont ou Colline. Adams, c'est un nom propre. Remarquez les deux tours de l'église. C'est le réservoir d'eau à droite.

9. Voici une autre vue de Mount Adams.

10,11. L'eau du réservoir est bien gelée. Donc, on peut patiner. Il n'y a pas beaucoup de monde à cause de la température.

12. Cette petite construction jaune et verte--un peu en style arabe--s'appelle en anglais gazebo. Elle est construite dans un coin de la cour du réservoir. Elle ne sert à aucun but pratique. Elle est tout simplement jolie à voir.

13. Le soleil se couche et l'air se refroidit vers cinq heures.
Personne n'est plus là. Il est l'heure de rentrer.

5. A la patinoire

Diapositives

1. Une soirée de février les filles de la classe sont parties en groupe pour faire du patinage à roulettes. De gauche à droite, Lisa Leugering, Barbara, Lisa Adams, Mary Beth Brennan, Patricia et Diane.

2. D'abord il faut acheter un ticket.

3. Voilà Cheryl en pourpre, la blonde Stéphanie, Lisa Leugering et moi, Donna, à moitié coupée sur la photo. Les filles font la queue pour louer des patins à roulette.

4. Nous mettons les patins. Je m'appelle Lisa Adams. Je suis au milieu. C'est ma mère qui a fait les photos. Mary Beth Brennan est à ma droite, Janet est en pull orange.

5. Je viens de tomber. Ce serait plus sûr si je ne lâchais pas la barre: Je me nomme Mary Beth Brennan.

6. J'étais très vite éliminée du jeu. Je m'appelle Diane.

7. C'est un drôlè de jeu qu'on fait ici.

8. Stephanie a peur. Cheryl la rassure.

9. A la fin de la soirée les fillès sont bien fatiguées. Les voilà toutes, qui se reposent avant de rentrer chez elles.

6. Les Costumes et les Dessins

1,2, 3. Nous étions très surpris et bien contents de recevoir les costumes indigènes de la Haute Volta. Toutes les filles de la classe ont voulu les essayer. Voilà trois photos de Lois Haneberg.

M. Thom a oublié son flash donc je suis montée sur une table devant la fenêtre pour profiter de la lumière.

4. Je m'appelle Christine. J'aime bien les couleurs dans ce pagne.

5. Le coq sur le pagne de Lois a beaucoup plu à la classe. Avez-vous remarqué la neige qu'on peut voir par les fenêtres?

6. Sur le tableau d'affichage il y a des figures géométriques qu'on peut discerner à peine.

7,8. Voilà Stéphanie et Diane qui vous disent bonjour de Cincinnati.

9. Nous avons beaucoup apprécié les dessins de vos maisons et des cases Mossi.

Je m'appelle Beverly. Je trouve ces deux cases Mossi très jolies. Qu'est-ce qu'on garde dans la case fétiche?
Merci à Héma Arzouma et à Ouédraogo Salif de les avoir envoyées.

10. Je m'appelle Mary Jane.
Merci, Madeleine pour le joli dessin de votre maison.
Reconnaissez-vous le dessin sous l'horloge?

11. Je m'appelle Ronald.
Merci, Lizetta de nous avoir envoyé ce joli dessin.

12. Je m'appelle Diane.
Je trouve que ce dessin est parmi les plus jolis.
Merci, Marie-Thérèse.
Reconnaissez-vous le dessin du vieux Monsieur en perruque blanche?
C'est le premier président des Etats-Unis. Savez-vous qui est-ce?

13. Il y a de très jolies couleurs dans ce dessin.
Merci, Boubakary Traoré. (J'espère que nous n'avons pas mal prononcé votre nom.)

Voilà un dessin d'un autre président des Etats-Unis. Celui-là est mort en 1865. Il est très renommé. Savez-vous pourquoi?

Au revoir, chers amis. C'est tout pour le moment. Vous avez peut-être l'occasion d'apprendre des mots en anglais de la Soeur Ruth. Voulez-vous bien nous apprendre quelques expressions dans votre langue? Ça nous fera grand plaisir.

7. Les Sports et les Distractions

Diapositives

1. Ces diapositives ont été faites samedi matin, le 14 mars. La veille nous avons eu quatre pouces de neige, ce qui est assez rare à cette date. D'habitude il fait beaucoup moins froid.

   Je m'appelle David Helmers. C'est ma petite soeur Tracy sur la bicyclette. Celui en anorak c'est mon frère Michel.

   Je m'appelle Ronald. Je suis à côté de Michel. J'ai très froid.

   Je m'appelle Grégoire. Je n'ai pas envie de faire de la bicyclette. Il fait trop froid--18 degrés Fahrenheit.

2. Celui en brun s'appelle David Mayhaus. Celui en bleu s'appelle Michael Tiemeier.

   Il faut mettre ce gros gant en cuir quand on joue au baseball. Sinon, on peut se faire du mal en attrapant la balle.

   Remarquez le bat et la ball par terre.

   On a besoin d'un gros ballon pour jouer au basket. L'autre balle, plus ou moins en forme d'un oeuf, est un football américain.

3. Le chien de Grégoire, qui s'appelle Chouchou, est venu se joindre à David et Michael.

4. Ronald va lancer le football. Gary et moi, nous le regardons.

5. Ici c'est Gary qui lance la balle.

6. Robert et Ronald posent avec les crosses de golf du père de David. C'est surtout les adultes qui font du golf.

7. Vous voyez ici les frères et soeurs de David Helmers et de Grégoire Birkhofer. La plus grande c'est Lauri. Devant elle c'est le frère de David, Michel, et devant lui sa soeur, Tracy. Celui à genoux c'est Jeoffroi Birkhofer. Le garçon en pull vert c'est Douglas Birkhofer. La fille en pull bleu c'est Leslie Birkhofer.

8,9. Grégoire et sa soeur Lauri jouentau ping-pong avec Jeoffroi et Douglas, leurs deux frères.

10. C'est Gary assis au petit piano. De gauche à droite c'est Greg, Ronald, moi, Michael, David Mayhaus, David Helmers and Robert.

11. David va lâcher la balle pour voir s'il peut renverser tous les quilles d'un seul coup.

12. David vient de préparer les boules sur la table. Comme le golf, les boules c'est un jeu surtout pour les adultes.

13. C'est le tour de Grégoire et Ronald. Ils semblent ne pas savoir quoi faire.

14. Robert et David vous montrent deux des prix gagnés par la famille Helmers dont tous les membres sont très sportifs.

15,16, Je m'appelle Steven. Mon frère Rick aime les serpents.
17. Il en a deux qu'il garde dans une cage à la maison. Son boa est long de quatre pieds. Ce qui fait plus d'un mètre.

18. Ce serpent s'appelle en anglais "rat-snake".

8. Au Marché

Diapositives

1. Assez près du centre de la ville de Cincinnati se trouve un grand marché qui s'appelle Findlay Market. Dans l'immeuble à toit rouge se trouve beaucoup d'étalages où on peut acheter toutes sortes d'aliments: des fruits, des légumes, du pain, de la pâtisserie, etc.

   Ici vous voyez Jerry McAdams et derrière lui Paul Halverstadt. La grosse voiture jaune est plus ou moins typique des voitures américaines. L'affiche à gauche, en noir et blanc, dit en anglais, Do Not Enter, c'est à dire: sens unique.

2. Paul me montre de jolies fleurs. Je m'appelle Jim Murray. Je porte un anorak jaune.

3. Jerry mange un morceau de tarte qu'il vient d'acheter.

4. Jim Murray tient deux oignons gigantesques. Je vous montre un melon et une aubergine.

5. Je pèse deux beaux ananas qui viennent du Hawaii. Je m'appelle Jim Shore.

6. Je tiens un artichaut. Jim tient un chou-fleur.

7. Remarquez les épis de maïs. C'est très bon à manger.

8. La marchande a de jolies pommes à vendre--rouges, jaunes et vertes.

9. Jim Murray et moi nous ne nous intéressons pas aux asperges.

10. Nous avons voulu entrer dans cette petite épicerie avant de quitter le marché.

11. Voilà tous les six garçons juste avant de quitter le marché. Au premier plan--Jerry Schloemer. En pull noir et jaune--Jim Shore. A côté de lui--Jim Schlank qui parle à Jerry McAdams en chemise bleue. Paul se tient à l'écart. Il voulait bien acheter une pamplemousse mais le temps pressait et il fallait rentrer. Aussi, il faut admettre qu'on n'avait pas d'argent.

9. Pâques
Un Repas Américain

Diapositives

1. Nous sommes dans la cuisine de la maison de Jeannette. Voilà sa mère, Madam Kunnen.

   Maman va préparer des hamburgers. Elle prend du boeuf haché auquel elle ajoute des oignons, du sel et du poivre.

2. Elle mélange bien les ingrédients. C'est Suzanne, une camarade de classe, qui tire la langue.

3. On les forme en petits ronds.

4. Je verse des fèves dans une casserole.

5. Elle y ajoute de la sauce tomate et des épices pour donner un bon goût.

6. On fait cuire les fèves et les hamburgers au four.

7. Jeannette et Suzanne vont aussi faire un gâteau.

8. Elles le mettent au four.

9. Jeannette le couvre d'une sauce fait de sucre, de beurre et de noix.

10. Son frère verse du lait tandis que Jeannette met la table.

11. Il y aura du pain, des tomates et des potato chips.

12. Tout est prêt!

13. Jeannette a fait un sandwich. Elle a pris aussi des cornichons et des olives.

14. Et voilà le bon gâteau qu'on mange comme dessert.

15. Le repas fini, son père boit une tasse de café. Son grand frère est à gauche.

16. A la fête de Pâques la coutume demande qu'on prépare des oeufs durs et qu'on teigne les coques en différentes couleurs.

17. La grande soeur de Jeannette vous montre un petit jouet, un lapin en papier. Parmi d'autres, le lapin est un symbole de Pâques aux Etats-Unis.

18. Voilà le même lapin tout assemblé. Le lapin dans le panier est en chocolat. Remarquez les oeufs teientés en diverses couleurs.

19. Voilà de près le lapin en chocolat.

20. Et voilà un vrai lapin noir que Jeannette chérit comme animal favori.

10. Fountain Square

Salut chers amis de la Haute Volta. C'est M. Thom qui vous parle. C'etait au mois de mars qui j'ai fait ces diapositives. Il faisait encore très froid ce jour-là quand nous sommes allés en ville prendre ces vues de la grande place, qui s'appelle en anglais, Fountain Square. Elle se trouve au centre de Cincinnati.

Diapositives

1. Voilà la grande fontaine située au milieu d'une grande esplanade. Les garçons sont élèves à St. Dominique. Le bâtiment à l'arc roman derrière la fontaine est un cinéma.
2. En gros plan vous voyez ma femme, Mme Thom. Ces deux vues ont été prises d'un petit balcon qui se trouve à côté de la fontaine.
3. Voilà le balcon où sont montés mes élèves.
4. Bien que la fontaine elle-même soit très vieille, la place où elle se trouve est toute moderne, faite de marbre et de ciment cru. Comme vous voyez, les arbres sont encore très jeunes.
5. La vue est jolie n'est-ce pas? Ce sont Jim Shore et Jim Schlank au premier plan.
6. Et voici encore Jim Shore.
7. Jim Murray et Paul Halverstadt font la tour de la fontaine.
8. Voici le drapeau américain.
9. Le bâtiment en brique rouge c'est un hôtel de luxe.
10. Voici une autre vue de l'hôtel.
11. Une dernière vue de la fontaine.
12. Et pour terminer, une vue du Carew Tower--gratte-ciel à quarante-neuf étages.

Au revoir chers amis--A bientôt.

11. A la Belle Etoile

Diapositives

1. Quelques-unes des filles de la classe à St. Dominique sont recemment parties en groupe passer la nuit à la belle étoile. Les voilà avec leurs provisions.

   La blonde en gilet orange c'est Lois Haneberg. La fille à sa gauche au cheveux noirs c'est Lisa Adams. Elle porte un chapeau. A sa gauche, Lisa Leugering. La fille debout en pantalon rouge s'appelle Cathy Hanekamp.

2. C'est Diane Bender qui mène le groupe à souper. Derrière elle c'est Cheryl, suivie de Lois et Lisa.

3. On prépare des hamburgers pour le souper. Il faut demander à la Soeur Ruth ce que c'est. Lisa Adams ne quitte pas son chapeau.

4. Après avoir mangé, les filles lavent la vaiselle. On met tout dans un filet qu'on trempe dans l'eau bouillante.

5. A côté du parking, Stéphanie apaise sa soif.

6. Voici nos amies qui attendent le commencement de la messe. Pouvez-vous en identifier quelques-unes? Voila Christine au premier plan; derrière elle Janet, Diane, et Stéphanie; Lisa en pantalon orange; et au dernier rang Mary Beth, Lisa Adams, Cheryl et Lois.

7. Les voilà autour de l'autel avec M. l'abbé.

8. Tandis qu'il fait encore jour, on prépare les lanternes pour la nuit.

9. Un goûter avant de se coucher.

10. On est fatigué mais on n'a pas envie de dormir.

11. A l'aube il y a déjà du monde qui erre dans les bois.

12. Les voilà toutes prêtes à rentrer chez elles.

12. La Ferme

1. Avec quatre garçons de la classe j'ai visité cette exploitation dans le Kentucky pour vous donner une idée de ce que c'est une ferme américaine. Au centre c'est la maison. A gauche, l'étable. A droit, la porcherie.

2. Voilà l'étable de près, où le fermier garde ses chevaux et ses vaches. Il a aussi des ânes, des moutons, des brebis, des porcs, aussi bien que des volailles.

3. Ces moutons sont prets à tondre.

4. Le fils du fermier nous fait voir son cheval.

5. Voilà la truie, ou coche.

6. Et voilà les cochonnets.

7. La vache ne voulait pas rester immobile. Donc, il me fallait la tenir bien par les cornes avec mes deux mains.

8. Le jeune fermier a mieux réussi.

9. Son père la retient sans difficulté avec une main.

10. C'était la première fois de ma vie que j'ai essayé de traire une vache.

11. Il semble que celle-ci ait deux têtes.

12. Mais quatre élèves vous font voir les grains de maïs que le fermier va semer.

13. Il verse le grain dans un récipient attaché à son tracteur.

14. Et il vérifie que tout est bien en ordre.

15. David Mayhaus se tient un peu à l'écart.

16. Greg veut monter sur le tracteur.

17,18. Le champ est préparé pour recevoir le grain.

19. Juste avant de partir, les garçons se rassemblent pour vous dire au revoir: Richard Benken, Kelly Cassidy, Dave Mayhaus et Greg Birkhoffer.

13. Présentation de la classe de St. Williams

Diapositives

1. Bonjour, mes amis de la Haute Volta. C'est M. Thom qui vous parle. Me voici vêtu du boubou que vous nous avez envoyé.

   Je m'appelle Russel Bockerstette. Nous avons beaucoup admiré la peau du serpent.

   Vous allez voir des diapositives des élèves de cinquième de l'école St. William de Cincinnati. Comme vos amis de St. Dominic, ils étudient le français depuis cinq ans.

   La fille qui vous regarde, au coin de la diapositive, s'appelle Véronique. Elle vous parlera plus tard.

2. Je m'appelle Michel Heekin. Voit-on souvent des serpents-boas en Haute Volta?

3. Je m'appelle Jim Rosenthal. A Cincinnati, il n'y a presque pas de serpents.

4. Je m'appelle Richard Edmiston. C'est moi qui tiens la queue du serpent.

   Je m'appelle Jim Monk. Je préfère regarder le serpent plutôt que de le toucher.

5. Je m'appelle Joe Vogel. A quoi sert cet objet que je tiens? Est-ce une arme?

6. Je m'appelle Keith Olthaus. Cette dague sert-elle à se défendre?

7. Je m'appelle Stephan Puls. La classe a beaucoup admiré le chasse-mouche.

8. Je m'appelle Douglas Rushford. Nous sommes bien contents de ces jolis personnages en bronze.

9. Je m'appelle Joe Thomas. Ce petit homme, tient-il une pipe?

10. Je m'appelle Patrick Delaney. Ce cultivateur semble travailler beaucoup.

11. Je m'appelle Véronique Jenkins. La calebasse ne pousse pas chez nous.

12. Je m'appelle Barbara Puttmann. Les filles portent-elles des chéchias comme cela en Haute Volta?

13. Je m'appelle Margaret Newcomb. Ne suis-je pas jolie avec ma chéchia?

14. Je m'appelle Nancy Hartlaub. Je vous offre mon plus beau sourire.

Je m'appelle Marianne Kunnen. M. Thom a essayé de faire sourire Nancy. Elle ne voulait pas. Les filles qui se trouvent au fond vous parleront plus tard.

15. Je m'appelle Joan Bockhold. Ces calebasses sont bien jolies.

16. Je m'appelle Joe Tenoever. Je ne saurais pas piler le mil.

17. Je m'appelle Terry Broxterman. Et moi, je n'ai jamais semé ainsi.

18. Je m'appelle Tina Ruoff. L'affiche derrière moi veut dire "Sois Poli", c'est notre maîtresse Mlle Kiley qu'on voit en moitié.

19. Je m'appelle Sharon Greely. J'ai de la chance de tenir le chasse-mouche.

20. Je m'appelle Katheleen Mauldin. L'étui est joliment travaillé.

21. Je m'appelle Jennifer Wilson. J'aurais bien voulu voir le serpent dans sa peau.

22. Je m'appelle Thérèse Nierlich. Moi, je suis bien contente qu'il l'ait quittée.

23. Je m'appelle Judy Gutzwiller. La chéchia est un peu trop petite pour moi.

24. Je m'appelle Karen Beckman. J'aimerais bien visiter la Haute Volta.

25. Je m'appelle Susan Meister. Chez nous il fait froid déjà. Et chez vous?

26. Je m'appelle Meg Hauser. L'oiseau qui a fait ce nid est vraiment un bon tisserand.

27. Je m'appelle Linda Harmon. Ce pic reste pour nous un grand mystère.

28. Je m'appelle Patricia Tully. Cette silhouette est un autre mystère. Voilà encore Mlle Kiley coupée sur la photo.

29. Susan et Meg vous montrent nos livres de français. Au-dessus de leur tête flotte le drapeau américain. Savez-vous qui était Tom Jefferson?

30. Et pour terminer, voilà enfin Mlle Kiley toute entière.

14. Visite d'une ferme

Diapositives

1. Nous avons décidé d'aller visiter une ferme dans le Kentucky. Avant de partir nous nous rencontrons à l'école St. William. Sharon et Marianne sont côte à côte en haut de l'escalier. Le chien de Keith l'a accompagné. Joe Thomas. aux cheveux bruns, trône fièrement, tandis que Joe Vogel est assis à ses pieds.

2. Comme vous savez, nous habitons l'Ohio. La ferme que nous allons visiter se trouve dans le Kentucky. La frontière entre les deux états c'est la rivière Ohio que nous allons traverser en ferry-boat.

3. (Keith Althaus) Nous voilà à bord du ferry-boat.

4. (Sharon Greely) Derrière nous, vous pouvez voir les collines du Kentucky.

5. (Marianne Kunnen) La ferme s'appelle Valley Orchards. On y vend surtout des pommes et des pêches. Le propriétaire s'appelle Charles Hempflings. M. Thom est là avec ses jumeaux, Jude et Nora.

6. (Keith) Les citrouilles poussent-elles aussi en Afrique?

7. (Joe Thomas) La machine placée derriére nous sert à fabriquer du cidre.

8. (Joe) Nous vous montrons les deux principales sortes de pommes, la jaune et la rouge.

9. (Susan Meister) C'est une grange que Mme Thom regarde de loin.

10. (Marianne) Derrière nous se trouve le drapeau amèricain. Comme la plupart des granges américaines, celle-ci est construite de bois, tandis que son toit est fait de métal.

11. (Sharon) C'est le retour, nous laissons le Kentucky derrière nous.

12. (Keith) Une vue de la rivière.

Les six diapositives qui suivent vous montrent les enfants entrant chez eux.

Diapositives

1. (Joe Vogel) Demandez à Sr. Ruth pourquoi il y a une citrouille sur le toit de ma maison.

2. (Susan) J'ai été surprise que M. Thom prenne cette photo.

3. (Sharon) Ma maison se trouve très près de l'école.

4. (Marianne) C'est mon frère qui est endormi sur la chaise devant le massif.

5. (Keith) Le soleil brillait avec force cette après-midi-là.

6. (Joe Thomas) Nous avons passé un bon moment ensemble et nous espérons que la visite de cette ferme vous a aussi intéressés.

15. Varia

Les quatre premières diapositives que vous allez voir vous montreront des garçons de Saint William dans la cour de l'école.

Diapositives

1. Joe Vogel, le blond, joue au basket. Il veut "faire un panier".
2. Des garçons sont en place pour un match de baseball.
3. Joe Thomas attend la balle.
4. Douglas s'apprête à lancer la balle à Jim. Au fond vous pouvez voir une maison jaune. Patrick Delaney, dont vous avez reçu la photo, habite au rez-de-chaussée. Véronique Jenkins habite au premier étage.
5. Je m'appelle Linda. Je me suis cassé le bras. Le docteur m'a mis un plâtre.
6. Je m'appelle Susan. Judy regarde mes deux doigts que j'ai cassés en jouant à la balle.
7. Je m'appelle Véronique. Comme Johanni, je me suis aussi cassé la jambe. Kathleen me taquine.
8. Et voilà le trio de nos estropiées! Le docteur a plâtré leurs membres cassés pour que les os se ressoudent rapidement. Elles doivent garder ce plâtre pendant quelques temps.

16. La Construction de la Maison de Joe Tenoever

Diapositives

1. Voici le terrain où doit être construite la maison.

2. Les fondations sont posées.

3. Les murs commencent à sortir de terre.

4. Vous voyez deux tas de briques rouges. Elles serviront à construire la maison.

5. Tout autour, on construit aussi d'autres maisons. C'est tout un nouveau quartier qui sera là bientôt.

6. Peu à peu les murs s'élèvent.

7. Les maçons travaillent activement. On peut voir l'emplacement des ouvertures.

8. C'est la pose du plancher.

9. Et avec ces longues lattes, on va bientôt construire la charpente.

10. La charpente est en place. La maison est presque construite.

11. Les volets sont posés. Les vitres aussi. On va bientôt pouvoir l'habiter.

12. C'est le moment des peintures.

13. Voilà la maison terminée. Elle est bien jolie. Il fera bon y vivre en famille!

17. Chez le dentiste

Diapositives

1. Je m'appelle Mary Beth Brennan. J'ai très mal aux dents et j'entre chez le dentiste en espérant qu'il pourra me soulager.
2. Que c'est long d'attendre! J'essaie de me distraire en feuilletant des revues.
3. Que va-t-on faire? J'aurais peut-être dû souffrir encore.
4. Tous ces instruments m'effraient.
5. Voyez comme je suis docile. Il le fallait bien!
6. Ce dentiste grave et sérieux m'impressionne.
7. Et voilà! Tout va bien mieux et j'espère ne plus revenir ici de sitôt.

18. Diapositives diverses

Chers amis, nous vous envoyons cette fois diverses diapositives qui vous donneront une idée de ce qu'on peut voir à Cincinnati et dans ses environs suivant les saisons.

Diapositives

1. Voilà une rivière que franchit un pont de bois. C'est pour le protéger de la pluie, du vent, de la neige que ce pont a été recouvert. Ainsi il durera plus longtemps.

2. Une autre vue du même pont. C'est une route que vous pouvez voir.

3. Voilà un autre pont tout différent qui traverse l'Ohio. Il relie les états d'Ohio et du Kentucky. C'est l'été.

4. Et voilà le même pont photographié en hiver.

5. Cinq ou six ponts relient les états d'Ohio et du Kentucky. Ici. vous voyez l'un d'eux. La photo a été prise du Kentucky et ce sont les gratte-ciel de Cincinnati que vous pouvez voir.

6. Et en hiver, voilà comment est ce même pont.

7. Au bord de la rivière, vous voyez un vieux quartier de Cincinnati.

8. Une autre vue de ce vieux quartier.

9. Cette diapositive vous montre une maison où il y a eu un incendie. Les pompiers ont combattu le feu au moyen de jets d'eau. Mais. comme il faisait très froid, l'eau a gelé et ce sont des bâtons de glâce qui pendent des fenêtres.

10,11. Dans les environs de Cincinnati, lorsque la neige est abondante, on peut même faire du ski.

12. A la recherche d'un sapin qui sera l'arbe de Noël.

13. Et voilà le sapin installé dans là maison. Illuminé et décoré, il chante la joie de Noël.

14. Pendant que certains décorent le sapin, d'autres préparent des biscuits. Comme on va se régaler!

19. Journée de neige à Cincinnati

Il a neigé à Cincinnati ces jours derniers et tout est si beau que nous sommes allés faire une promenade, munis d'un appareil photographique, afin que vous aussi puissiez admirer ces jolis paysages.

1,2. Voici deux vues de l'autoroute prises de la voiture.

3. Vue en contrebas, c'est ici la même auto-route.

4,5. Il y a beaucoup d'usines comme celle-ci à Cincinnati, et de nombreuses personnes y travaillent.

6. Situé à l'écart de la ville, voici un shopping center ou centre d'achat. On y trouve toutes sortes de choses. Des gens viennent y acheter ce dont ils ont besoin, comme vous, au marché de Ouagadougou.

7. Voici le parking devant un des magasins au shopping center.

8. Un autre parking au Collège Mount Saint Joseph. Dans le fond vous voyez deux maisons typiquement américaines: la blanche faite de bois et la rouge faite de briques.

9. Au centre de la ville, voici un vieux quartier. Toutes les maisons sont construites en briques rouges.

10. Et dans la banlieue, une jolie maison blanche faite de bois.

11. Près des maisons on trouve ainsi de petits abris construits pour les oiseaux. Quand il neige, on y place pour eux de la nourriture.

12. A l'approche du photographe tous les oiseaux se sont envolés dans l'arbre le plus proche. Ils attendent son départ pour venir se rassasier.

13,14. Voici deux écoles situées dans le voisinage du Mount.

15. Enneigé lui aussi, voici un parc du centre de la ville. Vous y voyez un kiosque où l'été un orchestre s'installe et donne un concert en plein air.

16. Vue de ce même parc.

17. La nuit tombe, le soleil se couche et nous vous disons au revoir.

20. L'Hiver à Cincinnati

Diapositives

1. Une fois encore il a neigé à Cincinnati et le paysage est bien joli.

2. Il est difficile d'atteindre les maisons, aussi on creuse un chemin dans la neige.

3. Les chiens ont froid dehors.

4,5. Les oiseaux ont aussi froid et ils ont faim. Heureusement les gens pensent à eux. Ils placent du grain dans les petits abris protégés de la neige. Ces abris sont très visités.

6. Sous la neige, le cimetière où sont enterrés les Soeurs de la Charité.

7. Les tombes vues de plus près.

8. Les jours de neige, la nuit vient de bonne heure.

9. Mais quand la neige disparaît, on peut reprendre ses jeux à l'extérieur...

10. sans oublier de se bien couvrir.

11. On peut circuler plus facilement aussi. Voilà une rue de Cincinnati.

12,13. Deux restaurants près du collège où l'on peut se rassasier.

14,15. Et en ville, le marché en plein air....

21. Les Joies de la Famille

Bonjour mes amis de la Haute Volta. Je m'appelle Joe Tenoever. J'ai deux frères et cinq soeurs. Nous aimons bien être réunis en famille.

Diapositives

1. C'est l'anniversaire de papa. Nous voilà autour de lui: Julie, Helen, Emy, Gabriel, Katie et moi, Joe.

   Il y a quelques temps que cette diapositive a été prise et vous pouvez voir que Joe est un petit garçon. Maintenant, il a grandi.

2. La naissance de mon dernier petit frère, Michel. Maman le tient dans ses bras et nous sommes tous heureux.

3. C'est le bâptême de Michel. Grand-père tient le cierge.

4. Michel est grand. Le voilà avec Maman. Il a onze mois.

5. Ma soeur Emy fait sa première communion. La voilà avec son parrain, mon oncle George.

   Sur cette diapositive, remarquez aussi les citrouilles posees sur le meuble qui nous disent que c'est la période d'Hallowe'en. Au premier plan, vous pouvez voir un grand gâteau que l'on va se partager en famille pour célébrer l'évènement.

6. C'est moi entre papa et maman le jour de ma première communion.

7. Dans la cour devant la maison. On vient d'abattre un arbre mort.

   Petits et grands sont à l'action.

8. Toute la famille en promenade avec grand-père et grand'mère.

   Cette photo a été prise dans un parc du Kentucky. C'est sur un canon que les enfants sont assis. Le petit garçon du milieu est Joe.

9. Voici mes deux soeurs en uniforme de Brownies.

   Les Brownies sont pour les filles l'équivalent des troupes de Louveteaux pour les garçons.

10. A la campagne, à la recherche d'un arbre de Noël.

11. L'arbre trouvé, on rentre à la maison.

12. Noël est arrivé. On a donné à l'arbre un air de fête.

Et tout le monde est heureux à la joie de Noël.

13. Mon frère Patrick a deux ans. Il est déguisé en lapin pour Hallowe'en.

Sister Ruth vous expliquera ce qu'est Hallowe'en.

14. L'anniversaire de ma soeur Julie. Elle a dix ans.

15. L'anniversaire de ma soeur Emy. Elle a neuf ans.

16. L'anniversaire de mes grands-parents.

22. Au zoo de Cincinnati

Bonjour mes amis de la Hature Volta. Je m'appelle Joe Vogel. Il y a quelques temps vous nous avez montrés les crocodiles de la mare de Koulbri. Aujourd'hui, nous allons vous présenter les animaux sauvages de Cincinnati qui vivent dans le zoo.

Diapositives

1. Nous voici avec ma mère et mes deux soeurs, prêts à partir à la découverte. Papa prend la photo.

2. Voici l'éléphant.

3. Il a belle allure.

4. Voici le rhinocéros. Heureusement, de lourdes barres nous protègent de ses sautes d'humeurs possibles.

5. Voici le tigre. Il semble bien paisible sur son rocher.

6. Et voici l'amicale girafe.

7. Plus loin, des zèbres.

8. Ici, la lionne et ses lionceaux.

9. Et l'ours inquiétant derrière ses barreaux.

10. Une halte nous permet de nous reposer.

11,12. Lee, ma petite soeur, se dégourdit les jambes.

13. Quand on est vraiment fatigué on peut continuer la visite par train...

14. et admirer au passage les tortues endormies...

15. les oiseaux au plumage coloré...

16. les ours blancs en conseil de famille...

17. et les dangereux serpents, heureusement derrière une vitre.

18. Tout cela est bien intéressant, mais Lee est fatiguée et s'est endormie dans sa poussette.

Il va falloir rentrer à la maison. Au revoir mes amis, à une autre fois.

23. Vacances en Famille

Les 19 diapositives que vous allez voir appartiennent à la famille Tenoever. Elles vous montrent les diverses occupations de la famille pendant les vacances.

Diapositives

1. La petite fille de la famille sur le coffre de la voiture. La famille vient d'arriver en Floride.

2,3. Le ski nautique.

4. Joe saute à l'eau. Il fait ses essais en natation.

5. Cela se passe dans la cour derrière la maison. Derrière la piscine il y a une tondeuse à gazon.

6. La famille autour de la piscine.

7,8. La petite soeur de Joe Tenoever, élève à St. William. Elle s'appelle Susan. Elle n'a pas peur de l'eau.

9. C'est un portique sur lequel les enfants grimpent.

10. New-York. Ce bâtiment est l'O.N.U. Joe et sa soeur ici à l'avant plan.

11. Gratte-ciel de New-York. Cette diapositive a été faite quand Joe avait sept ou huit ans. Il en a maintenant douze.

12. La Statue de la Liberté au loin.

13. La Statue de la Liberté vue de plus près.

14. Une vue prise du Mount-Echo Park à Cincinnati. Vous pouvez voir la rivière Ohio et la ville qu'on devine seulement.

15. Le stade de Cincinnati en construction.

16. Une autre vue du stade.

17. Joe avec un gant spécial pour jouer au baseball. Il porte aussi un maillot de corps imprimé St. William.

18. Joe en uniforme de footballeur.

19. Joe tout enfant (3-4 ans). Il était mignon, n'est-ce pas?

24. Coney Island

Il y a tout près de Cincinnati un parc d'attractions appelé Coney Island. Il y a toutes sortes de manèges et de jeux pour s'amuser.

Diapositives

1. Un des parkings. Tout le monde y va en voiture car ce parc est situé un peu en dehors de Cincinnati. Il y a beaucoup de monde.

2. Attractions: C'est la roue tournante.

3. C'est soit un restaurant, soit une cabine où l'on achète les tickets pour prendre le téléphérique.

4. Voilà le téléphérique.

5. Ici, c'est le centre du parc d'amusement.

6. Devant la fontaine, vous pouvez voir Joe Vogel avec sa mère et ses deux soeurs.

7,8. Une des attractions. Dans la voiture bleue, c'est la soeur de Joe et dans la voiture rouge, c'est Joe lui-même.

9,10. Voici Joe à quatre ou cinq ans à côté d'un petit train.

11. Voici son frère...

12. et sa soeur.

13. C'est l'heure du pique-nique.

14,15. Ce sont des vues de la rivière Ohio. De l'autre côté, c'est le Kentucky.

16. Manège sur l'eau.

17. Avant de quitter le parc, à la sortie, Joe et sa soeur nous disent au revoir.

Nous aussi, nous disons "au revoir" à nos amis de la Haute Volta.

25. Vacances en Floride

Les diapositives appartiennent à la famille de Joe Vogel, élève à St. William. Nous allons voir ce que la famille à fait pendant les vacances en Floride.

Diapositives

1. C'est l'endroit de la Floride qui est le plus avancé dans l'océan, et donc la plus près de l'équateur. La mer ici est toujours agitée.

2. Cette vue n'est pas typique de Floride qui est un pays où l'on trouve des palmiers. Elle est plus verte et plus ensoleillée.

3. Un restaurant très renommé en Floride.

4. Le restaurant vu de plus près. C'est un très vieux bateau. Il y a toute une série de restaurants sur cette presqu'île.

5. La mer et les paquebots.

6. Pont mobile pour laisser passer les paquebots. Une route passe sous le pont.

7,8. L'ostréiculture en Floride.

9. Lieu où l'on embarque pour partir en croisière, ou à la pêche.

10. Joe Vogel avait huit ans quand il était en onzième. Voici un grand poisson qu'il aurait dû pêcher.

11. Joe avec un ami et deux sortes de poissons. Un poisson épée, ou *swordfish* en anglais.

12. Même poisson que tient le monsieur. Joe aurait bien voulu pêcher ces deux poissons-ci.

13. Ce poisson est un *hammerhead fish*. Sa tête a la forme d'un marteau.

14. Toujours les mêmes deux poissons. Cet homme est le capitaine du bateau où se trouvait Joe.

15,16, 17. Paysage typique de Floride. Maison typiquement américaine: en bois et assez grande.

18. C'est le père de Joe Vogel qui est pompier à Cincinnati. Il prend un bain de soleil.

19. L'hôtel où est descendu la famille Vogel. Nous voyons Joe et sa soeur Susan.

20. Susan devant la piscine.

21. Joe qui essaye de faire de la pêche sous-marine. Son frère Michel, sa soeur Linda et lui-même.

26. Vacances en Floride--Suite et fin

Bonjour mes amis de la Haute Volta. C'est M. Thom qui vous parle.

Diapositives

1. Ce sont des cactus.

2. Ils poussent sauvagement au sud et à l'ouest des U.S.A.

3. Y en a-t-il en Afrique?

4. C'est un crocodile dans un jardin en Floride.

5. Ce sont des flamands roses.

6. Ici, vous voyez des perroquets.

7,8. Des perroquets toujours. Il y a un jardin, en Floride, qui s'appelle *Parrot Jungle* où il y a beaucoup de perroquets--de faux. Ceux derrière les enfants sont en bois.

9. Joe, enfant, et sa soeur. Elle tient des perroquets sur ses bras. Cela ne semble pas lui faire mal.

10. Encore des flamands roses.

11. Ce sont des poissons rouges.

Au revoir, mes amis de la Haute Volta.

Appendix i

The following description of how the French took over Upper Volta was made by an old man who actually participated in the event.

In 1887-88, the first Frenchman crossed the country of the Mossi. He visited the Emperor and the future Naba. They regarded him as a simple traveler. When Naba Wabgo mounted the throne, a second Frenchman coming from the direction of Timbuctoo, arrived at Ougadougou with donkeys laden with presents for the Emperor of the Mossi. He said he had been sent by his chief to visit the Emperor and give him gifts. Immediately Wabgo called his ministers to consult them on the decision to be taken with regard to the foreigner. The ministers unanimously replied that the presents must be refused and the foreigner sent away, adding that they were beginning to become uneasy about the passage of white men through their country.

Meanwhile, the son of Naba Wabgo was named Ouidi Naba, or prime minister. Three years had passed when a third Frenchman, Lieutenant Voulet, came directly to Ouagadougou to greet the Emperor's son. He had presents for the emperor, but since the French had been put out once, he had come to ask the Ouidi Naba to be his guide and to ask his father to accept the presents that were being offer to him in the name of France. This time--and the detail is important-- the European had an escort of 70 armed men. The Ouidi Naba left them in his canton where they were well treated and went alone to Naba Wabgo, his father, to fulfill his mission. The Emperor was loath to refuse anything to his son of whom he was very fond, but the situation was serious and he could not make the decision alone. So for the second time he called his ministers. But they were implacable. They showed what dangers were concealed behind all these maneuvers, persuaded the emperor to refuse the presents and ordered the Ouidi Naba to send away the foreigner and his men.

A year passed. By this time, some Mossi were trading with Timbuctoo, going there mostly to buy salt. The Military who were installed in that region and hoped one day to settle among the Mossi. sent for one of the best known Mossi traders, called Pasoum, who never went to Timbuctoo without informing the emperor. Pasoum went to a French officer who thereupon convoked all his followers of any importance, about 85 of them, and addressing Pasoum said, "Tell the Moro Naba that in six months at the latest, I will be in Ouagadougou. Since I could not succeed with kindness, I will use force. The day I arrive in Ouagadougou, I will occupy the emperor's house. I will take up lodging there with my company, and if the town does not submit, I

I will burn it." Pasoum was silent for a while. He was disturbed. How could he, a simple trader, report such words to that ferocious lion, the Naba Wabgo. He expressed his regrets to the French. Thereupon they addressed a letter to the emperor in Arabic as was customary. This letter was entrusted to Pasoum. During the interval between the two missions, the English also sent a representative to the Moro Naba. Somehow or other the man persuaded the Naba Wabgo to accept some flags, which he was supposed to give to the French (which he never did) with these words: "My country is under the English protection."

(We will return to the question of the flags later.)

Now when Pasoum returned with his caravan, he had the letter put into the hands of the Moro Naba who had it read by one of the Moslem marabouts and translated to the council. Some of the ministers advised that Pasoum be put to death, suspecting him of spying for the white men. But one of the other ministers asked that he be pardoned because he had only been the envoy of the white man and as such was innocent. That was around March, the month of the heat, and no one was very seriously concerned. The letter was regarded merely as an empty threat, but it was decided that the first white man to enter Ouagadougou should be put to death.

On the first of September, 1896, at five o'clock in the evening, the French expedition arrived. Word had been received sometime previously of its whereabouts for the lieutenant and his group had passed through Ouahigouya. They met with little resistance on the way. When the emperor heard this, he met with his council. Some said that they should wait until the lieutenant arrived and show him the English flags. Unfortunately the flags were in shreds; several of them had been used by Naba Wabgo to make colorful costumes for his pages. Other councilors recommended prudence. "Reflect," they said, "If you wait for the French and if they answer by firing their guns when you show them the flag, it will be too late to save your life. You'll be taken, mistreated, humiliated before everyone and probably killed. In our opinion the best thing to do is to leave."

Naturally this was the advice the Emperor followed. Arriving at a town not far from Ouagadougou, the French lieutenant sent eight sharpshooters and a guide to see if the Moro Naba had raised an army for the defense. He had done nothing of the kind. Consequently, the group reached the market place of Ouagadougou without meeting any opposition. It was a big market day and the place was crowded. The sight of the red chechias of the soldiers and a flag unlike the English one caused great consternation. Finally an army led by another Voltan chief met the French column at Ouagadougou. Taking advantage of the general disorder, Naba Wabgo, the Emperor of the Mossi, left his house never to return, and escaped through the fields of tall millet.

The natives, though outnumbering the French, were armed with nothing but poisoned arrows, hatchets, and primitive guns. The French did not have to engage a battle. A few shots fired into the air sufficed to disperse the royal army already frightened by the appearance of the riflemen. Everyone fled. The French soliders made their headquarters in the abandoned compound of the emperor.

Within five days of his flight from the capital, the emperor had gathered an army, but the French were placed at such advantageous positions along the route of the Imperial Army that they were easily put to flight. Wabgo ran away again. The French made several fruitless attempts to capture him. They finally returned to Ougadougou and set fire to the houses as had been threatened in the letter to Moro Naba. Having exhausted their ammunition and supplies, the French contingent returned to Timbuctoo.

Thinking that the war was over, Wabgo ordered his residence to be rebuilt. The inhabitants of Ouagadougou returned by the hundreds and repaired their burned huts. Three months passed and Wabgo was about to make his triumphal entry into the capital when he learned that the French were returning, this time in much larger force, including many native sympathizers from Ouahigouya which had been occupied the previous year by the French. So the Naba fled again.

Tired of pursuing the wily Wagbo, the French lieutenant sent for the Emperor's brother and his greatest enemy, Massi. However, Massi was gravely ill and died the very night that the lieutenant's men reached him. Massi had left no sons old enough to rule. Therefore another one of his brothers, Kuku Kutu, was invited to advise the French on how to name a successor. The prince hesitated to accept the invitation thinking it was a trap set for him. However, when he did arrive at the military headquarters, the lieutenant told him that his brother, Massi, had died and that the French wished him to follow the traditional procedure of the Mossi and name a new emperor in place of the Moro Naba who had fled. Thereupon the ministers were called back to Ouagadougou, and Naba Sigri was duly nominated and enthroned. Several days after the French lieutenant asked the chief minister: "Now that the Emperor has been named, what else must I do to restore peace and tranquility to the country?" The minister replied, "We have been fighting in vain against the Larhallé Naba for twelve years, if you succeed in capturing and executing him, everyone will know that you are invincible and everyone will submit."

The house in which the terrible Larhallé Naba had taken refuge, about 33 kilometers from Ouagadougou, was surrounded. Taken by surprise, he could put up only a feeble resistance. He was led back to Ouagadougou on an unsaddled colt and executed.

When the English heard that the French had occupied the country, they sent an ambassador. When he arrived at Tenkodogo, Wabgo met him and explained the situation, probably to justify his not having presented the English flag to the French. The English had the Emperor conducted under guard to the Gold Coast (Ghana). Three years later, the English decided to try to reinstate Wagbo as Emperor of the Mossi and sent him with a large number of English and native soldiers back to Ougadougou. There the English mission was met by the French captain in charge of the post at Ouagadougou. After a lively discussion in which the captain refused to yield an inch, the English withdrew, and the disappointed Wabgo withdrew with them. He died five years later and was given a funeral in Ouagadougou. That was in 1904.